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new MUSICAL EXPRESS

WHAT'S THE FONZE DOING LOOKING LIKE THIS? See p.11

SPECIAL GRATUITOUS

SEX PISTOLS

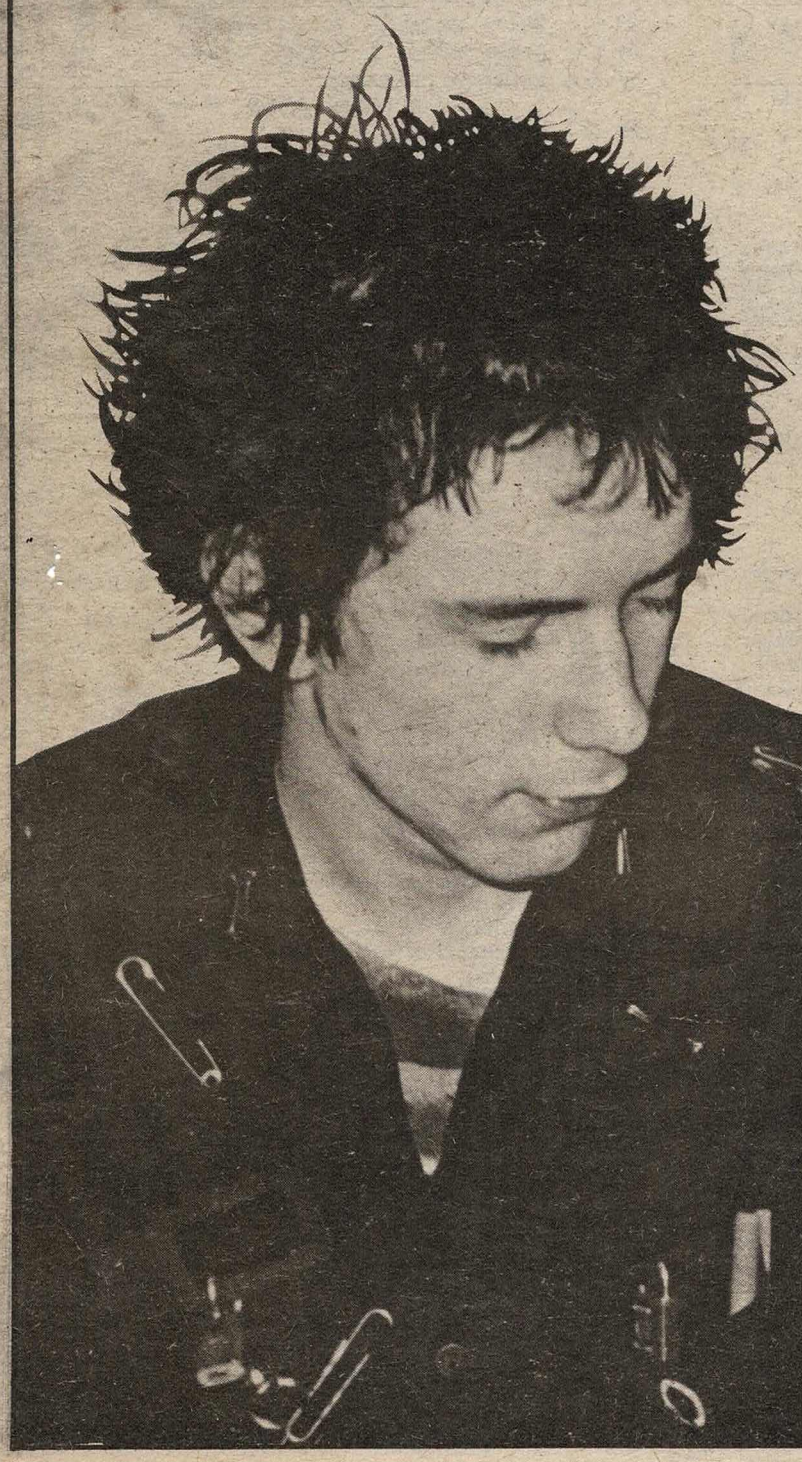
OVERKILL ISSUE

PAGES 1, 3, 7, 8, 12, 23, 58, 59, 60.

SO WHAT ARE THE

GRATEFUL DEAD

DOING ON PAGE 28?



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FIVE YEARS AGO

Week ending May 27th, 1972

Last Week	This Week		
1	1	METAL GURU	T Rex (T. Rex Wax Company)
5	2	COULD IT BE FOREVER	David Cassidy (Bell)
2	3	ROCKET MAN	Elton John (DJM)
4	4	A THING CALLED LOVE	Johnny Cash (CBS)
6	5	COME WHAT MAY	Vicky Leandros (Philips)
3	6	AMAZING GRACE	Royal Scots Dragoon Guards, Pipes, Drums & Band (RCA)
10	7	AT THE CLUB/SATURDAY NIGHT AT THE MOVIES	The Drifters (Atlantic)
9	8	OH BABE WHAT WOULD YOU SAY? ..	Hurricane Smith (Columbia)
7	9	TUMBLING DICE	Rolling Stones (Rolling Stones Records)
27	10	VINCENT	Don McLean (United Artists)

TEN YEARS AGO

Week ending May 27th, 1967

Last Week	This Week		
1	1	SILENCE IS GOLDEN	Tremeloes (CBS)
7	2	WATERLOO SUNSET	Kinks (Pye)
2	3	DEDICATED TO THE ONE I LOVE	Mama's & Papa's (RCA)
4	4	PICTURES OF LILY	Who (Track)
3	5	PUPPET ON A STRING	Sandie Shaw (Pye)
12	6	THEN I KISSED HER	Beach Boys (Capitol)
13	7	THE WIND CRIES MARY	Jimi Hendrix (Track)
6	8	THE BOAT THAT I ROW	Lulu (Columbia)
8	9	SEVEN DRUNKEN NIGHTS	Dubliners (Major-Minor)
5	10	SOMETHIN' STUPID	Frank & Nancy Sinatra (Reprise)

15 YEARS AGO

Week ending May 25, 1962

Last Week	This Week		
1	1	GOOD LUCK CHARM	Elvis Presley (RCA)
2	2	I'M LOOKIN' OUT THE WINDOW	Cliff Richard (Columbia)
3	3	NUT ROCKER	B Bumble (Top Rank)
4	4	LOVE LETTERS	Ketty Lester (London)
7	5	AS YOU LIKE IT	Adam Faith (Parlophone)
5	6	WONDERFUL LAND	Shadows (Columbia)
11	6	COME OUTSIDE	Mike Sarne (Parlophone)
12	8	LAST NIGHT WAS MADE FOR LOVE	Billy Fury (Decca)
25	9	I DON'T KNOW WHY	Eden Kane (Decca)
26	10	GINNY COME LATELY	Brian Hyland (HMV)

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS C·H·A·R·T·S

SINGLES

Week ending May 28, 1977

This Week	Last Week			Weeks in chart	Highest position
1	(2)	I DON'T WANT TO TALK ABOUT IT / FIRST CUT IS THE DEEPEST	Rod Stewart (Riva)	5	1
2	(3)	AIN'T GONNA BUMP NO MORE	Joe Tex (Epic)	5	2
3	(4)	THE SHUFFLE	Van McCoy (H & L)	7	3
4	(7)	A STAR IS BORN (EVERGREEN)	Barbra Streisand (CBS)	7	4
5	(10)	LUCILLE	Kenny Rogers (U.A.)	4	5
6	(12)	GOT TO GIVE IT UP	Marvin Gaye (Motown)	3	6
7	(5)	GOOD MORNING JUDGE	10 c.c. (Philips)	5	5
8	(1)	FREE	Deniece Williams (CBS)	8	1
9	(9)	MAH NA MAH NA	Piero Umiliani (EMI Int)	4	9
10	(6)	HOTEL CALIFORNIA	Eagles (Asylum)	6	6
11	(21)	LIDO SHUFFLE	Boz Scaggs (CBS)	2	11
12	(8)	SIR DUKE	Stevie Wonder (Motown)	7	2
13	(11)	WHODUNIT	Tavares (Capitol)	7	4
14	(17)	TOO HOT TO HANDLE/SLIP YOUR DISC TO THIS	Heatwave (GTO)	3	14
15	(—)	DISCO INFERNO	Trammps (Atlantic)	1	15
16	(13)	SOLSBURY HILL	Peter Gabriel (Charisma)	7	13
17	(27)	TOKYO JOE	Bryan Ferry (Polydor)	2	17
18	(—)	O.K.	Rock Follies (Polydor)	1	18
19	(15)	IT'S A GAME	Bay City Rollers (Arista)	3	15
20	(28)	GONNA CAPTURE YOUR HEART	Blue (Rocket)	3	20
21	(24)	WHERE IS THE LOVE	Delegation (State)	3	21
22	(—)	HELLO STRANGER	Yvonne Elliman (RSO)	1	22
23	(—)	TELEPHONE LINE	Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	1	23
24	(—)	P'ACHES	The Stranglers (United Artists)	1	24
25	(—)	SHEENA IS A PUNK ROCKER	Ramones (Sire)	1	25
26	(30)	HOW MUCH LOVE	Leo Sayer (Chrysalis)	8	10
27	(19)	LONELY BOY	Andrew Gold (Asylum)	7	14
28	(16)	HAVE I THE RIGHT	Dead End Kids (CBS)	8	4
29	(—)	FEEL LIKE CALLING HOME	Mr Big (EMI)	1	29
30	(14)	PEARL'S A SINGER	Elkie Brooks (A&M)	8	7

BUBBLING UNDER . . .

THE WHOLE TOWN'S LAUGHIN' AT ME — Teddy Pendergrass (CBS); CALENDAR SONG —Trinidad Oil Company (Harvest); SNEAKIN' SUSPICION — Dr Feelgood (U.A.); LET YOUR BODY GO DOWN — Martin Ford Orchestra (Mountain).

ALBUMS

Week ending May 28, 1977

This Week	Last Week			Weeks in chart	Highest position
1	(2)	HOTEL CALIFORNIA	Eagles (Asylum)	22	1
2	(1)	ARRIVAL	Abba (Epic)	27	1
3	(4)	DECEPTIVE BENDS	10 c.c. (Philips)	4	3
4	(3)	A STAR IS BORN	Sound Track (CBS)	7	3
5	(10)	BEATLES LIVE AT THE HOLLYWOOD BOWL	(EMI)	3	5
6	(13)	SMOKIE GREATEST HITS	Smokie (Rak)	6	6
7	(5)	ABBA GREATEST HITS	(Epic)	60	1
8	(8)	THE SHADOWS 20 GOLDEN GREATS	(EMI)	17	1
9	(6)	IV RATTUS NORVEGICUS	The Stranglers (United Artists)	4	6
10	(7)	ENDLESS FLIGHT	Leo Sayer (Chrysalis)	20	2
11	(9)	RUMOURS	Fleetwood Mac (Warner Bros)	14	6
12	(11)	PORTRAIT OF SINATRA	Frank Sinatra (Reprise)	12	1
13	(14)	PETER GABRIEL	(Charisma)	11	11
14	(12)	ANIMALS	Pink Floyd (Harvest)	16	2
15	(15)	SONGS IN THE KEY OF LIFE	Stevie Wonder (Motown)	32	1
16	(16)	THEIR GREATEST HITS 1971–1975	Eagles (Asylum)	42	1
17	(23)	LIVING LEGENDS	Everly Brothers (Warwick)	10	15
18	(24)	THE CLASH	Clash (CBS)	6	18
19	(25)	ALL TO YOURSELF	Jack Jones (RCA)	3	19
20	(20)	A NEW WORLD RECORD	Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	25	8
21	(26)	IZITSO	Cat Stevens (Island)	2	21
22	(19)	HOLLIES LIVE HITS	(Polydor)	10	5
23	(17)	EVEN IN THE QUIETEST MOMENTS	Supertramp (A&M)	5	14
24	(—)	HIT ACTION	Various (K-Tel)	2	24
25	(—)	SIN AFTER SIN	Judas Priest (CBS)	1	25
26	(—)	IN THE CITY	The Jam (Polydor)	1	26
27	(27)	ATLANTIC CROSSING	Rod Stewart (Warner Bros)	48	1
28	(—)	MOROCCAN ROLL	Brand X (Charisma)	1	28
29	(21)	STATUS QUO LIVE	(Phonogram)	13	5
30	(30)	TIME LOVES A HERO	Little Feat (Warner Bros)	2	30

BUBBLING UNDER . . .

BOOK OF DREAMS — Steve Miller Band (Mercury); SNEAKIN' SUSPICION — Dr Feelgood (U.A.); TOM PETTY & THE HEARTBREAKERS (Island).

U.S. SINGLES

Week ending May 28, 1977

This Week	Last Week		
1	(2)	SIR DUKE	Stevie Wonder
2	(3)	I'M YOUR BOOGIE MAN	K.C. & The Sunshine Band
3	(1)	WHEN I NEED YOU	Leo Sayer
4	(5)	DREAMS	Fleetwood Mac
5	(6)	GOT TO GIVE IT UP (PART 1)	Marvin Gaye
6	(4)	SOUTHERN NIGHTS	Glen Campbell
7	(8)	I COULDN'T GET IT RIGHT	Climax Blues Band
8	(11)	LONELY BOY	Andrew Gold
9	(10)	ANGEL IN YOUR ARMS	Hot
10	(13)	LUCILLE	Kenny Rogers
11	(12)	CALLING DR. LOVE	Kiss
12	(15)	FEELS LIKE THE FIRST TIME	Foreigner
13	(16)	THEME FROM 'ROCKY' (GONNA FLY NOW)	Bill Conti
14	(7)	HOTEL CALIFORNIA	Eagles
15	(17)	HEARD IT IN A LOVE SONG	The Marshall Tucker Band
16	(21)	UNDERCOVER ANGEL	Alan O'Day
17	(20)	JET AIRLINER	Steve Miller
18	(19)	AIN'T GONNA BUMP NO MORE	Joe Tex
19	(22)	WHODUNIT	Tavares
20	(23)	MAINSTREET	Bob Seger
21	(14)	HELLO STRANGER	Yvonne Elliman
22	(26)	SLOW DANCIN' DON'T TURN ME ON	Addrisi Brothers
23	(25)	MARGARITAVILLE	Jimmy Buffett
24	(9)	LIDO SHUFFLE	Boz Scaggs
25	(18)	I WANNA GET NEXT TO YOU	Rose Royce
26	(—)	LIFE IN THE FAST LANE	Eagles
27	(—)	HIGH SCHOOL DANCE	The Sylvers
28	(24)	I'VE GOT LOVE ON MY MIND	Natalie Cole
29	(—)	LOOKS LIKE WE MADE IT	Barry Manilow
30	(—)	CINDERELLA	Firefall

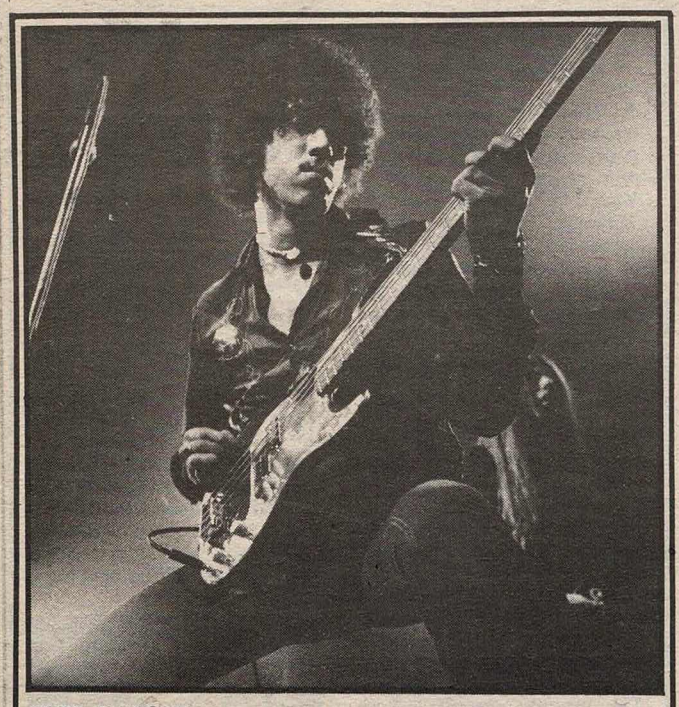
Courtesy "CASH BOX"

U.S. ALBUMS

Week ending May 28, 1977

This Week	Last Week		
1	(2)	RUMOURS	Fleetwood Mac
2	(1)	HOTEL CALIFORNIA	Eagles
3	(4)	MARVIN GAYE AT THE LONDON PALLADIUM	Marvin Gaye
4	(3)	BOSTON	Boston
5	(19)	BEATLES LIVE AT THE HOLLYWOOD BOWL	Beatles
6	(7)	GO FOR YOUR GUNS	Isley Brothers
7	(9)	ROCKY	Soundtrack
8	(5)	A STAR IS BORN	Soundtrack
9	(11)	COMMODORES	Commodores
10	(6)	SONGS IN THE KEY OF LIFE	Stevie Wonder
11	(8)	LEFTOVERTURE	Kansas
12	(13)	SILK DEGREES	Boz Scaggs
13	(10)	THIS ONE'S FOR YOU	Barry Manilow
14	(12)	NIGHT MOVES	Bob Seger
15	(18)	ENDLESS FLIGHT	Leo Sayer
16	(14)	A ROCK AND ROLL ALTERNATIVE	Atlanta Rhythm Section
17	(15)	WORKS VOLUME 1	Emerson Lake & Palmer
18	(—)	BOOK OF DREAMS	Steve Miller Band
19	(20)	ANIMALS	Pink Floyd
20	(27)	FOREIGNER	Foreigner
21	(16)	UNPREDICTABLE	Natalie Cole
22	(17)	SONGS FROM THE WOOD	Jethro Tull
23	(24)	CAROLINA DREAMS	Marshall Tucker Band
24	(25)	COME IN FROM THE RAIN	Captain & Tennille
25	(28)	CHANGES IN LATITUDES — CHANGES IN ATTITUDES	Jimmy Buffett
26	(30)	SWEET FORGIVENESS	Bonnie Raitt
27	(29)	EVEN IN THE QUIETEST MOMENTS	Supertramp
28	(22)	FLY LIKE AN EAGLE	Steve Miller Band
29	(21)	BURNIN' SKY	Bad Company
30	(23)	A NEW WORLD RECORD	Electric Light Orchestra

Courtesy "CASH BOX"



PHIL LYNOTT
of Thin Lizzy

AUTUMN TOURS

Lizzy open November 8

THIN LIZZY are lining up a major autumn tour of Britain, NME learned this week. They will headline at leading venues around the country, playing a total of 20 dates. And the itinerary is set to open in Newcastle on November 8.

A spokesman revealed that Lizzy will be touring with a lavish production — "the sort of show you would expect them to put on at Earls Court, although in fact they won't be playing any venues as large as that". It is understood they are still undecided between Hammersmith Odeon and the Rainbow for their London venue.

There is a possibility that Britian will see Lizzy in action before the November tour. They have apparently been offered a bill-topping appearance at the Reading Festival in late August — but, said the spokesman, they have not yet made up their minds whether to accept.

● Van Der Graaf Generator are also planning a 20-date autumn tour. They have set aside the month of October for their British outing, which will be confined mainly to the college circuit.

● Manhattan Transfer are in line for a British return in the autumn. Negotiations are nearing completion for them to headline a full concert tour here, though the exact period of their visit has not yet been decided.

● The Ramones and the Talking Heads, currently touring Britain together, will both be returning here in the autumn — to headline separate tours. A spokesman for the Nems Agency said he will be talking to both bands during the next few days, with a view to deciding on the precise period of their respective visits.

OZZIE OSBOURNE
of Black Sabbath

Sabbath quell split rumours

WIDESPREAD RUMOURS of a Black Sabbath split, prevalent in various sections of the music Press for several weeks, have been categorically denied by the band's manager. Speculation implied either that Ozzie Osbourne was leaving, or that the whole group were breaking up. But the official word this week was that Sabbath will be back on the British concert trail during the autumn.

Next week the band begin preparing and rehearsing material for a new album. They then go into the studios to finish editing and mixing their live LP, followed by the actual recording of the new studio set, with the British tour timed to coincide with its release.

"I don't know how the split rumours started, but somehow they even found their way into the American papers," said manager Albert Chapman. "But I hope we can dispel them once and for all with our autumn tour — which is unique for us in that, for the first time when promoting a new record, we are putting Britain before America."

Bad Company: July 2 Earls Court concert

BAD COMPANY return to the British concert platform for the first time in 18 months when they headline a special one-off performance at London's giant Earls Court stadium on Saturday, July 2 (7.30pm). The band interrupt their current U.S. tour specially to fly home for the gig, bringing with them their full sound and lighting system, and resume their American commitments immediately afterwards.

Support acts at Earls Court are Racing Cars and new Swan Song signing Metropolis. It is promoted by Mel Bush in association with Bad Company's manager Peter Grant.

The venue accommodates 17,000 and ticket applications may be made immediately to Bad Company, Earls Court Box-Office, Warwick Road, London S.W.5. Prices are £3.50, £2.50 and £1.50, and cheques and postal orders should be made payable to "Earls Court & Olympia Ltd. (Bad Company)", enclosing s.a.e. For those who prefer to book personally, the box-office opens on June 4, when tickets will also be available at Virgin Records shops and through the usual agencies.

Bad Company — who last appeared in this country when they played two nights at the Great British Music Festival at Olympia — will feature material from their current album "Burning Sky", which has already gone Platinum in America.

The Bad Company line-up (left to right): MICK RALPHS, PAUL RODGERS, SIMON KIRKE and BOZ BURRELL

NEW VIC'S BAN RILES VIBRATORS

THE VIBRATORS have been banned from appearing at London New Victoria Theatre, where they were to have played on June 12 as support act to Ian Hunter's Overnight Angels. So promoter Mel Bush has now switched the Hunter-Vibrators gig in London to the Hammersmith Odeon on the same date.

Bush and Hunter, who claim the ban was slapped on without the theatre management ever seeing the Vibrators, issued a joint statement saying: "We feel it is wrong for the establishment to dictate what people are allowed to see. The new wave is too big to be pushed under the carpet — instead of condemning it, they should condone it.

"It seems the Vibrators have been tarred with the same brush as other and more controversial groups. But we are pleased that they have been endorsed by a large company like the Rank Organisation, who do not object to them appearing at Hammersmith."

Ironically, the New Victoria is also owned by Ranks, but it is currently operated by impresario Danny O'Donovan who has secured it on a long lease.

● The Stranglers have also been banned by a leading concert venue. Their projected gig at Blackburn King George's Hall on June 19 has been called off, because of objections by the local council. Also off is their date at Blackpool Imperial Hotel the previous day, but this is due to what a spokesman described as "a booking mix-up".

Pistols beat dispute

WITH THE Sex Pistols' single "God Save The Queen" due for release tomorrow (Friday), both they and Virgin Records are crossing their fingers and hoping there will be no attempt to have the record banned — at any rate, until the 50,000 copies already pressed are sold!

Production was halted last week when some workers at the CBS plant, where the single is being manufactured, objected to the contents. But they returned to work after a protest.

Although John Peel has already played the track several times on his late night Radio 1 show, Virgin say the chances of daytime broadcasts are "not very favourable".

Virgin are also trying to find live work for the Pistols, but a spokesman admitted that "the level of interest has been crushed by the anxiety of squeamish promoters".

Meanwhile, the band's debut album is due out in late June. And they have signed to Barclay Records for two years in France and Switzerland, in a deal worth £26,000.

● See Thrills, page 12.

Zep topping at Barnet?

NME learned this week of plans to stage a major open-air concert in the grounds of Wrotham Park, situated on the Herts-Middlesex border between Barnet and Potters Bar. If negotiations are concluded satisfactorily, it would be one of the milestone events of the year. The concert would be held on a Saturday in August, with the likely date August 20.

Our U.S. correspondent reports that Santana and Chicago will be touring Europe together at about that time, and are expected to play at least one big date in this country — which could well prove to be the Wrotham Park gig.

But if they do appear, it would be as support to the headlining spot, for which a world-renowned act is believed to be in line. The identity of this attraction is still shrouded in secrecy, but it could be significant that Led Zeppelin's U.S. tour ends on August 15!

BUT THE WHO NIX LONGLEAT

THE WHO have rejected an offer to headline the big open-air rock concert, to be staged in the grounds of Longleat stately home in September. During the past two weeks, widespread speculation in rock circles had pointed to The Who as bill-toppers of the event, but the band have now put paid to all the rumours.

A spokesman told NME: "The Who are still working out exactly when they'll be recording their new album. And until that is sorted out, it's impossible to fix any dates. So regretfully they've had to decline Longleat, and it now seems they won't be making any live appearances in Britain this summer."

NME suggested two weeks ago that Emerson, Lake and Palmer may top the bill at Longleat. And it is understood that this remains a distinct possibility.

Wailers gigs down to four

BOB MARLEY and the Wailers will not, after all, be playing two extra nights at London Rainbow on June 5 and 6. When their four-day stint (June 1—4) was first announced, a spokesman said it was probable the band would add another two shows to this engagement. But after the strain of an extensive European tour, Marley had now decided that four gigs are enough. The Rainbow has already sold some tickets for the proposed additional dates, which may be exchanged for one of the earlier nights (if any remain) or for a cash refund.

FASTBACK MUSIC - BY POST
This week's best-selling songbooks

Genesis Song Book	£2.95	All You Need is Love Tony Palmer H/B	£6.50
Wings Over America	£3.95	Songs of Paul Simon	£4.95
Stevie Wonder/Songs in the Key of Life	£4.95	Queen/Day at the Races	£2.35
Illus. NME Encyclopedia of Rock	£4.95	Queen/19 Songs	£2.00
History of the Gibson Guitar from 1953	£2.95	Queen/Sheer Heart Attack	£1.25
NME Book of Rock	95p	Queen/A Night At The Opera	£2.35
Jackson Browne/21 Songs	£5.50	Songs Of David Bowie	£3.50
Nils Lofgren/Cry Tough	£3.95	Bowie/Diamond Dogs	£3.95
Steve Miller/23 Songs	£3.95	Bowie/Lyrics & Photos	30p
Free/12 Big Hits	£2.50	Yessongs/Yes	£2.95
Paul McCartney/In His Own Words	£1.95	Lead Guitar Tutor with Record	£3.50
Stones/Black & Blue	£2.50	Rhythm Guitar/Self Tutor	£3.50
Bad Co. 1st Album	£3.95	Rock Bass Tutor With Record	£3.50
Bad Co. Straight Shooter	£3.95	Led Zeppelin Complete (1-5)	£4.95
Bob Dylan/Desire	£2.35	Planxty 26 Songs	£1.75
Frampton Comes Alive	£3.95	Rock Guitar Tutor with Record	£1.50
Beach Boys/20 Golden Greats	£2.95	Bass Guitar Tutor with Record	£1.50
Pink Floyd/Dark Side Of The Moon	£2.50	Wishbone Ash/15 Songs	£1.50
Mike Oldfield/Tubular Bells	£2.50	Marc Bolan/Warlock Of Love	95p
Kinks Greatest Hits	£2.50	Marc Bolan Lyric Book	95p
Jimi Hendrix/40 Greatest Hits	£3.95	T.Rex Songbook	£1.50
Rod Stewart/15 Songs	£2.95	Neil Young Complete Vol. 1	£6.95
Allman Bros. 15 Songs	£2.95	Neil Young Complete Vol. 2	£6.95
74 88 Guitar Chords	£4.00		
Beatles Complete/Guitar Or Piano ea	£3.95		
Status Quo/42 Songs	£2.00		
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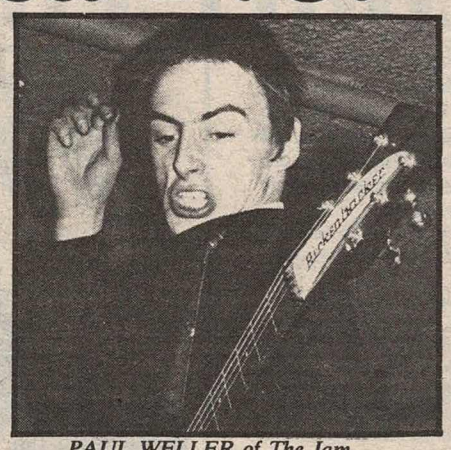
Jam top own Jubilee gig at Chelsea F.C.

THE JAM are now confirmed for three major London concerts next month, all associated with the Silver Jubilee celebrations. The most intriguing is on Sunday, June 12, when they perform outdoors at the Chelsea Football Ground. The other two shows are at Poplar Civic Theatre (18) and Battersea Town Hall (27). There will be a nominal organisation fee at each of the events, although the band are giving their services free.

The gig at Chelsea's Stamford Bridge ground climaxes a day of Jubilee festivities including parades, carnivals, steel bands and fringe events. The token admission fee is expected to be in the region of £1 per family.

Poplar's rock'n'roll night, billed as "Hot And Sticky", will also feature several local bands with admission at 60p. And the Battersea show (admission 75p) culminates a week of Jubilee events at the venue.



PAUL WELLER of The Jam

A spokesman for the band explained: "We are all very patriotic and we believe strongly in The Queen. We want to be involved in the Jubilee".

Another two dates have been confirmed for The Jam's tour itinerary, reported last week — they are Malvern Gardens (June 25) and Manchester Middleton Civic Hall (July 2). And their gig on June 8 is switched from Great Yarmouth to Twickenham Winning Post.

● The Jam have been dropped from the sting of dates they were due to be playing this week, prior to their own tour, as special guests on The Clash tour. A spokesman for The Clash commented: "It was agreed at the start of the tour that The Clash and The Jam, both of whom have recording contracts, would subsidise the other relatively unknown bands on the bill. Unfortunately The Jam no longer seem interested in doing this, so there is no point in keeping them on the tour."

Another official gig off

THE SECOND of the two official Silver Jubilee concerts, planned for London in early June, has now been called off. The show was to have been a showcase for top British bands, and was to be staged at Earls Court Stadium.

Original plan was for the Earls Court gig to be held on June 4, followed by an all-American bill at Wembley Stadium on June 11.

The Wembley concert was cancelled two weeks ago, because the Jubilee committee was unable to arrange a sufficiently strong bill, whereupon the Earls Court show moved back a week to occupy that vacant date.

Mel Bush, who was in charge of lining up the bill, said the decision to cancel was taken "after weeks of frustration and failure to interest acts in this official presitge event."

Al DiMeola's new album: Elegant Gypsy

The new album featuring Jan Hammer, Lenny White and Spain's Greatest Flamenco guitarist Paco De Lucia

Produced by Al DiMeola

on CBS Records & Tapes CBS 81845

RECORD NEWS

A SPECIAL Rocket single released on June 3 features two American A-sides by two different artists. They are "Bite Your Lip" by **Elton John** and "Chicago" by **Kiki Dee.** 20,000 copies will be made available as a 12-inch pressing retailing at 99p. It will also be in the shops at the standard price as a normal seven-inch.

● The new **Joan Baez** album "Manzanita" is released on July 1 by Portrait, whose British outlet is through CBS.

● A duet between **Jonathan King** and his American girlfriend **Janet Atkinson,** titled "Love Catechism", is being rush released by GTO Records.

● The **Temptations** have signed a long-term worldwide deal with Atlantic Records, and have started work on a new album for August release. The group's current line-up comprises original members Melvin Franklin and Otis Williams, Richard Street and newcomers Glenn Leonard and lead singer Louis Price.

● **Quantum Jump's** new single "Don't Look Now" is a re-mixed track from their current album "Barracuda". It is out this weekend on Electric Records, distributed by Decca.

● This weekend Philips release a four-track **Demnis Roussos** EP "Kyrila", **Mike Harding's** album "Old Four Eyes Is Back" and a reissue of the **Sarah Vaughan-Billy Eckstine** hit single "Passing Strangers". The new **Alex Harvey** single on the companion Vertigo label is "Cheek To Cheek".

●**Our Kid** aim for a chart return with a new Polydor single "Let's Go Steady Again", issued on June 3.

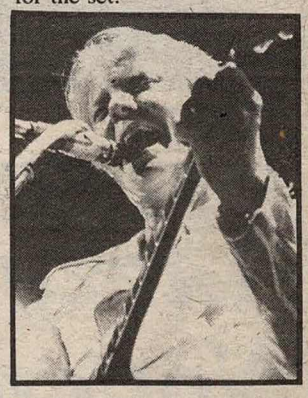
● Bay City Rollers founder member **Alan Longmuir,** who quit in April last year because he felt he was too old for the group, makes a comeback on June 3 as a soloist. His single "I'm Confessing", penned by Russ Ballard, is released by Arista.

●**The "Chietains Live"** album is set for worldwide release by Island on June 15. It was recorded in Boston and Toronto during the group's last North American tour.

● **The Police,** the band formed in January by Curved Air drummer Stuart Copeland, have their debut single "Fall Out" issued this weekend on Illegal Records (available through Virgin). They have now completed their series of dates with Cherry Vanilla, and are going on the road in their own right.

●**Meal Ticket,** newly signed by EMI, have their debut album "Code Of The Road" released in mid-June. Their single "Out Of The Blue" comes out tomorrow (Friday).

●Release of **The Real Thing's** second Pye album "Four From Eight" has been put back from early June to July 1, because they are recording a new track for the set.



● **John Miles'** new single "Slow Down", already a big disco hit in the States, is rushed out here by Decca this weekend.

●**Tony Joe White** is in Britain this week for a promotional visit, in connection with his new 20th Century single "Hold On To Your Hiney".

●**Sutherland Brothers and Quiver** start work at Abbey Road studios on June 11 on a new album, with Bruce Welch producing. They are not replacing Tim Renwick until they go back on the road in September, and will be using guest musicians on the album.

●Miles Copeland of Cream International next month launches a new label called Step Forward Records, devoted mainly to new-wave bands. First two singles out on June 3 are "Right To Work" by **Chelsea** and "Fascist Dictator" by the **Cortinas.**

Tomita elpee banned

JAPANESE composer Tomita has had his version of Gustav Holst's "The Planets" suite banned by a High Court judge. RCA say they have already maunfactured 40,000 albums and 6,000 cassettes of the recording, but Mr. Justice Oliver slapped a ban on further production or sales after objections by Holst's daughter, who claimed Tomita's version "mutilated and vulgarised" her father's work. The ban remains until the trial of a copyright action brought by Imogen Holst's company. Ironically the album is on sale in America and Japan because "through some oversight" permission was given to release it in those countries.

HAYDOCK PARK'S CONCERT PLANS

LATEST off-beat venue to enter the open-air concert stakes is Haydock Park Racecourse on Merseyside. A spokesman said they are considering staging concerts this year and would be happy to discuss the matter with any promoter. He added: "We have 13 bars, seven restaurants and snack bars, stands to accommodate 30,000 people, ample car parks and toilets, and we are within five miles of three motorways." The catchment area of Liverpool and Manchester has a six-million population, who are starved of major outdoor events. NME has already passed on this information to several leading promoters, two of whom have already expressed interest.

H'WIND TOUR

HAWKWIND go out on the road next month for their first major tour since their comprehensive line-up changes. Ten dates have been announced so far, including two nights at one of London's newest venues, but more are still being finalised. Gigs confirmed are at Birmingham Town Hall (June 3), Preston Guildhall (6), Bradford St. George's Hall (7), Stoke Victoria Hall (8), London Camden Music Machine (10 and 11), Slough Fulcrum Centre (15), Bridlington Spa Royal Hall (17), Hastings Pier Pavilion (18) and Dunstable Queensway Hall (19). The band will be promoting their new Charisma album "Quark, Strangeness And Charm", now set for June 17 release.

RUMOUR MINUS PARKER

THE RUMOUR are playing several dates without Graham Parker during the next few weeks, to preview their album "Max" for July release by Phonogram. First confirmed gigs are at Birmingham Barbarella's (tonight, Thursday) and London Kensington Nashville (Friday and Saturday), when they are augmented by Paul Carrock (keyboards), Dick Henson (trumpet) and John Earle (sax).

Gallagher & Lyle head July Wakes

GALLAGHER & LYLE

GALLAGHER & LYLE were confirmed on Monday as the headline attraction for this year's July Wakes Music Festival, to be staged at the Park Hall Leisure Centre in Charnock Richard, near Chorley in Lancashire from July 15 to 17 inclusive. And among other acts signed are Country Joe McDonald, Fairport Convention, Richard & Linda Thompson, Barbara Dickson and the Bothy Band. Negotiations are still in progress for Leo Kottke.

The running order has not yet been determined, but among other confirmed names are Five Hand Reel, Gay & Terry Woods, June Tabor, Rab Noakes, Gordon Giltrap, Gryphon, Hedgehog Pie, Noel Murphy, Bushwackers, Drew McCulloch, Tannahill Weavers, Paul King Band, Ross MacFarlane, Spriguns, Pete Farrow and Tom Yates.

This is the second year the event has been staged at this site, just off the M.6. The numerous facilities include fresh-water toilets, ample car parking, bars and restaurants, squash and tennis courts, swimming pool and boating lake. The festival has been booked by Ed Bignell of the Nems Agency on behalf of organiser Brian Adams.

Weekend season tickets have been pegged at last year's price of £5.50, including camping and parking. They may be obtained from National Jazz Festivals Ltd. (to whom cheques and postal orders should be made payable), P.O. Box No. 4SQ, London W1 4SQ. Please enclose a stamped addressed envelope, and allow a minimum of 21 days for delivery. Phone number for enquiries is 01-437 6601.

ON THE ROAD

BACK TO THE FRONT, Pete Brown's new band, extend their debut tour with dates at **Broadstairs** Grand Ballroom (June 20), **Manchester** Electric Circus (July 2), **Dudley** J.B.'s Club (9), **Bracknell** Arts Centre (20) and **Bristol** Granary (23).

HENRY COW appear in **London** Regent's Park on Sunday, June 26, on a bill which also includes the Mike Westbrook Band and Frankie Armstrong. Other Cow dates include **Southampton** Solent Suite (May 30), **Bath** Brillig Arts Centre (31), **Plymouth** Woods (June 1), **Exeter** St. George's Hall (2) **Cardiff** Temple Of Peace (3), **Hull** University (8), **Brighton** Polytechnic (9), **Southend** Queen's Hotel (10), **Guildford** Civic Hall (12) and **Cambridge** Lady Mitchell Hall (13).

LITTLE ACRE have June gigs at **Dudley** Teachers Training College (1), **Wellington** Town House (3), **Wolverhampton** Lafayette (8), **Cambridge** University Centre (9), **London Kensington** Nashville (10), **Cambridge** Clare College (13), **London Camden** Music Machine (14), **Wolverhampton** Teachers Training College (16), **Dudley** Queen Mary Ballroom (17), **North Worcestershire** College (18), **West Bromwich** Coach & Horses (19), **Coventry** Mr. George's (23), **Birmingham** University (24) and **London Fulham** Golden Lion (30).

TRAIN return next week for another tour, and the U.S. heavy rock outfit have dates at **Doncaster** Outlook (May 30), **Sunderland** Boilermakers Club (June 1), **Middlesbrough** Rock Garden (3), **Ashington** Central Cinema (4), **London Canning Town** Bridge House (5), **Hastings** Pier Pavilion (6), **Reading** Target Club (7), **London Fulham** Greyhound (8), **Bolsover** Bluebell Inn (9), **Leeds** Fforde Green Hotel (10), **London Hounslow** Sneakies (12), **Liverpool** Moonstone (16), **Sunderland** Mecca (17), **Chester** Quaintways (20), **Birkenhead** Mr. Digby's (23), **Scunthorpe** Priory Hotel (25) and **Barrow** Maxim's (26).

MUSCLES are back on the road, following lead singer Geoff Brown's recent leg operation, with gigs at **Norwich** Cromwells (tonight, Thursday), **Birmingham** Aston University (Friday), **London Paddington** College (Saturday), **Leamington** Mops Club (June 1), **London Hampstead** Westhill College (2), **Retford** Porterhouse (3), **Norwich** RAF Conningsby (4), **Cheltenham** Tramps (7), **Halifax** Percival Whitely College (8), **Chester** Theatre Clwyd (10), **Frome** Hexagon (11), **Durham** Bede College (17), **Stoke** Madeley College (18), **Birmingham** Elbow Room (22), **Dudley** College of Education (24) and **Kettering** Freewheeler (29).

CAROL GRIMES and the London Boogie Band play their last gigs until the autumn this weekend at **London Camden** Music Machine (Friday), **London Camden** Dingwalls (Saturday) and **London Fulham** Golden Lion (Sunday). They spend the summer writing and recording, and are being lined up for an extensive autumn tour.

SHAKIN' STEVENS and the Sunsets play **Devizes** Corn Exchange (tonight, Thursday), **Cirencester** Agricultural College (Friday), **London Covent Garden** Rock Garden (Saturday), **Newbridge** Club (Sunday), **Carmarthen** St. Peter's Hall (May 30), **Weymouth** Pavilion (31), **Bridgwater** Town Hall (June 3), **Barnstaple** Tempo Club (4), **Rotherham** Clifton Hall (6), **Farnborough** Jubilee Festival (10), **Cambridge** Peterhouse College (13), **Cambridge** Caius College (14) **Cambridge** Magdalene College (15), **Durham** Trevelyan College (16), **Oxford** St. Edmund's College (18), **Liverpool** City College (22), **London Covent Garden** Roxy Club (23), **Lancaster** University (24), **Portsmouth** Polytechnic (25) and **West Bromwich** Oakdale Club (30).

LLANDRINDOD WELLS Grand Pavilion has been completely renovated and is opening up as a concert venue. So far confirmed for the mid-Wales town are the **Stranglers** (June 10), **Dead End Kids** (17), **Jasper Carrott** (18), the **Heartbreakers** (25), **Acker Bilk** (July 1), **Crazy Cavan** (August 20) and **Shakin' Stevens** (September 16). XTC support the Heartbreakers, Cavan and Stevens.

KRAKATOA have added keyboards player Hans Zimmer to their line-up and have gigs at **Tonypandy** Naval Club (tonight, Thursday), **Cardiff** Top Rank (May 28), **Eastbourne** Technical College (June 17), **Hastings** Pier Pavilion (18), **Brighton** New Regent (23), **Broadstairs** Grand Ballroom (24), **Walsall** West Midlands College (25), **Darlington** Incognito (29), **Worcester** College of Education (July 1), **Chatham** Town Hall (2), **Birkenhead** Mr. Digby's (7), **Sheffield** Totley College (9), **Bradford** Princeville Club (10) and **Plymouth** Top Rank (11). They tour Ireland from June 3 to 12.

SILLY WIZARD return from a seven-week European tour to headline a concert at **Edinburgh** George Square Theatre this Saturday (28). They are also set to top the bill in folk festivals at **Cleethorpes** (June 4), **Chester** (5), **Norwich** (17-19) and **Billingham** (August 20), as well as the **Birmingham** Jubilee Festival on June 7.

SPITERI, the London salsa and fusion-music band, have **London** gigs at Gulliver's Club (tonight, Thursday), Speakeasy (Saturday), Fulham Golden Lion (June 7, 14 and 21). Kensington Nashville (9), Covent Garden Rock Garden (10), Eltham Avery Hill College (24) and Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's (July 8 and 9). A string of provincial gigs is being lined up to start mid-July.

TIM ROSE is the support act in Fairport Convention's concert at **London Drury Lane** Theatre Royal this Sunday (29).

JIMMY HELMS starts a new tour next month and confirmed gigs are **Bolton** Nevada (June 4), **Basildon** Rachael's Club (9), **Cambridge** Downing College (13), **Egham** Shoreditch College (17) and **Bristol** Top Cat (18).

MARY WILSON

Presley films TV marathon

TWO CONCERTS by Elvis Presley on June 25 and 26 in Cincinnati and Indianapolis — both attended by 15,000 people — are to be filmed by the U.S. network, CBS-TV. The resulting 90-minute programme is being made available on the world market. Over 250 members of Presley's British Fan Club are attending the shows, and will be singled out for special coverage by the TV cameras.

New bands

A NEW WAVE band called Chartreuse, launched by former Cockney Rebel and Be-Bop Deluxe members, have been signed by RCA who release their debut single "You Really Got Me" (the old Kinks hit) this weekend. Personnel comprises Milton Reame-James (keyboards), Paul Jeffreys (bass), Jeff Faulkner (guitar), Malcolm Ashmore (drums) and ex-Strider vocalist Rob Elliott. A college tour is currently being lined up for the band.

● Rampant Robot is a new band formed by the four original members of the Fusion Orchestra, who disbanded in 1975. Debut gigs are currently being lined up.

● High Mileage is a new four-piece launched by former Mott The Hoople keyboards man Verden Allen.

ILLNESS HITS STRANGLERS

THE STRANGLERS were forced to cancel the opening gig in their extensive tour schedule, at Coventry Tiffany's last Thursday (19), when Hugh Cornwell went down with a sudden attack of flu. The band, who apologise to the hundreds who turned up to see them, have already re-set the Coventry date for June 6 when existing tickets are valid.

Saints go marchin' in

INITIAL DATES have now been set for the British debut tour by Australian new-wave band, the Saints. After their previously-reported gigs with the Ramones and Talking Heads at London Chalk Farm Roundhouse on June 5 and 6, they play London Camden Dingwalls (16), Croydon Greyhound (19), London Kensington Nashville (20 and 21), Twickenham Winning Post (22), London Islington Hope & Anchor (23), London Covent Garden Rock Garden (24 and 25) Dudley J.B.'s Club (July 2), Manchester Electric Circus (3), Doncaster Outlook (4), Birmingham's Rebecca's (7) and Liverpool Eric's (8), with several more still to be finalised. Their single "Erotic Neurotic" is currently on release and their Harvest album "I'm Stranded" is out this week.

Open-air pop for BBC-TV

A SERIES of open-air concerts are to be filmed during the summer by BBC-TV in the grounds of their Birmingham Pebble Mill studios. They will be screened on a weekly basis under the banner "Pop At The Mill". Among acts already booked are Rubettes, Showaddywaddy, Guys'n'Dolls, Alvin Stardust, Pussycat, Mary Hopkin, Billy J. Kramer and Bert Weedon. The audience of up to 2,000 will be standing or sitting on the grass. Filming is on Saturdays from late June to early August. Admission is by ticket only from the BBC in Birmingham.

It's Episode 67 of . . .

ROUGH DIAMOND DATE CHANGES

ROUGH DIAMOND's plans have changed yet again and, instead of playing British gigs next month, they have now lined up a lengthy American tour starting in Detroit on June 7. But as a warm-up for the U.S. schedule, they headline four concerts during the next few days — at Birmingham University (tomorrow, Friday), Manchester Electric Circus (Saturday), Plymouth Woods Centre (next Monday) and Penzance The Garden (Tuesday). And in fact they played two last-minute dates last weekend at Sunderland and Middlesbrough.

As regular readers of the Rough Diamond serial will know, they cancelled their original May tour plans in favour of a June outing. They were booked and announced as one of the attractions in the Newcastle Festival at the City Hall on June 19, and ticket agencies were taking reservations for a provisional date at London Rainbow on June 22. But these have now been scrapped as the band — David Byron, Clem Clempson, Geoff Britton, Willie Bath and Damon Butcher — feel they must boost their debut album in America. A full British tour will now follow in the autumn.

MARY WILSON LEAVING

End of the Supremes?

MARY WILSON, the sole remaining original member of the Supremes, is leaving the group after their current British tour. Her final appearance will be in their newly-announced London concert at Drury Lane Theatre Royal on Sunday, June 12. This marks the end of a 15-year era for Mary, who was one of the co-founders of the group with Diana Ross in 1962.

As she is expecting her second child, she intends to rest until the baby is born. She then plans to begin a new career of her own, and the first move in this direction will be to record a solo album.

The other two Supremes — Scherrie Payne (sister of Freda Payne) and Susaye Green (co-writer of Deniece Williams' No. 1 single "Free") — say they are going back to the States to determine their future and that of the group.

So there is a very real possibility that the Supremes will cease to exist after their British dates at Batley Variety Club (all this week), Leicester Bailey's (week from next Monday), Watford Bailey's (June 5 week) and the London concert.

● Frankie Valli has announced that, from September, he will work exclusively as a solo performer and will never tour again with the Four Seasons. However, the group will continue to function without him, and will probably bring in a replacement.

HATCHER DATES

GEORGE HATCHER BAND begin their own headlining tour next week, timed to coincide with the June 17 release of their second United artists album "Talkin' Turkey". Dates are London Marquee (June 2), Plymouth Woods Centre (6), Cardiff Top Rank (7), Scarborough Penthouse (10), Cleethorpes Winter Gardens (16), Cromer West Runton Pavilion (17), Nottingham Boat Club (18), Stoke George Hotel (22), Loughborough Town Hall (23), Birmingham University (24), Cheltenham Town Hall (25), London Marquee (27), Birkenhead Mr. Digby's (30), London Regent's Park Bedford College (July 1), Redcar Coatham Bowl (3), Stafford Top Of The World (4), Yeovil Johnson Hall (7) and Manchester Electric Circus (8).

THE KING OF ELFLAND'S DAUGHTER
NATIONAL ELF WEEK
THE KING OF ELFLAND'S DAUGHTER

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS
TELEVISION
WITH GUESTS BLONDIE
ANDY DUNKLEY 'THE LIVIN' JUKE BOX'
HAMMERSMITH ODEON
QUEEN CAROLINE ST. W.6
SATURDAY 28th MAY at 7
EXTRA CONCERT - SUN. 29th MAY at 7-30
TICKETS £2·50, £2·00, £1·50, (INC. VAT) IN ADVANCE THEATRE BOX OFFICE, 748 4081 BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE., 439 3371, PREMIER BOX OFFICE, 240 2245, USUAL ATRE ON NIGHT

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS
JEAN-LUC PONTY
WITH GUESTS
LARRY CORYELL
AND
PHILIP CATHERINE
NEW VICTORIA
WILTON RD, S.W.1
FRI/SAT - 27th/28th MAY at - 8·00
TICKETS £3·00, £2·50, £2·00, £1·50, (INC. VAT) ADVANCE THEATRE BOX OFFICE 834 0671, LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE., 439 3371, PREMIER BOX OFFICE, 240 2245, USUAL AGENTS OR ON NIGHT

PETER FRAMPTON
"I'm In You"
THE NEW SINGLE.

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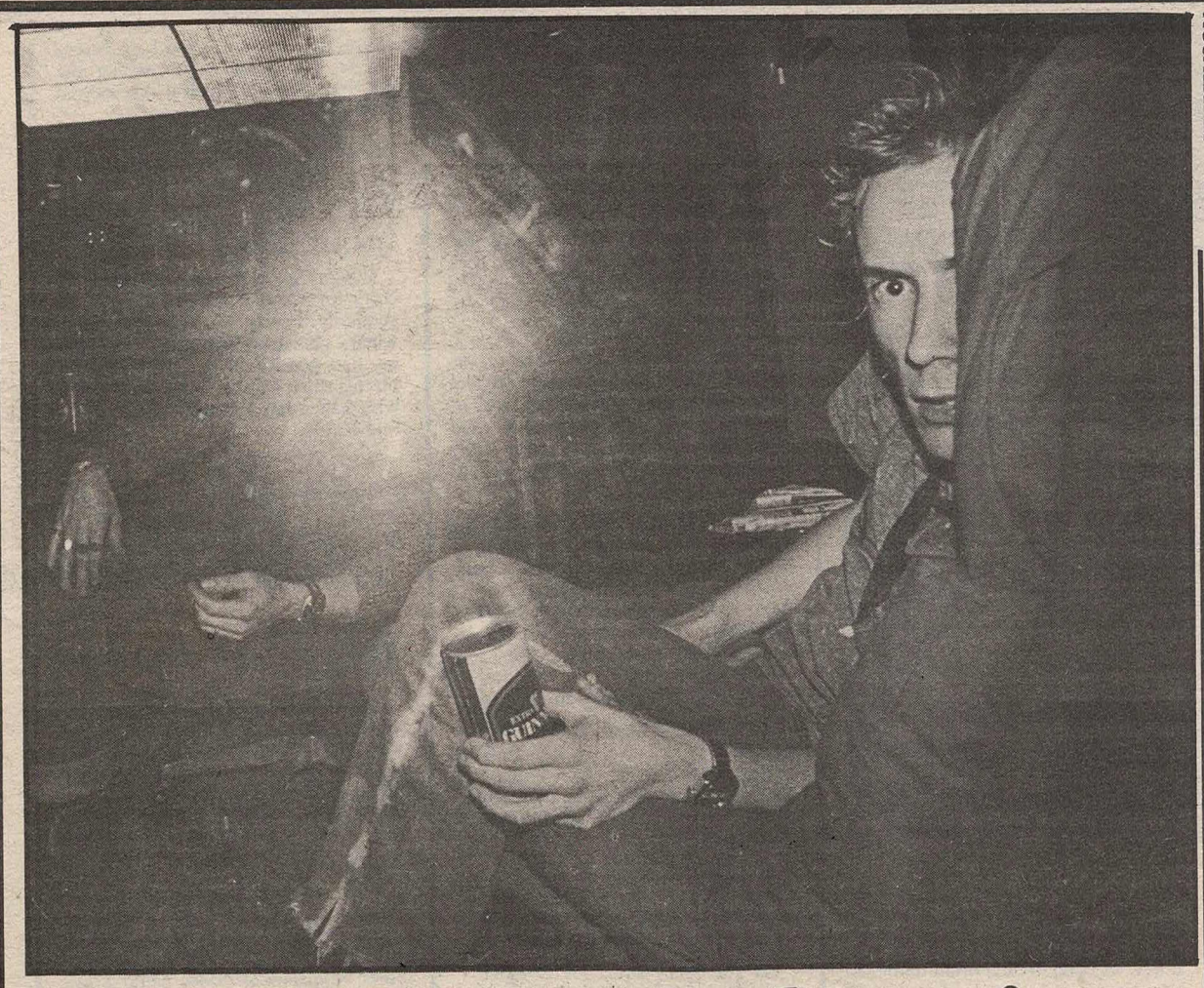
ON A&M RECORDS

FROM THE SOON-TO-BE-RELEASED NEW ALBUM, "I'M IN YOU."
PRODUCED BY PETER FRAMPTON
DIRECTION: DEE ANTHONY/BANDANA ENTERPRISES, LTD.

AMS 7298

AM RECORDS



Pic: STEVENSON

Hey Johnny—there's a geezer out here says he's got the answer to all your problems . . .

IF YOU THINK IT'S presumptuous for a yank to butt his two-cents' worth into the already skyhigh reams of blather concerning The Sex Pistols, you're right.

On the other hand, there is the possibility that you all might be a little too close to the fray to assess it with total objectivity.

Besides which, I don't give a damn.

In the past I've written articles criticising the private sexual predilections of David Bowie, a man I've never even met and am such an expert on that I think "Station To Station" is his best album — so, since I've been bellowing unsolicited advice in the deaf ears of gentlemen as prestigious as him and Mickey Jagger all these years, I might as well pick on a bunch of puny lepers like The Sex Pistols too. Everybody else is.

So here's how it looks and sounds from this side of the Atlantic.

I think "Anarchy In The U.K." is one of the greatest records ever made.

Johnny Rotten, furthermore, is the most enraged vocalist I've ever heard. He's even more pissed off than Iggy used to be and you know that's saying something.

In fact, according to him, he wants to destroy everything he can get his hands on.

Personally I keep vacillating between queasiness and depression when I see those cigarette burns in his wrists. I was always glad I was home watching *Adam-12* the night Iggy threw a glass which shattered all across the stage of Max's Kansas City and then rolled in it, a fit of self-abuse rivalled only by the night he appeared in a play in L.A. called "Murder Of The Virgin" (plot: virgin gets killed, everybody says Iggy's the culprit, but there happens to be a black guy written into the script by its author I. Pop, so Iggy says "The nigger did it" and the whole cast kills the "nigger", the performance of which was unceremoniously shortened when Iggy took a knife and gouged a big hole in his chest.

His good buddy Danny Sugarman, who used to perform similar niceties for Jim Morrison, drove the Ig out to the Pacific Ocean, where he flopped around in the waves till I guess the salt caused his wounds to congeal.

The next day we started hearing rumours at *Creem* magazine, where I worked then, to the effect that Iggy had mauled himself so direly as to end up in the emergency ward hanging between life and death on a thread of dental floss. We became very upset and spent two days calling all over L.A. trying to ascertain just how badly he'd been injured.

Finally Danny Sugarman got on the phone and said the Pop was all right, "He just had a little too much blood inside him and needed to let some out" (like leeches, sure), and furthermore that Iggy ramming a knife into his chest was "the greatest art statement" Danny had ever witnessed.

In a way I'm glad there are people like Danny Sugarman in the world — they give the phrase "a must to avoid" new vistas of meaning.

I wish I could say that if I ever saw him again I would ram a dagger in his heart and see how that would rate on his scale of art statements, but somehow I just don't think I'd be able to go through with it. I know I'd just end up turning around and walking as far away from his presence as I could. I guess I'm just a wimp.

Do I digress? Not really.

The reason Johnny Rotten sings with more rage than Iggy is that he's got more to be enraged about.

I'm not going to bore you with another sociological treatise. I'm just going to say that underneath it all, Iggy's basically a romantic . . . and let it go at that.

NOW, JOHNNY — well, like I said, I don't know the lad, but you pick up little indications here and there, both in your paper and things like Mary Harron's interview with him in the American magazine *Punk*.

When I read that interview, I was struck by what a lucid, level-headed fellow he seemed to be. I tried to look past the cigarette burns, hope for the best and then the record came out and promptly blew everything else clear off my turntable and out the window.

(In fact at this moment there's a hapless legal secretary who was on her way uptown to work that day and got her skull cleft clean through by a Buzzcocks record, changing her address to the morgue. I let her keep it, too.)

If you want the truth, I don't give a damn about The Vibrators, Eater, any of them dumb groups you're trying to fob off on us (that Clash record is garbage), although I feel preliminary stirrings of unauditioned affection for The Stranglers just because they look like a bunch of 30-year-old alkies who decided to cash in on this "punk" scam. Everybody knows the greatest group in the world is Emerson, Lake and Palmer anyway, who do you guys think you're trying to fool?

I must admit, however, that as an 8-year vet of this rock-ritin' game I was totally blown away by "Anarchy In The U.K."

I'm a sucker for rage from way back, and the lyrics are good too:

"There are many ways to get what you want/I use the best/I use the rest . . . is this the UDA/Or is this the IRA/I thought it was the U.K./Or just another country/Another case of tenancy/I wanna be anarchy/I'm getting pissed/Just destroy."

To which I can only add, pip pip!

I agree wholeheartedly.

England is a suckshit country that deserves to sink into the ocean like California has been threatening to all these years. I've never seen a place where more people concealed more hidden rage behind the blandest facade this side of Donny and Marie.

What'n the hell's the matter with all you limeys, your nannies inject passivity serum in your milk when you were in the cradle? Plus you're all so goddam polite all the time.

I know damn well you don't mean it (if you do you're in *real* trouble).

First time I went to England (Slade hype) I couldn't believe the simple act of hopping a cab: "Well, yes, guvnuh, and wheah would you like to go today?" When I finally got back to New York and the cabbie snarled "Awright mac where to?" and started ranting and raving about the Puerto Ricans I said to myself thank God, home at last.

Plus you're always slagging America for little mistakes like Vietnam, but what about *you* guys? London is the only place in the world where they still do plays in blackface!

And your attitude towards women, not just in *NME*, is sub-Neanderthal. I get pissed off when I read things like Mary Harron's interview with Eddie And The Hot Rods in *Punk* where they tore her blouse off and half raped her. Fucking pigs, the lot of you. Or bland-outs. Or both.

SO I STAND foursquare with Johnny when he says he wants to turn your whole country to rubble. I don't even get paid very much for this stuff, what the hell do I care? You deserve Johnny Rotten and worse.

I'm not sure exactly what he could actually inflict on you if he ever decided to put his money where his mouth is, but what the hell. It's the thought that counts.

The only trouble with Johnny's and my Elysian mental vista of rampant carnage is that thoughts *do* count. And once you start thinking about The Sex Pistols a little bit certain questions arise.

For instance, I agree with them when they say all established ageing superstars are totally dead and worthless and just in it for the bread at this point. *Nobody* who was any good in the Sixties is doing anything but jerking off now with the possible exception of Malcolm Muggeridge.

But. If The Sex Pistols are so anti-establishmentarian, why should they even need to bother with bourgeois outfits like A&M or EMI — why don't they just do like half the other young bands in the world today and put out their own records, completely uncensored, on some underground label? I mean, if it's all just chaos then who gives a shit, right?

The main thing is that I need more Sex Pistols singles so I can feed my rage; I don't give a damn if they're on Capitol or Ork or Binky's Backroom Bootlegs.

Sometimes I think The Sex Pistols start to resemble the people they're always railing against, which I'd never hold against them, but still looks a mite fishy coming from somebody who just put out a better protest song than Bob Dylan's entire *oeuvre* combined.

As far as the "business" proper goes, official reluctance / cowardice / hostility / nose-holding all stems from the fact that the Pistols are (or at least seem) dangerous in the same way Iggy was before his comeback (cf "Metallic K.O.") — they promulgate real nihilism and disorder instead of a manageably synthetic version like David Bowie's.

But in the music business — which is the only way anybody but the kind of kid who haunts collectors' record shops has mass access to the Pistols in the first place — it's just not considered "professional" to be that real.

On the other hand, if you'll indulge me what may be a bit overly romantic — WHAT REAL ROCK 'N' ROLLER WANTS TO BE PROFESSIONAL IN THE FIRST PLACE ANYWAY?

Professionalism equals competence equals mediocrity. That's what's ruining music today — all the goddam professionals turning out formula pap, whether it's Barry Manilow or Bad Company it all comes out of the same spigot, the same mechanical approach to what some people still consider a beautiful, sacred yet living art.

And don't bother telling me that Chris Spedding played on "Anarchy" — I DON'T GIVE A DAMN IF THE BLACK DYKE MILLS BAND LAID DOWN THE BACKUP ON THIS RECORD.

It's a great anthem of adolescent and social nihilism pushed to unprecedented extremes, sung by a decidedly unrepressed demon who may well have forfeited his human citizenship, but that's his problem. Jerry Lee Lewis is so unrepressed in 1977 that people hardly dare go into the studio with him.

ON THE OTHER HAND, twenty-plus years have earned Jerry Lee the right to be an intractable madman. In fact, who does this snot-nosed punk Johnny Rotten think he is? Screw him, I just decided I changed my mind about the whole thing. I think you should deport him to Uganda.

The little piss-ant doesn't even know how to comb his hair. The biggest decision of his day is whether to stick his new safety pin purchased with this week's allowance from Uncle Mal in his jacket or his cheek. Johnny Rotten doesn't even take drugs! Some rock 'n' roll star.

In fact, why don't you just send Ian Anderson over to his pad to pedant him to death.

No, wait, actually I've got a better idea. I've got brilliant ideas for Johnny gushing out of my mucous membranes. Must be because it never occurred to me to stick pins in them.

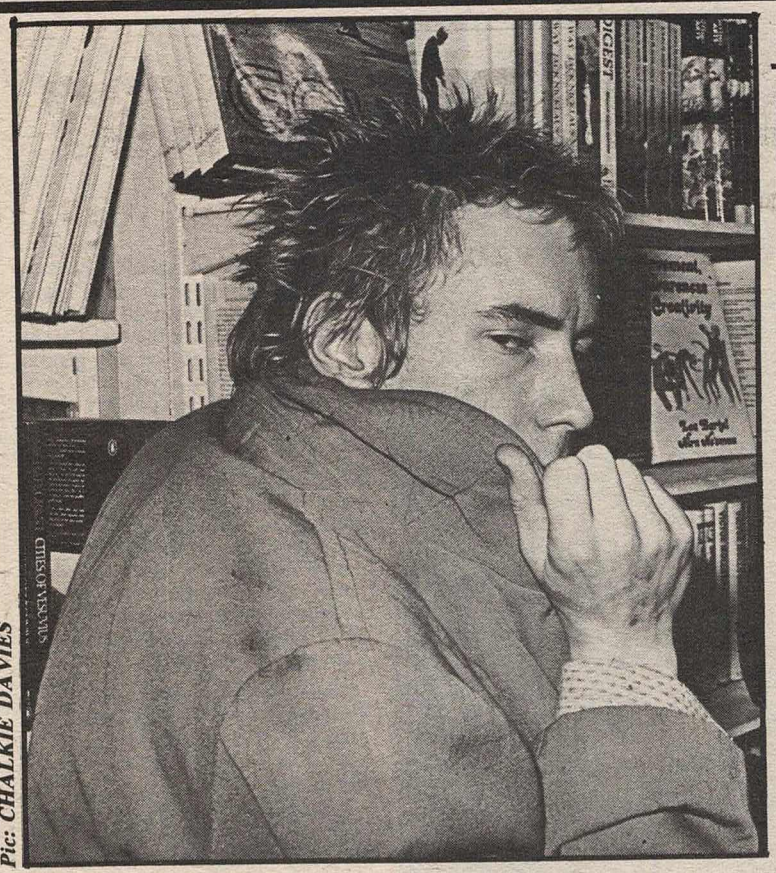
But listen, I think we should go about this thing systematic.

Number one: I think Johnny and the boys are absolutely right to hold all *NME* writers in complete contempt. I think it's about as cute

■ *Continues over*

There's only one thing worse than THE SEX PISTOLS — and that's LESTER BANGS.

Chew on this, ya limey scum!



Pic: CHALKIE DAVIES

■ *From previous page*

and funny as the Hell's Angels at Altamont that one of them beat up Nick Kent when he dropped by to see them, but I can understand their resentment. Nick *is* a poseur, which is just what he's always accusing people like Jagger and Bowie of being, wearing all those stupid Keith Richard scarves when he looks more like a bank clerk in *Dombey & Son*.

In fact all the *NME* writers with the exception of Roy Carr have this nonsensical idea of themselves as popstars **(except me. — Ed.)**, and the only reason Roy doesn't is he's too old and fat. I'm fat too, and I'm even starting to sing onstage and make records, but I ain't no star and I never wanna be one — fact I think that's just exactly where all your scribes went wrong, in some cases tragically.

Wanting to be a rock "star" (as opposed to a musician trying to come up with something worthy of the gift) is like wanting to be a brain-damaged infant until you drop dead at the age of 40. It's the total antithesis of wanting to transcend in life or art.

Which is why rock stars are crap in my book, and I'm in a position to know, having interviewed about 75 per cent of them.

ON THE OTHER HAND, that doesn't ipso facto make The Sex Pistols fleecy little angels, or more authentic, or anything in particular.

Not being Keith Emerson is a good start, but still a negative recommendation.

No. no! Keep him away from me!

So aside from this one single, we gotta ask ourselves just what The Sex Pustules have that's actually *good*.

Let me say right here that I am not at all offfended that they tore up A&M's offices. All that proves is that they're pigs just like all other rock musicians; if they were Led Zeppelin they could get away with it and probably have it hushed up besides.

I hear simpers of "Oh, how *unprofessional*" all through the industry and I just have to laugh. What kind of standards of professionalism and polite decorum are you going to apply to Keith Moon, The Faces, Lynyrd Skynyrd, Led Zep?

Not to mention what goes on at the hands of some of the very discbiz or concert hall functionaries most offended by the Pistols' behaviour. I have seen arms twisted off because somebody "responsible" for "security" thought somebody else they didn't recognize was in the wrong place. Too close to the human gods.

The last time David Bowie came to Detroit everybody in the dressing room was lined up against the wall before he even walked in and then he chatted down the line shaking hands before twitting out the door.

So I don't wanna hear any lectures about human dignity, because the reality of big time rock 'n' roll today is an affront to it on every level.

So The Sex Pistols are offensive.

Frankly, I don't think they're offensive enough.

When Mary Harron interviewed Johnny for *Punk* and asked him what sort of posters they were going to have, he replied: "You know, all nude boys and things. Things that annoy everyone."

Well, with all due respect, I'm afraid I have to call Mr. Rotten's imagination into question here.

When my ocean-hopping friend brought back my copy of "Anarchy" there was a Sex Pistols T-shirt in the package too. I didn't look at it too closely because I was too busy listening to the record and reading the fanzines, besides which it just looked kind of all snotgreen clotsludgy.

A couple of days later, though, all my clothes turned up dirty so I put it on (us CBGB kats are far too hip to wear anything as trendy as Sex Pistols T-shirts — I'm going onstage in a shirt with Julie Andrews' face on it).

I wore this damn thing all over New York for about a day and a half until suddenly I was washing my hands when I glance up in the mirror and get my first good look at what's actually on this shirt: a naked ten-year-old boy with half a hardon and a cigarette in one hand.

Well, isn't that cute?

I was so impressed I pulled it off, tore it into as many pieces as I could and shoved it down the garbage — *real* torn T-shirt chic, not to mention nihilism beyond the call of duty.

BUT STILL certain questions remain.

Like what makes Johnny think nude 10-year-olds are so annoying? I saw *hundreds* of little boys with bare butts in gym class in Junior High School, in fact everybody (male, at least) in the entire United States is just that jaded, so who does Mr. Rotten think he is fooling?

Look, Johnny, if you really wanna annoy people I got a better idea: how about a whole *football stadium* full of little boys and girls buttshovin' each other with barbed dildos while a few middle-aged coaches stand around to call the plays? I'm sure Malcolm would be able to make some time in his busy schedule for such an Artaudian venture in social redemption.

No, wait a second, I've got an even better idea than that: I noticed you like to burn holes in your wrists; well, why don't you get really creative and burn one in your face! Grind a lit cigarette right through your tongue! If Mick Jagger biting off the end of his in a school accident helped his singing style, think of what this could do for you! You might wind up the greatest singer in the history of rock 'n' roll!

Not only that, you could actually sing with your forefinger running straight through your tongue, a move avant-garde enough to make Eno green with envy. No, wait, stop everything, I've got an idea to top them all — this will *really annoy* people: how about a poster of Johnny Rotten getting fag-butted and having his pocket picked by Malcolm McLaren while a cop stands at the other end burning his face off whith a blowtorch!

I tell ya, Johnny, those wimpoid rockfans out there snoozing over their copies of "Black And Blue" are *not* gonna be ready for that one!

I MEAN, if we're gonna rave up with violence and chaos and anarchy and torture, then by God it's time we stopped dicking around and got down to the business of seeing just how far we can take it.

The possibilities are limitless.

Which reminds me, listen, there's this little country fulla slant-eyed runts over by China; they all speak some incomprensible gobbledegook and're commies besides. Us Americans don't go over there anymore because after 8 or 10 years we finally just got bored picking the little yellow bastards off.

But there's plenty of 'em left just squatting out in those rice paddies waiting for some funlovers like you to come along. So here's some planes, and a few thousand tons of an interesting toy called napalm that's anarchic enough to make safety pins and fag-butts obsolete forever.

I know Paki-bashing ain't what it used to be, plus dropping bombs is more fun anyway.

Have yourself a ball. Destroy everything in sight so you have a nice apocalyptic excuse for destroying yourselves like all chickenshits do sooner or later.

I'm sure the record companies would much rather just have to deal with the Captain and Tennille than the likes of you anyway.

You guys are the Gary Gilmores of rock 'n' roll.

When your Granny wouldn't have liked them.

1962.

Rock was raw, girls wore beehives, and it seemed like everyone was just seventeen (well you know what I mean).

Four guys from Liverpool were playing the Star Club, Hamburg – a long way from home.

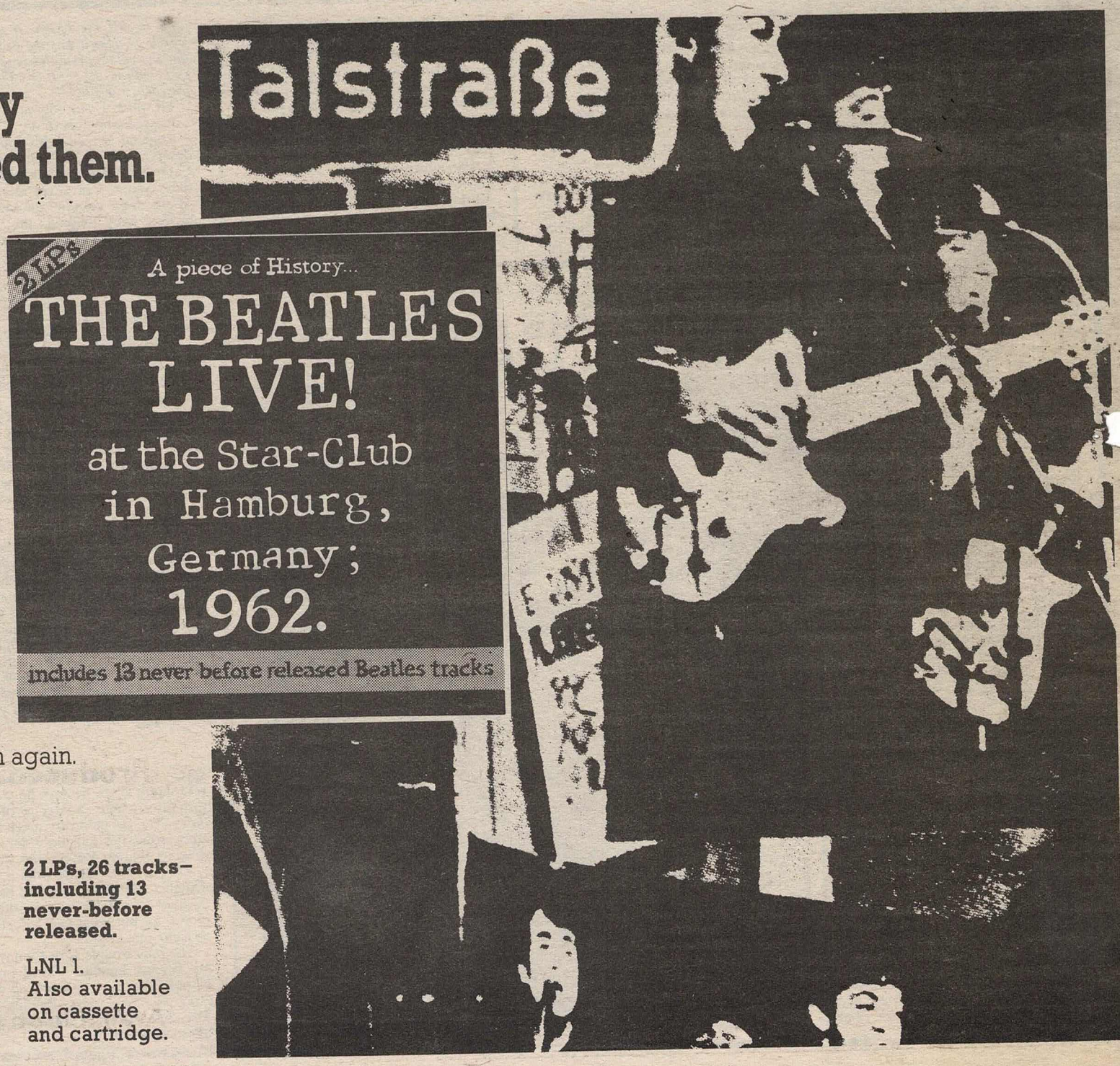
They were called the Beatles.

They played all night for as much food and drink as they could consume. They played well. And the Star Club became the place for kids to dance, listen, and enjoy themselves.

The Beatles Live! – a two-record set – shows the way it was then. And the way it should be now.

Brash, tough, loud. Exciting.

Get it now. It may never happen again.

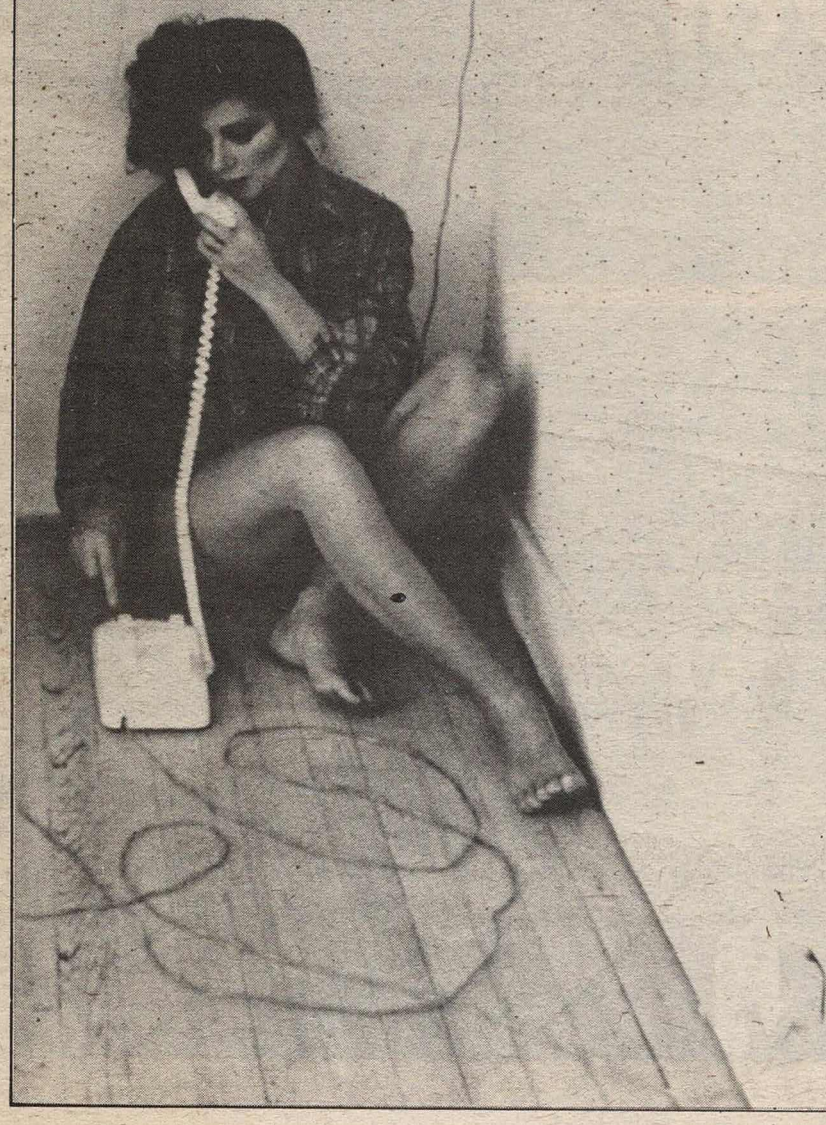

Talstraße
2 LPs
A piece of History...
THE BEATLES LIVE!
at the Star-Club in Hamburg, Germany; 1962.
includes 13 never before released Beatles tracks

2 LPs, 26 tracks– including 13 never-before released.

LNL 1.
Also available on cassette and cartridge.

How well do you know ELKIE BROOKS?

"If you think "Pearl's a Singer" said it all, then you haven't heard the album!"



"Two Days Away" the new album from Elkie Brooks includes the classic "Pearl's a Singer," "Saved," "Love Potion No. 9" and "Mojo Hannah."

Produced by Leiber and Stoller.

A&M RECORDS

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Mon 30th May **GLASGOW** *Apollo*
Tue 31st May **GLASGOW** *Apollo*
Thur 2nd June **LIVERPOOL** *Empire*
Fri 3rd June **LIVERPOOL** *Empire*
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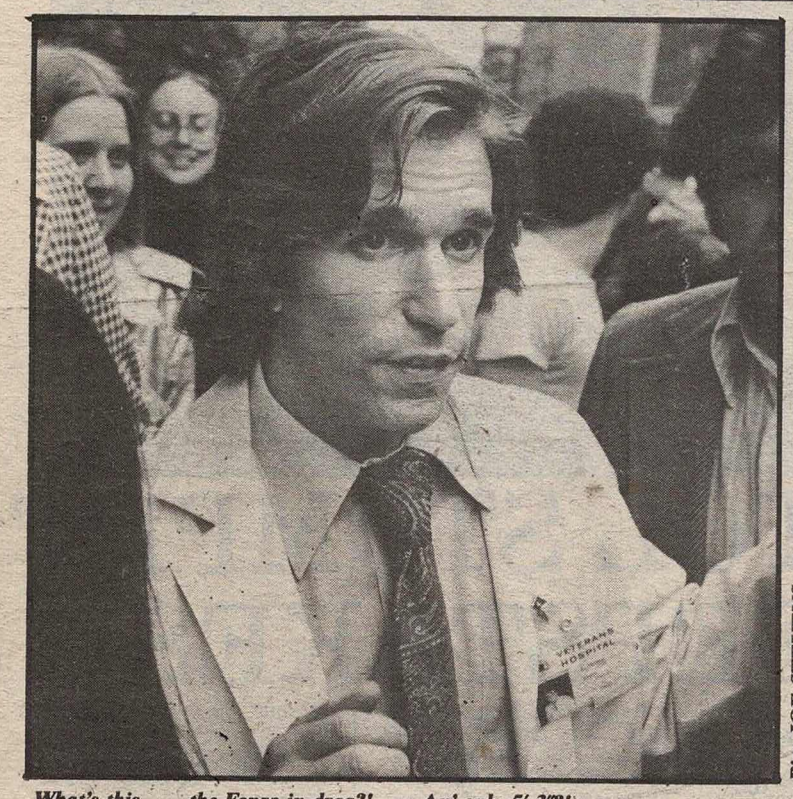
THRILLS



Pix: JOE STEVENS

What's this . . . the Fonze in drag?! . . . An' only 5' 3"?!

FONZE ON THE RUN IN NEW YORK CITY

"HEY!"

"Hey, Fonzie!"

"Hey, look this way, will ya?"

"Hey, Fonzie!"

"Hey, Fonzie, if you walk past my house, I'll give you five dollars, okay?"

As far as the pre-teens of New York City are concerned you can forget about David Soul, David Cassidy or David Essex. They can all sit on it.

There is only one idol of the moment and that's the Fonze, the ultimately cool kingpin of the '50 teen greasy sitcom, *Happy Days.*

Unless you just came back from a field trip up the Amazon, there can't be too many of you reading this who aren't aware that the Fonze is played by actor Henry Winkler, recreating a somewhat watered down version of the role he first tried in the cult greaser movie *The Lords Of Flatbush.*

The kids on the street don't want to know from *Lords Of Flatbush* at all.

The only thing they want to know about is the omnipotent Fonze; the glorious wish fulfillment of being James Dean, Sergeant Bilko and Casanova all packed into one black leather jacket.

Right now the Fonze is riding high. He's just the coolest. *Happy Days* goes out five days a week on New York's channel 7. It's way up in the ratings and, needless to say, Fonzie's image appears on all the things that really spells success; T-shirts, buttons, mugs and cushions.

There's even a Fonze doll, about the size of Action Man, which features a mechanical thumb that makes the familiar "hey" gesture.

The kids on the street don't even care that Winkler has made it clear that he won't do a third series of *Happy Days,* that he wants out of the role, the DA haircut and back into legitimate movies.

All the kids are interested in is that the Fonze is making a film right on their block.

In fact, it's not the Fonze, it's Henry Winkler. Winkler is at some pains to make this perfectly clear.

The movie is called *Heroes* and the character portrayed by Winkler has little or nothing to do with Fonzie. He's a Vietnam war verteran who's unable to adjust to his return to the city.

The location sequences are being filmed on the streets of New York. In the preceding days they've shot in Times Square and at Bellevue Hospital.

The shooting sequence Joe Stevens and I were invited to attend took place in a side street off Second Avenue.

There may be cities that can accept a movie crew on the street without feeling moved to whip up a miniature riot, but New York isn't one of them.

"Hey, Fonzie, my sister thinks you're cool!"

A lot of the life of central New York City takes place on the street. People tend to conduct their lives there, far more than they do in England.

When a film crew comes to a section of New York, the whole neighbourhood turns out to watch, and do their best to take part in, the spectacle.

There are burly, unkempt cops with the ever-present guns bumping against their thighs. There are young mothers with their hair in curlers that fight a losing battle to make them look like Farrah Fawcett-Majors. There are old men in shirt sleeves, matrons walking poodles, hard-hat construction workers and an elderly orthodox Jew in a black hat and thick round glasses.

They all treat the arrival of the film crew as an excuse for an impromptu street carnival. The cops sullenly try to keep them back from each successive camera angle.

"Hey Fonzie, you're real cool!"

The focus of the circus, both crowd, crew and cops, is, of course, Winkler himself. Everything revolves around his diminutive figure. (Yes, I'm afraid he's no more than 5' 3".)

Even when he isn't engaged in a take, and that's about 80 per cent of the time, he's ground zero for a swirl of admirers, well wishers and just plain gawpers.

In fact, the mob around him is so dense that first it's hard to spot Winkler at all. You have to let your eye follow the direction of the thrusting autograph books. They vector in on a little guy in a white intern's uniform. Can this really be the once and rerun Fonzie? The little guy has medium-length hair brushed into a side-parting, and a moustache. He looks like the runt of some GI platoon, like he spends too many mornings slopping through the Mekong paddyfields with a transistor radio playing Crosby, Stills and Nash clamped to his ear.

It's the first flash that Winkler is an actor, not the Fonze.

The particular shot we're watching requires Winkler to run across the roofs of some traffic-locked cars, hotly pursued by New York's finest. The runt has apparently just escaped from a mental institution, disguised in the above mentioned intern's coat.

While a stand-in in a plain shirt and blue jeans runs through the action for exposure settings, focus pulls and camara angles, the mob presses round Winkler as though he was some kind of Pied Piper. Everyone and his uncle wants an autograph, a handshake or a response from him.

("It's not for me, you understand, it's for my little niece.")

The man just stands there and takes it all with almost superhuman good nature. He smiles as he signs. He returns the kids' shouts of "Hey" with Fonze sangfroid and answers questions with courtesy.

By a certain judicious use of my right shoulder, and by trampling on some children, I ease into the Winkler presence to grab a short conversation.

No more Fonze, right?

"I wouldn't worry, they've got enough episodes to go on running them for years. It was fun at the time, but a part like that tends to take over your life."

Just to prove the point, a flying wedge of kids surge between us with autograph books at high port.

"Hey, Fonze, you're the coolest!"

Winkler smiles and signs. The kids move on. He gives a brief resume of the movie's plot for those nearest to him.

After the movie, what next?

"I'd like to do something on the stage."

This seems to be a current trend for young movie actors.

I ask Winkler about Sylvester Stallone. Stallone, currently collecting Oscars, dollars and critical acclaim for his tour de force *Rocky,* was another actor who got his start in *Lords Of Flatbush.* Does he ever see Stallone these days?

"Yeah, I saw him only a few days ago".

What happened?

"Well, I don't want to sound bitchy or anything, but it happened like this. He came up to me and said 'Hey, Henry . . .'"

Winkler doing Stallone is very like Winkler doing the Fonze.

"Hey, Henry, I'm famous too now you know that? And I didn't have to do no TV series neither."

Once the take is complete, Henry is hurried to the mobile dressing room at the far end of the street. Cars and extras are shifted for the next set-up. Most of the crowd follow Winkler. Once again it's the Pied Piper effect. Winkler vanishes inside the trailer. The way is blocked by a bodyguard built like the legendary brick outhouse. We've had our ration of the Fonze for today.

A few of the more determined kids press their noses against the heavily curtained windows of the trailer, hoping for one more glimpse of their hero.

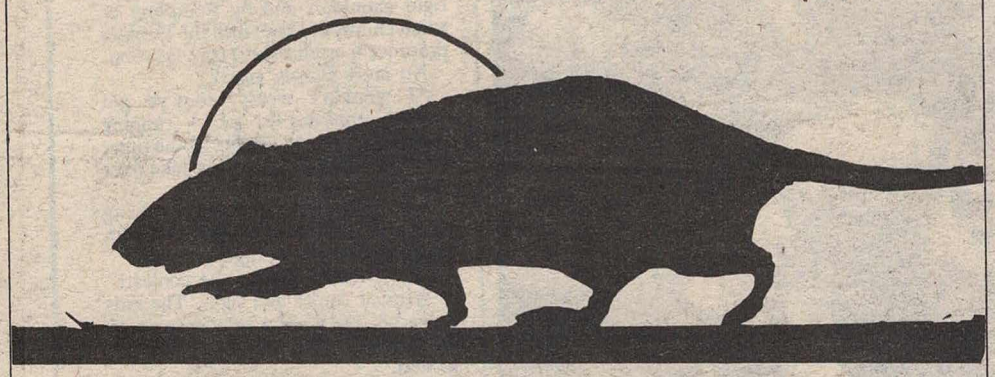
"Hey Fonze, where d'ya park ya motorcycle?"

□ MICK FARREN

LOWRY

"We recondition them and sell them to Radio 1 as deejays."

the stranglers



PROMOTED BY OUTLAW FOR ALBION MANAGEMENT

May		
20	University	BRUNEL
21	Sports Centre	BLETCHLEY
24	Top Rank	BRIGHTON
25	Essex University	COLCHESTER
26	St Andrew's Hall	NORWICH
27	Top Rank	CARDIFF
28	Odeon	CANTERBURY
29	Civic Hall	GUILDFORD
30	Village Bowl	BOURNEMOUTH
31	Civic Hall	WOLVERHAMPTON
June		
1	Barbarella's	BIRMINGHAM
2	Barbarella's	BIRMINGHAM
3	Corn Exchange	CAMBRIDGE
4	Casino	WIGAN
5	Electric Circus	MANCHESTER
6	Tiffany's	COVENTRY
7	Odeon	TAUNTON
8	Castaway Centre	PLYMOUTH
9	Town Hall	TORQUAY
10	Grand Pavilion	LLANERINDOD WELLS
11	Kursaal	SOUTHEND
12	Top Rank	SHEFFIELD
13	Town Hall	LEEDS
14	Tiffany's	SHREWSBURY
15	City Hall	NEWCASTLE
16	Town Hall	MIDDLESBROUGH
17	Gaumont	DONCASTER
20	Top of the World	STAFFORD
21	Victoria Halls	HANLEY
22	City Hall	GLASGOW
23	Winter Gardens	CLEETHORPES
24	Exhibition Centre	BRISTOL
25	City Hall	ST ALBANS (Two shows)
26	Roundhouse	LONDON (Two shows)

UNITED ARTISTS RECORDS ®

Rotten regales royalty *Pic: STEVENSON*

PISTOL STOMPIN' SWEEPSTAKES

READERS MAY infer from the tone of the advertisement on the back page of this week's *NME* that Virgin Records are quite aware of the possibility that The Sex Pistols' "God Save The Queen" single will not enjoy the freedom of your neighbourhood record store for very long.

Regular air-play for the single is certainly out of the question (although John Peel has already played it twice on his late-night Radio 1 programme), and many retail outlets might refuse to handle it at all (Woolworths have already told *NME* that they will not be selling Pistols' product).

It is nevertheless likely that, when the lyrics become publicly known, some organisations will attempt to take out an injunction to prevent the sale of the single at all — especially it being Jubilee time, an'all, with folks feeling fervently monarchist.

To test this thesis, we quoted a snatch of the lyrics of "God Save The Queen" to the National Association For Freedom, and asked if they were likely to take any action when the single is released.

A spokesman, confiding that he had never personally found the Pistols "very impressive", and adding, "Even I could write lyrics on those lines", said that putting out a record which would certainly outrage so many people struck him as a "desperate gimmick", and that being sued or otherwise publicly opposed by his organisation was "probably exactly what The Sex Pistols and their manager would like."

Few of his members, he predicted, would be attending Pistols' concerts, so they were unlikely to suffer the song at first-hand; and he thought the N.A.F. would be unwilling to hand out free publicity to the band by taking any notice of their antics.

However, *favourites* to try to ban the single must be the Festival Of Light (who have in any case been dormant recently, and might not be averse to a little publicity), though the intervention of a maverick operator like Raymond Blackburn — who has previously tried to initiate anti-pornography cases on his own — cannot be ruled out.

Virgin say that, as a matter of courtesy, a copy of the single will be delivered to the Palace this week. *Thrills* awaits Her Majesty's comments with interest.

□ AMY PROSSER

WHO WILL TRY TO BAN THE PISTOLS?
Latest betting:

Festival Of Light (Mary Whitehouse, Cliff Richard et al) ..... Evens
GLC & Local Councils Throughout England And Wales..... 4 — 1
Raymond Blackburn .. 9 — 2
Young Conservatives..11 — 1
National Association For Freedom (John Gouriet, Norris McWhirter et al).....20 — 1
Queen Elizabeth II.....50 — 1
Willie Hamilton.....5,000 — 1
Mike Oldfield ..... 20,000 — 1

ON SATURDAY, May 7th, the London Evening News *published an article entitled "Rock's Swastika Revolution" accompanied by a large photograph of The Sex Pistols.*

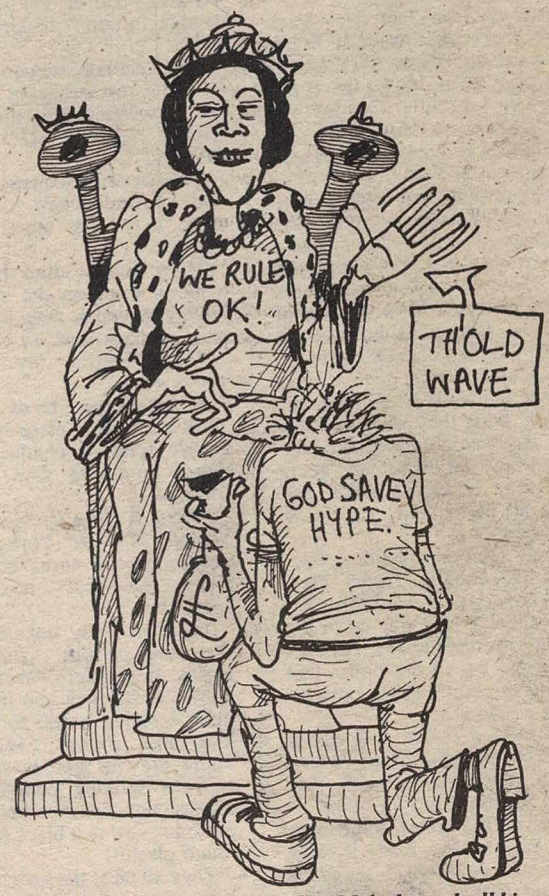
The next day, in LWT's The London Programme, *one of the interviewees suggested there was a connection between the National Front and the Pistols.*

The Pistols' manager, Malcolm McLaren, wishes to make public his reply to the Evening News:
Dear Sir,

I would like to point out that The Sex Pistols are not into ANY political party, least of all the loathsome National Front. I think it is extraordinarily irresponsible and dumb to give that scummy organisation a load of free publicity by connecting them with us.

We would like to say that we and our fans do not and will not co-operate or associate with the National Front. We expect an immediate apology by your paper to dismiss such a random and totally obscene connection.

Anarchy is not fascism but self-rule and a belief in following one's own way of life without recourse to any form of dictatorship or nationalism. We hate this kind of army nonsense. Signed, MALCOLM McLAREN.



"Thanks, Johnny! But go back to Malcolm and tell him that the deal is now 80-20. After all, you need the publicity far more than we do."

ANTI DECAY DECOR IN THE UK

SO YOU'VE heard about inner city decay? The pressing need to make urban centres more environmentally attractive? After all, it's practically government policy to reverse the '70s population trends away from the cities.

In this Jubilee year, who is helping to improve Britain's bleak expanses of urban desolation? The rock biz, naturally.

The murals pictured here are now on public view on the North-Eastern side of the Shepherds Bush roundabout — at the end of Holland Park Avenue, just opposite the Kensington Hilton. You can hardly miss 'em.

They were painted by three members of Chelsea Art College, and commissioned by the manager of Steeleye Span, Tony Secunda, a kind of ageing enfant terrible in the area of outlandish publicity stunts.

But as with his other ideas — e.g. the £8,000 giveaway at Steeleye's Hammersmith gig last November — Secunda has contrived a situation where his band is not the only beneficiary.

Theoretically Secunda should have applied for planning permission, but did not do so. He acquired only the sanction of the cafe proprietors of said wall, But after all, his activities indirectly helped to attain the very objectives that the council (in this case, the Royal Borough of Kensington And Chelsea) should have been seeking themselves. The site is now reasonably attractive, and certainly colourful.

Pix: CHALKIE DAVIES

"The wall looked very ugly, with bits of wallpaper hanging off," said Secunda. "We had to fill the wall to level it off, and in the process we've made it completely watertight for the cafe owners."

The cost of the whole operation, which took only three days, was, Secunda reckons, about the same as for a full-page ad in *NME*.

He now has ideas for expansion, as well as plans to move north, and is eyeing suitable sites throughout the country. He presently has in mind a gigantic 300′ by 60′ space, as well as one wall which he has subsequently discovered is Crown property.

The Shepherds Bush murals have been hugely visible for a fortnight now (there is also a smaller version along the Harrow Road,), and Secunda now anticipates no bureaucratic problems. "I think something would have happened by now if it was going to."

It is, in any case, unlikely that the council will take any precipitate action. When I rang them last week, it took them ten minutes to establish whether or not the walls in question were located in their borough. And they still haven't called back with the promised comment . . .

□ BOB WOFFINDEN

ELVIS: THE 'SUN' SESSIONS

BACK IN 1959 "Elvis Presley's Golden Records, Vol. II" was released. The record subsequently acquired the title: "50,000,000 Elvis Fans Can't Be Wrong."

Tee hee hee.

According to shock horror probe in *The Sun* last week, there's 50,000,000 suckers born every minute.

Steve Dunleavy has used the plentiful headlines concerning Elvis's recent offer of his Gracelands mansion as security for the remaining alimony owed to ex-wife Priscilla as a convenient hook on which to hang the confessions of three of the Big Boy's bodyguards.

Entitled "Inside Elvis" (sounds like the memoires of a suppository, eh kidz?), it blows the top off of the peanut butter sandwich and teddy bear cover! And how!

Regardez vous Mr Dunleavy's opening para: "He is beautiful, this half-saint, half-sinner."

Half-man, half-pig might be more apt.

Last June Presley fired Red West, Sonny West and Dave Hebler. In September Mr Dunleavy booked into the Hollywood Hyatt House and let a tape recorder run ten hours a day for a month. He gained incredible insight as to why Presley is "fat, paunchy and lined, despite a facelift."

Bitch.

A regular remark by the boys was, "We shoulda beaten the sonofabitch to a pulp and blown his head off."

After a few beers, Red West adjusted his shoulder holster and said (here's the HOT bit): "Man, I still love that sonofabitch. And if he was in the room right now and anyone tried to harm him physically."

He stopped. His big eyes filled with tears as he fingered his .38 Smith and Wesson revolver. (Don't you just LOVE men who finger their .38 Smith and Wesson revolvers?)

He growled: "I would blow the dude away."

Next comes the cautionary tale of Jane, a giggling chicklet who plays Red Riding Hood to Elvis's Wolf when he picks her out of a California audience. She is duly procured by his

bodyguards and another notch bites the bedpost.

Soon Jane bites the dust when she starts partaking of Elvis's fave midnight snack with him; a hefty bottle of cough mixture.

Says Sonny: "Elvis would get out of his gourd on that stuff. I've tasted it. Yuk!"

Jane and El quit taking a good book to bed and spend their nights swigging large doses of the beastly stuff. "The two of them could be heard giggling in the master bedroom".

(Maybe they were watching *Rock Follies*.)

But before long, Fat El is sprawled across the bed taking a breath every five seconds or so. Jane is having an even rougher ride.

When Elvis revives he orders the doctor to "Give the chick a shot, she'll be o.k. I told that girl not to drink that much. She was whacked."

Soon as she can walk, Jane is disposed of quicker than the proverbial hot potato.

Says Sonny: "That girl, Jane, she loved Elvis. If she'd died, the mother would have kept her mouth shut. I never heard Elvis talk about her again. By 1971 he was a changed guy; he was just living for himself and all that damn junk he took. He was like a walking drugstore."

The departure of Jane leaves Elvis free to fret about the fact that his beloved Priscilla has run off with a karate expert.

Lying on his bed like an omnipotent potentate in white silk pyjamas (snigger — what a jerk he must have looked!) El breathes: "Come here, Sonny".

Sonny kneels by the bed, his Smith and Wesson digging into his ribs. Elvis takes his hand and digs in his nails. Sonny grits his teeth. Pain is pleasure.

"Look into my eyes, Sonny. Look into my eyes. The man has to die. The sonofabitch must go. You know it, Sonny. There is too much pain in me and he did it. You know I'm right. Mike Stone has to die. You will do it for me. Kill the sonofabitch."

Tears (again — I hate men who BLUBBER) come to Sonny's "A 6ft 2in ox of a man who has never said No to a fight" eyes. He begs off but El rabbits on: "Mike Stone must die. You will do it for me. He has no right to live."

Fruitcake a-gogo!

At this point El actually attempts to *climb up the wall*! Bet you thought *that* only happened in the movies! Failing to reach the summit, he repeatedly insists that the only good karate expert is a dead karate expert.

Like a jerk, Red gets an estimate on a hit-man; 10,000 dollars.

On hearing this El mumbles: "Aw, hell, let's just leave it for now. Maybe it's a bit heavy."

Huh! Don't you just hate men who are all MOUTH?

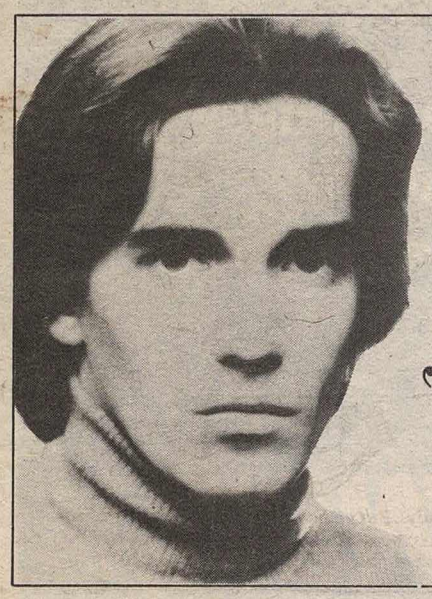
El couldn't even watch *The Streets Of San Francisco* on TV because the hero was named Mike Stone. In front of a Las Vegas audience he remarked: "Mike Stone ain't got no balls."

Honey — YOU ain't got no wife!

This Saturday Colonel Tom Parker threatened to leave him, too.

Are you lonesome tonight?

□ JULIE BURCHILL



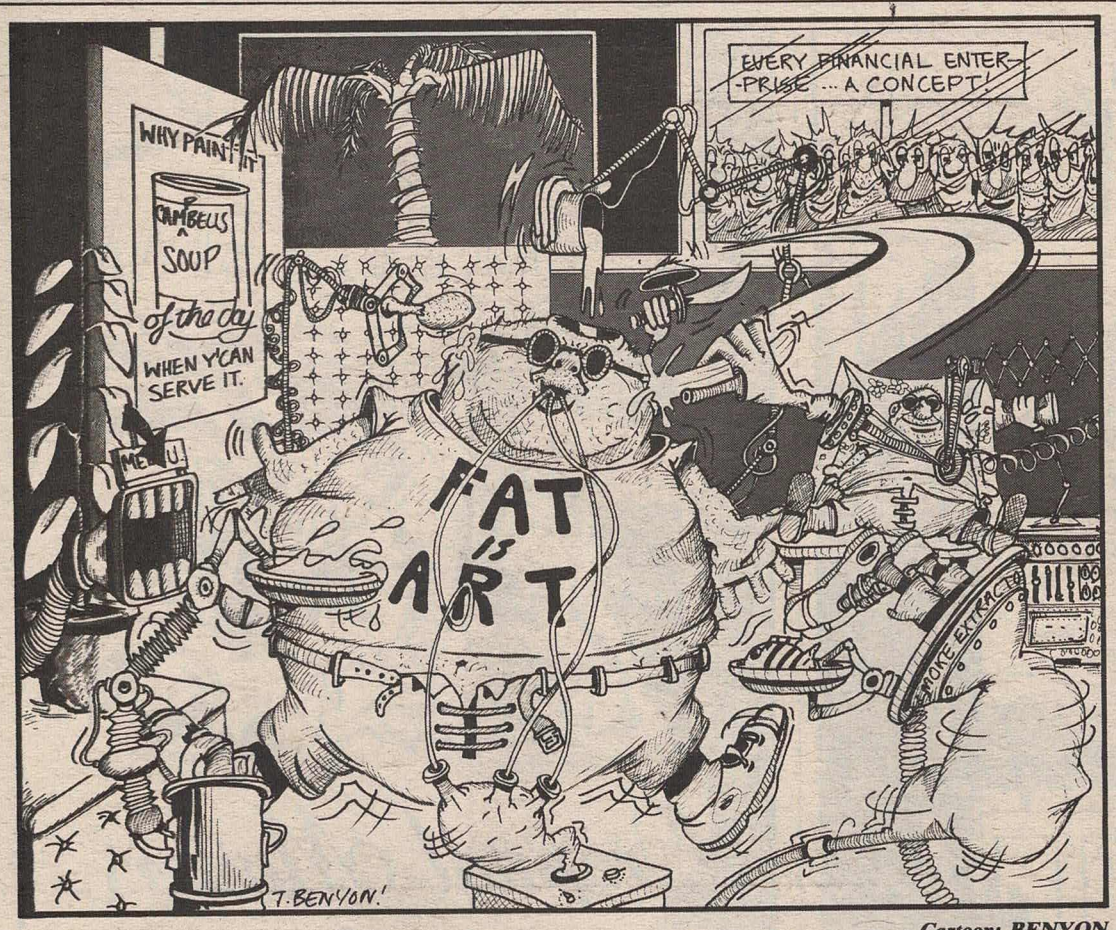
Don't let their looks fool you

New Yorkers Billy & Bobby Alessi are setting a powerful course to success with some of the most refreshingly original music you'll have heard in years.

"OH, LORI" THE SINGLE FROM ALESSI

From the album "ALESSI" AMLH64608

A&M RECORDS



Cartoon: BENYON

EATA–WORKA–ARTA–DAY

ANDY WARHOL, after years of making millions from his own weird breed of conceptual art, is about to move into the restaurant business.

In the autumn the first 'Andymat' will open in New York, on the site of a disused grocery store, and will, according to a spokesman, aim "to recapture the gracious format of a varied menu served in comfortable surroundings."

Everything about the Andymat is pure '70's chic. The menu, for example, will consist of entirely frozen food from an inventory of 75 dishes

(and help A. Warhol give up painting)

prepared by one of the top institutional food distributors in America.

The architect, Araldo Cossuta, stresses the originality of the restaurant's design, and also tells us: 'You order a pad designed by Andy, then you put the order on a pad designed by Andy, then you put the order in a pnuematic tube that takes it into the kitchen, where, of course, you don't have a chef but someone called a 'dispatcher'. He makes sure that the frozen food gets put in the right sort of oven. The point is that the stuff is very good if it's in the right oven at the right temperature."

The Andymat can hold 115 customers, some of whom sit in a glass-enclosed sidewalk cafe and have passers-by watching them gobble. There is a champagne bar, tables that slide out at the press of a button, smoke extractors on every table and a copy of Warhol's *Interview* magazine beside every seat.

If it's a success, they hope Andymats will soon be spreading across the nation. Quelle horreur.

□ DICK TRACY

VICTIMS OF THE FALSE NAME GAME

Led Zeppelin singer arrested

ATLANTA.

LED ZEPPELIN singer Robert Plant was arrested today on charges of drunkenness and carrying a knife at Hartsfield international airport.

Officer J. R. Kovsky of the airport police, who identified Plant said he was released after being fined 75 dollars at the city jail.

Police said Plant gave his age as 19, but records show that he is 29.

Atlanta police sergeant W. M. Adams said officers were called to a lounge at the airport and found Plant unconscious.

When Plant was awakened

● *The Evening Standard, Monday May 16*

SEEMS THERE'S an easy way to keep your name out of the local court reports and avoid upsetting your mum.

In a week during which we've read in two local papers that 'David Bowie' was arrested for speeding and 'Robert Allen Zimmerman' paid a fine after upsetting the owner of a cafe, this 'Robert Plant' story comes as no surprise but then, would it have surprised you if — No, seriously.

If you give a false name to a court of law in this country, and you're found out, you may be convicted of offences ranging from 'perverting the course of justice' or 'impersonating' to perjury, if you're on oath at the time — but it's up to the police, as your prosecutors, to check whether the name you gave them was the correct one.

At least, I think it is. When I rang Scotland Yard to ask them I was told: "They've all taken their phones off the hook."

It was the Atlanta cops, incidentally, who bequeathed the Plant story to the world, by rushing off to inform the Press about their illustrious captive.

Anything for publicity, eh, kids?

□ AMY PROSSER

His sister [illegible]. Neither was injured.

Robert Plant

AN AGENCY report carried in later editions of last night's Evening Standard stated that Robert Plant, lead singer with Led Zeppelin, had been arrested in Atlanta. This report was untrue and we apologise for any embarrassment caused to Mr Plant.

It is understood the Atlanta police arrested a 19-year-old youth who was impersonating the singer. At the time of the incident the singer was horse-riding in Wales.

SISTANT, orking dis- | DRIVER m/f. required for N17 dress WAREHOUSEMAN,

● *The Evening Standard, Tuesday May 17*

QUANTUM JUMP THEY TURNED OUT TO BE

THE TERM "quantum jump" is not, you might think, a reference to the mysterious movement of sub-atomic particles, but a phrase which describes a step up between energy-levels.

"You see, energy doesn't naturally increase in the steady way the volume increases as you turn up your hi-fi amplifier — it reaches a certain level; then there's a jump up to another level. No one's really quite sure why, and, until quite recently, there was no term to describe this jump."

Rupert Hine, amiable vocalist and keyboard player of the enigmatic Quantum Jump, is explaining the band's origins at their recent London debut at the Sound Circus. A man possessed of a rare sense of humour, he's well-known for his inspired production work on countless albums, having helped even Kevin Ayers to turn out a satisfying and listenable album in the shape of "Confessions of Dr. Dream".

"When we first heard the term, we felt it was a great name for the band. It fits the music, as well: many of our songs, especially on the first album, include a musical quantum jump."

It was as a result of session-work that he got to know bassist John G. Perry, guitarist Mark Warner and drummer Trevor Morais, the three other founders of Quantum Jump.

Perry is still remembered for his spell with Caravan; Warner was a prolific sessioner with a jazz-rock bent; Morais, curiously enough, languished in The Peddlers, a fairly horrendous cabaret-jazz band of the '60s, for a long while before leaving to concentrate on running his farm studios.

Hardly surprisingly, he's pretty reticent about his stint with The Peddlers. More than any of them, he seems to be enjoying the freedom of live work within an exceptionally talented band.

Originally, the idea was to record songs written by Hine and lyricist David McIver, but they quickly settled into a more collective mode of work, and recorded the first album independently before hawking it around the companies.

"No one would touch it at first, which we mistakenly took to be a reaction to the music, rather than an indication of the music business recession of the time; then John and I took it to Jeremy Thomas, who was setting up Electric Records, and he snapped it up".

So, after remixing the first side and adding "No American Starship", the album eventually appeared. A fine effort it is, too; a curious marriage of Steely Dan and dry British wit which produced two almost-hits in "The Lone Ranger" and "No American Starship".

Following the first album, lyricist McIver and guitarist Warner departed for America, McIver to write a novel and Warner to undertake more lucrative (but creatively satisfying?) work in Cat Stevens' backing band.

The second album, "Barracuda", was recorded by Hine, Morais and Perry with assistance from various friends, notably Caravan's Geoff Richardson (who augments the band on stage whenever possible), and using lyrics by Martin Hall — better known for his work with Peter Gabriel — and Hine's girlfriend, Jeanette Obstoj. It's a much fuller, more evocative set than the first, well worth more than a cursory listen.

Faced with the prospect of finally grappling with live work, they brought in guitarist Roy Albrighton from Nektar.

A more free-ranging guitarist than the jazz-orientated Warner, his spacier style is well in accord with the looser arrangements of the current Quantum Jump.

Hine reckons that the band's strength lies in its members' disparate pedigrees.

"Each of us has his own approach, and we all have solo projects or other work to keep us fresh. It's never boring in Quantum Jump."

And what of the future?

"Well, I've started writing like a lunatic, some pieces for the live act. There's a fifteen-minute piece which isn't just a lot of solos: I'm trying for a state where all four musicians can show their dynamics rather than their improvisational sense.

"We're looking forward to doing a lot more gigs, and sorting out a more visual act when we're satisfied with the music — there's no shortage of ideas, all quite, ah . . . *unusual*. But we'd be foolish to prioritise anything but the music".

□ ANDY GILL

"It's never boring in Quantum Jump".

The Strawbs
NEW SINGLE
Do You
"Get up in the morning in the usual state?"
"Look forward to the weekend & match of the day?"
"End up at the take away for Siamese Cat?"
"Like Susan George for company?"
"Never give a damn because the Union rules?"
Then You're
"BACK IN THE OLD ROUTINE"
Oyster
polydor

the jam

IN THE CITY

ALBUM 2383 447
CASSETTE 3170 447
SINGLE 2058 866

THE JAM ON TOUR

JUNE
7th Birmingham, Barbarellas
8th Twickenham, Winning Post
9th Eastbourne, Winter Gardens
10th Cambridge, Corn Exchange
11th Bristol, Polytechnic
12th Chelsea, F.C.
13th Reading, Top Rank
14th Portsmouth, Locarno
15th Bournemouth, Village Bowl
16th Leeds, Town Hall
17th Sunderland, Seaburn Hall
18th Tower Hamlets, London–U.C.L.U.
19th Manchester, Electric Circus
20th Doncaster, Outlook
21st Cardiff, Top Rank
22nd Wolverhampton, Lafayette
23rd Huddersfield, Polytechnic
24th Swindon, Brunel Rooms
25th Malvern, Winter Gardens
26th Croydon, Greyhound
27th Battersea, Town Hall
28th Lincoln, Drill Hall
30th Birmingham, Rebeccas

JULY
1st Newcastle, Mayfair
2nd Middleton, Town Hall
4th London, (to be confirmed)
5th Brighton, Top Rank
6th Plymouth, Top Rank
7th Birkenhead, Mr. Digbys
8th Middlesbrough, Town Hall
9th Harrogate, Lounge Hall
10th Sheffield, Top Rank
14th Falkirk, Maniqui
15th Edinburgh, Clouds
16th Liverpool, Erics

DEALING WITH LIFE'S DOWNS AND UPS

EIGHTEEN MONTHS ago the names Roogalator and Rocky Sharpe And The Razors were thrumming through the industry's groundlines like they were two of the brightest hopes in town.

Nothing conclusive reported; just a relay of impressive reviews and benign encouragement from uncommitted onlookers, implying that success for both groups was merely a contract away.

So much for informed opinion. Rocky Sharpe And The Razors fell apart in May '76, celebrating their disintegration with a gig at the Nashville from which a posthumous EP was issued on Chiswick (SW.6). The same month Roogalator recorded a radio spot that was already out of date when issued on Stiff (BUY.3), owing to the fact that they too had split in half. The name only survived because of the determination of founder/leader Danny Adler (writer, arranger, vocals, guitar and other assorted talents).

And so to this year's predictions. More accurate this time, I trust.

In the last few months Danny and his new, improved Roogalator have built the name back up to contract level; likewise, from the broken blades has been forged a nine-piece set of Darts whose front line is three-quarters full of familiar faces.

They are the rapidly maturing and increasingly sassy Miss Lydia 'Rita' Martin (possibly, unless my memory's failing, Britain's first black female R&B singer); the archetypal spiv features of Monsewer Griff Fender (would you buy a plate of jellied eels from this man?); and Mr. Lobotomy himself, bassman Dennis Hegarty (who probably wouldn't claim to be the group's leader but is generally their spokesperson).

It was with Deep Throat Den and The Darts' fourth vocalist, Bob 'luvly mover' Fish, that I chatted recently over an extravagant cup of tea. Having seen them perform their zany but musically sharp set of 50s-style R&B to diverse crowds (great response every time) and a bunch of hard-nosed rockers (suspicious toleration), I wondered if Den got confused about the group's role. They tend to get classed as an oldies rock 'n' roll outfit yet they're generally better appreciated by less dogmatic audiences.

"Now that we're on the road full-time," he explained, "we're getting across to many more people and creating our own audience, but there are still some mistakes. We did a gig in Plymouth recently, a rock 'n' roll revival show, although we didn't know that until we got there, saw the tickets, and the teds started coming in.

"Obviously we've moved away from that quite a bit. We're much more into the vocal group/R&B base. The people there, from what I could gather, didn't even like rockabilly let alone our material. Before I went on I heard 'At The Hop' played five times, it was that kind of club. They were so limited in what they wanted to hear that when we started playing we virtually emptied the place.

"Before the show two ted girls came up and said, 'You're wearing the drapes an' that arncha?' I admitted we weren't. 'Oh', they said, 'the boys won't like that ya know.'

"We opened with "Think", Five Royales-style, then Ruth Brown's "As Long As I'm Moving", The Swallows' "It Ain't The Meat It's The Motion", The Coasters' "Young Blood" . . . after about eight numbers a bloke came up on stage and said, 'Awright mate, we've seen the comedy, when are you gonna play some rock 'n' roll? He was asking for 50's music and that was all we'd given them. They just didn't know."

DARTS (from left) Lydia Martin, Griff Fender, Bob Fish, and Den. Pic: HELEN APRIL

Fortunately the discerning majority think better of the past than to be content with sub-standard Eddie Cochran imitators draped in irrelevant clobber (the average British 'rock 'n' roll' fare) so Darts have struck home often enough for them to be licking their pencils and looking for a dotted line to sign on.

Behind the singers there's drummer Tony John Dummer, bassist Thump Thomson and guitarist George Currie (all from Dummer's blues band) flanked by pumping pianist Hammy Howell and tenor saxman Horatio Hornblower (it says here).

Together they're not only laying down a fair old tribute to forgotten gems from the 50s but also beginning to create their own material, two or three examples of which are already featured in their act.

"Quite a few of us have written songs that we're working on", continued Den. "That's a whole new angle really, because when we started there wasn't too much new material around, amd we had difficulty getting it together because we were living so far apart. Now we're on the road all the time we know one another better and we're writing for a more positive centre."

With their own compositions aiding and abetting their excellent 50s repertoire and proven ability to cut it on stage, and providing they survive the penniless dues-paying period — particularly hard for so large a group — it's a strong bet that you'll be hearing a lot more of Darts than you did of The Razors. And if they do break through, rest assured they won't be inflicted by a dose of The Showaddywaddys.

"When I first joined the band I had these big ideas about choreography", admitted Bob (ex-Mickey Jupp band), "but it just doesn't work for us. Ian (Griff) is a totally different character to me; he's slower and has his own style, rolling fags on stage, the spiv image . . . and Den's a bloody lunatic. We're all totally different so the slick routine thing is out."

"Right!" agreed Den. "I've always reckoned that the most important thing is to develop each of us, particularly the front-liners, as characters. So you know that when one person steps forward it's different from the rest. Even if it reaches the stage of caricature, as it has with me, it's better than seeing four faceless people up there."

DANNY ADLER has other ideas about presentation; his is a different kind of band. 'Roogalator Works', proclaims the stencilled motto on the utility overalls.

"It's functional," explains Danny, "and not everybody understands it. They think of 'works' in terms of a factory, a job, something outside of private life. But when your work is what you are, when you're doing what you want to do, it encompasses nearly all of life.

"There are so many groups out there on platform boots or in stage suits or, at the other extreme,

THE PLANET SUITE

OVER 200 years ago, the astronomer Johannes Kepler suggested that if the movements the various planets made round the sun were translated into music the result would make for good listening.

Recently a computer music composer, a geologist and musician, have taken him up on this idea — by making a map of the planets' relative positions speeds from now until the year 2055 and then translating the data into music on a synthesiser. By all accounts the result is, well spacey. □ DICK TRACY

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4	Deceptive Bends — 10cc	2.60
5	Moroccan Roll — Brand X	2.35
6	Arrival — Abba	2.90
7	A Star Is Born	2.90
8	Rattus Norvegicus — Stranglers	2.60
9	Rumours — Fleetwood Mac	2.40
10	Izitso — Cat Stevens	2.60
11	Even In The Quietest Moments — Supertramp	2.70
12	Period Of Transition — Van Morrison	2.40
13	*Exodus — Bob Marley & The Wailers	2.60
14	One Of The Boys — Roger Daltrey	2.70
15	*Sneakin' Suspicion — Dr. Feelgood	2.35
16	This Is Niecy — Deniece Williams	2.50
17	Animals — Pink Floyd	2.70
18	*In The City — The Jam	2.35
19	Peter Gabriel	2.60
20	*Now — The Tubes	2.70
21	Greatest Hits — Smokie	2.45
22	Greatest Hits — Abba	2.50
23	Their Greatest Hits — Eagles	2.90
24	The Clash	2.50
25	*Hurry Sundown — Outlaws	2.60
26	Heavy Weather — Weather Report	2.50
27	Future Games — Spirit	2.35
28	Lace and Whiskey — Alice Cooper	2.40
29	Get It — Dave Edmunds	2.40
30	*Classic Ash — Wishbone Ash	2.45
31	Fly Like An Eagle — Steve Miller Band	2.35
32	Endless Flight — Leo Sayer	2.60
33	A New World Record — Electric Light Orchestra	2.60
34	Tom Petty and the Heartbreakers	2.60
35	*Best of Car Wash	2.45
36	Songs In The Key Of Life — Stevie Wonder	5.25
37	Clear Air Turbulence — Ian Gillan Band	2.60
38	Love Storm — Tavares	2.45
39	Rough Diamond	2.60
40	Smash Hits — Detroit Spinners	2.40
41	Dark Side Of The Moon — Pink Floyd	2.70
42	Fleetwood Mac	2.40
43	Works — Emerson, Lake & Palmer	5.50
44	Wish You Were Here — Pink Floyd	2.70
45	The Best Of The Faces	3.65
46	Evita	4.65
47	Marquee Moon — Television	2.40
48	Wind And Wuthering — Genesis	2.60
49	Wings Over America — Wings	5.15
50	Caught Live + 5 — The Moody Blues	3.65

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		RRP	O/P
1	Book Of Dreams — Steve Miller Band	3.50	2.60
2	Now — The Tubes	3.60	2.70
3	Sneakin' Suspicion — Dr. Feelgood	3.25	2.35
4	Exodus — Bob Marley	3.50	2.60
5	Time Loves A Hero — Little Feat	3.30	2.40
6	Deceptive Bends — 10cc	3.50	2.60
7	Moroccan Roll — Brand X	3.25	2.35
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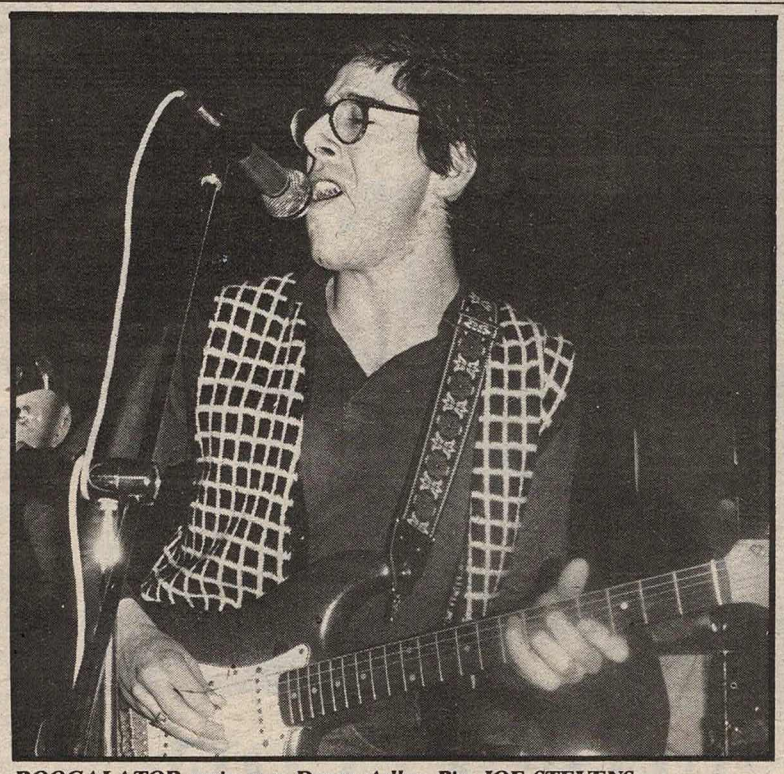
consciously ragged gear, and they're all subservient to their image. We're trying to concentrate people on the music and the spirit with which we do the thing, not the trappings."

That figures, for Roogalator, in its various guises, has been one of the most musically unusual groups around in the last couple of years, perhaps because Danny's an American who didn't grow up in the shadow of the British invasion.

Coming out of Cincinatti, Ohio, he was always more interested in local talent (like Lonnie Mack and Beau Dollar) and the city's King label output, which included such R&B luminaries as The Dominoes, The Midnighters, Little Willie John, Roy Brown and James Brown.

In fact, it's JB who's his main man — a fact which, in my totally objective way, I can only conclude is a sign of great intelligence, perception and musical insight.

However, apart from a personalised interpretation of "I Got You (I Feel Good)", he doesn't make obvious reference to Brown on stage, using instead the bass and drum patterns, tight arrangements and general syncopation of that heritage to drive his own brand of rock'n'roll, as evidenced in a growing repertoire of original compositions, including the two tracks on the Stiff release, "All Aboard" and "Cincinatti Fatback", and other delights like "Sweet Mama Kundalini", "Walking



ROOGALATOR main man Danny Adler. Pic; JOE STEVENS

In The Heat" and "Get Ready For The Get Ready."

He first planned the group when he was playing with Dr. Funk on the West Coast in 1970, but it wasn't until he came to Britain that he actually scrabbled Roogalator Mark One together in December '72, a prototype that fell apart by the following spring.

"Between then and the beginning of '75 I worked the Irish country and western circuit, played with Ginger Johnson's African drummers, did assorted sessions . . . and in fact I got two or three line-ups up to rehearsal stage during that time, but never actually got anything together."

That spring he found bassist Steve Berisford, who in turn introduced him to drummer Dave Solomon and pianist Mick Plytas. They made up Roogalator Mark Two. They rehearsed and recorded demo tapes, and prepared for the road. Then Berisford opted out; replaced by Paul Riley.

"We started working in the middle of September '75, playing all the pubs in London. Within about two weeks the response was amazing. We landed a spot at the Roundhouse in November and got an incredible review; the guy just went completely over the top. Suddenly Nick Kent and Giovanni Dadomo wanted to interview us, we started to get a lot of press, then *everybody* started coming at us.

"Record company people have since said that they got the impression we were holding back, not wanting to sign with anybody, but it wasn't like that at all. What happened was, we were so swamped with offers and yet so basically insecure . . . also we had no management at that time, we were handling all the logistics of travelling ourselves, so we were desperately trying to sort things out. By February '76 we all started to fall sick and finally Dave left."

Solomon was replaced by Bobby Irwin, then Riley quit and was replaced by Geoff Watts, both able to fit in at incredibly short motice thanks to Danny's special rehearsal tapes and accompanying charts, a blueprint for aspiring Roogalators.

"That took us up to the middle of June, when it became clear that Geoff and Bobby weren't really into staying. So we split and that left Nick and I again. Then we found Justin (Hildreth: drums) and Julian (Scott: bass), we rehearsed through July and were back on the road by August. Since then we've been gigging so regularly that our manager just told us we have the heaviest workload of any band in Britain.

"We've been averaging 1,500 miles per week since the end of October. It's only now that people in the business are noticing that we're still going strong, and I think time has proved that we've really got something."

Certainly has. Anyone who's written and performs a song called "If You Don't Like Smelling It, You Better Stop Selling It" deserves a break as far as I'm concerned.

But you better be quick, you entrepreneurs. I hear that Roogalator and Darts both have their quills poised in the ink and their digits on the trigger. Could this be The Next Start Of Something Else Big?

□ CLIFF WHITE

GNOMES WALK IN FEAR

THE VILE crime of elf-pilfering reaches a peak in South Ockendon! Housewife Josephine Goldberg recently received a final demand: "Give us 25p or you'll never see your gnomes again!"

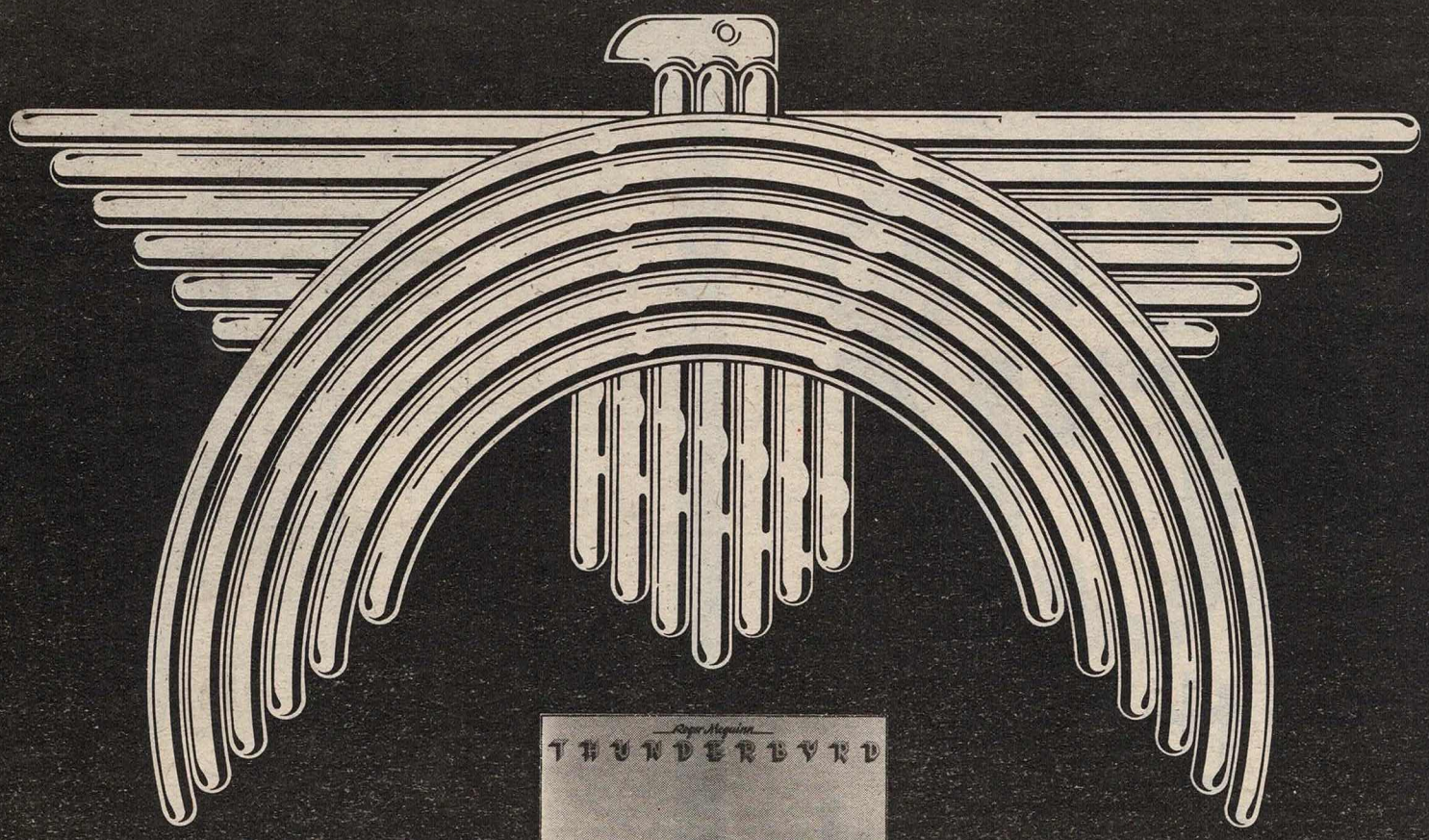
Police instructed the distraught lady to cough up the princely sum beneath a milk bottle, but since Mrs Goldberg parted with her life-savings the absentees have been neither seen nor heard.

□ JULIE BURCHILL

BENYON: The Lone Groover

Roger Mcguinn's New Album

THUNDERBYRD



This new album follows hard on the heels of his UK tour. Superlatives aren't needed. He's gathered together top men in their field. Guitarist Rick Vito. Drummer Greg Thomas.

Young British bassist Charlie Harrison. The legendary Tom Scott contributes on horn. The result is a fine album that adds yet another dimension to McGuinn's enviable talent.

Produced by Don DeVito

CBS Records & Tapes CBS 81883

REVOLUTION PLANNED FOR MAY 28

Comradeperson C. Grimes

A REVOLUTIONARY event takes place at Battersea Arts Centre on May 28.

The Socialist Music Festival is revolutionary both in concept and in political design. Organised by a loose grouping known as Music For Socialism, it will feature about a hundred musicians in a conceret cum debate which will run from 10 am till late.

Admission is £1.50, limited to 800, and the whole event will continue on Sunday 29 for free at Oval House, Kennington. Featured artists include Carol Grimes, Henry Cow, Frankie Armstrong, Lol Coxhill, Pam Nestor, Leon Rosselson, Bicycle Thieves and countless others.

Music For Socialism entered the world at the end of '76 one afternoon at The Other Cinema in London's West End, when a showing of a film about radical Swedish musicians gave rise to a debate about the lack of similar activity in the UK.

A series of meetings ensued, attended by the likes of the performers mentioned above and musicians from theatre groups like Belt And Braces.

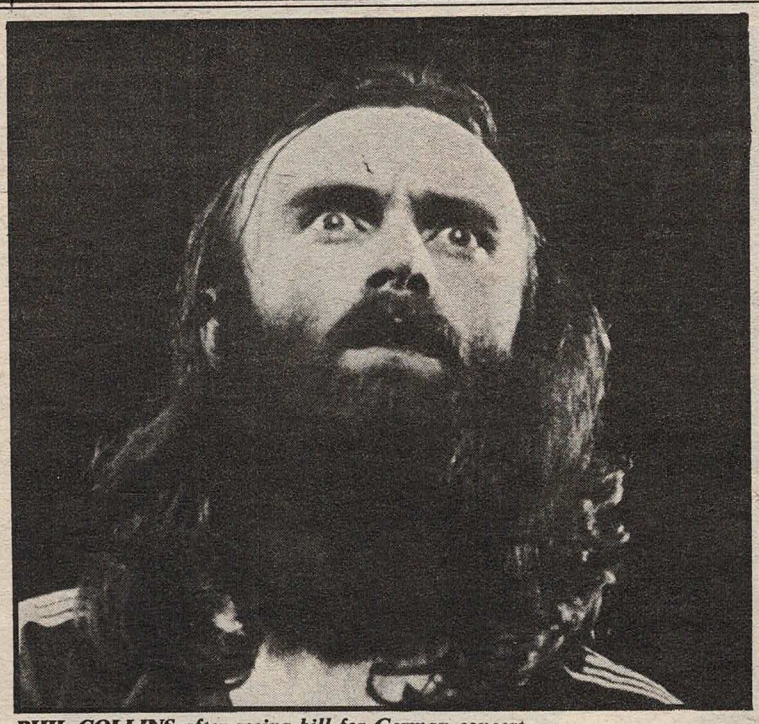
A festival was proposed to "provide a forum" to bring the debate and the performers to a wider audience and to attempt to break down the relationship barriers the music business depends upon.

The programme is basically a series of "concert-debates" which will consider a number of fundamental questions about music which almost never get tackled by anyone anywhere. For instance, can music, as sound, have a political content? Should revolutionary music be revolutionary in form, or should it be accessible in order to communicate? What is the political effectiveness of organisations like recording co-operatives?

Tickets are available from May 28. Booking: Battersea Arts Centre, Lavender Hill, SW11.

Music For Socialism hangs out at 30 Hornsey Park Road, London N8. Tel. 01-888 1161.

□PHIL McNEILL



PHIL COLLINS after seeing bill for German concert

THE CAPE CANAVERAL SYNDROME

CERTAIN BANDS seem to be suffering from technological overkill these days — witness the case of Genesis, currently on tour in Brazil, who will be playing two huge outdoor gigs in German football stadiums in June.

In order to put on the band the promoters, MAMA Concerts, will be building the largest stage ever constructed in Europe. A staggering 60 foot wide, 60 feet deep and 50 feet high, it will take 12 scaffolders and their 20-man crew three weeks to construct.

The stage is necessitated by Genesis's vast quantity of equipment — some 25 tons — which will be carried to the venue in four 80-foot trucks.

Just to get up and play, Genesis will have 10 tons of sound equipment flown from America, three tons of suspended lighting and two and a half tons of stage lighting incorporated, along with several lasers, into a special plastic, electrical stage which totally lights up underneath the band.

The gigs will also feature Manfred Mann's Earth Band, Gentle Giant and a new German band called Lake — and to give the other bands room to set up all Genesis's equipment will be set on a special 20 x 40 foot rolling platform.

This kind of mammoth project is all in a day's work fot MAMA who, as Europe's biggest concert promoters, have in the past dealt with the likes of Yes and the Floyd.

Arthur Max, who runs their London office and who worked on the Joshua Light Show at the Fillmore East before working as special effects man for the Floyd for several years, reckons the stage will cost out at around £50,000.

Later in the year similar large staging will be required for an All American concert MAMA are planning — with a tentative line-up of The Beach Boys, Aerosmith, Doobie Brothers, Ted Nugent and Lynyrd Skynyrd. And there are plans for a further concert with a BIG NAME claimed by some to be Dylan. Max promised to let us know.

□ DICK TRACY

IT'S WISE to be nice to the Arabs nowadays.

It's always wise to be nice to people who got more money than you. Even if they're in the habit of converting human beings into human snakes by carelessly paralyzing their limbs on their well-tended electrified interrogation tables. Or if they're merciful enough to kill their opposers.

Yes, Shah of Iran, honey, I'm looking at you.

Amnesty International have been saying it all along. *Le Monde* said it last October: "Only Chile can rival Iran for the scope for the scope and brutality of its repression."

BLOOD MONEY IN THE USA '77?

That's not repression as in an eight o'clock curfew and a loss of voting privileges, kids. That's repression as in taking out people's eyes for hors d'oeuvres.

But the Shah's only human, isn't he? Like all us imperfect mortals (but some are more imperfect than others), he wants to win friends and influence people. According to *Village Voice* and the American Council on Education, the Shah and Mr Carter are more than just good friends. They're practically colleagues. Over 50 per cent of American universities, you see, are in the process of selling their souls to the Shah. He's financing Middle Eastern studies, exchange programmes and grants.

Not only do we give you the sickening story, we name you the names! How's this for starters; Brown, UCLA, Harvard, Michigan State University, University of Pennsylvania Georgetown University and — wait for it — the Yale School of MEDICINE! (Wonder if they know how to unparalyse limbs?)

Land of the brave, land of the free — how come you only see what you want to see? The answer comes back loud and clear: we're alright, Jack.

So whatever made you believe that academics were anymore moral than gun-runners, kids?

Some stubborn schools won't play ball with the Big Man, though. Dirty Reds. Like the admirable Bryn Mawr, which voted *unanimously* to reject an affiliation with Farah Pahlavi University.

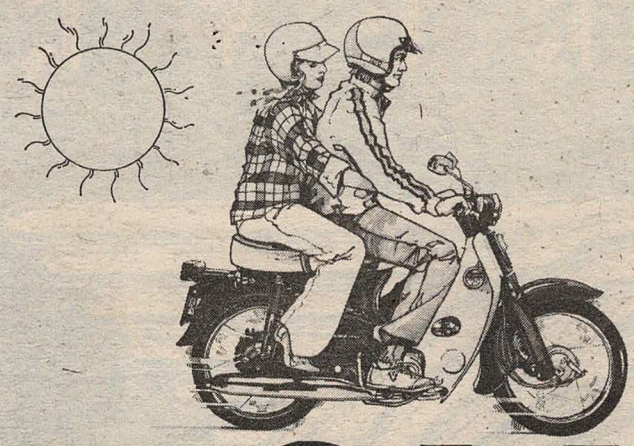
If the Shah was simply pouring money into American education it would be sinister enough, but in certain cases curriculae are being changed in accordance with Iran's wishes. A wide range of political, economic and humanitarian subjects have recently been vetoed by various investments of the Shah's. A Harvard scholar recently began a conference address with the words: "You must remember, I am an employee of the Shah."

It was A Joke.

The Shah of Iran has been known to have dissenters literally *fried alive.* That is No Joke.

Don't follow your leaders. Watch your teachers.

□ JULIE BURCHILL



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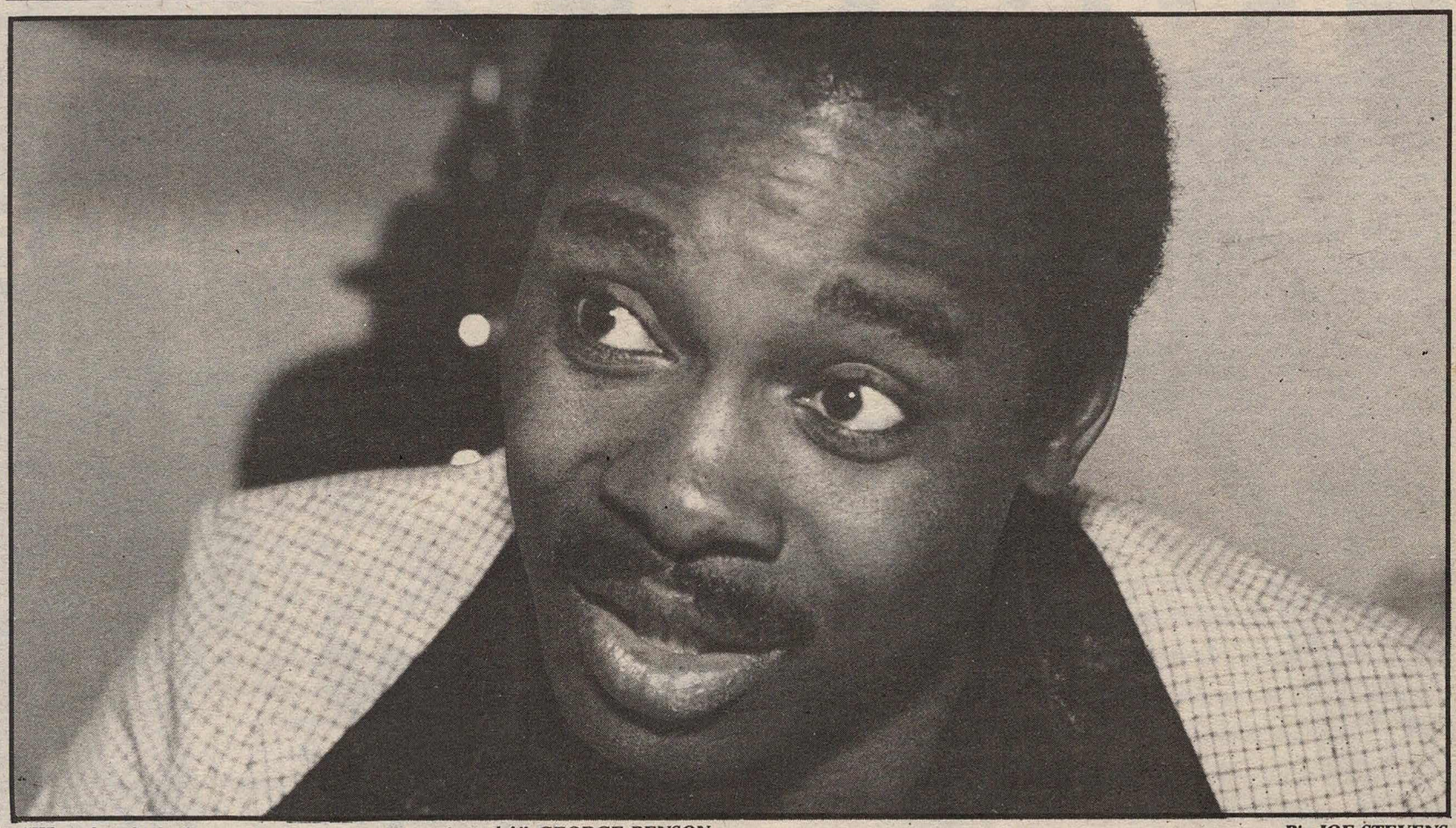
BENSON HEDGES HIS BETS . . .



"When they think of you as an institution, you got it made!" GEORGE BENSON — *Pic JOE STEVENS*

By BRIAN CASE

SIX BLACK hoofers, three cats, three foxes, skip past me on the stage and shuffle their pumps among the scattered granules, cats' litter of grit, and bound back for yet another crack at "Breezin'," George Benson's two-million seller, a tune of limited changes and great repetitiveness. Nobody ever went broke underestimating the public . . .

"Are we ready to jive one time, people?" says George, white double-breasted jacket, black strides, creamy biscuit-coloured guitar — already listed on the Dow-Jones index — at the ready. And The Dance Theatre of Harlem wade into it again.

This is part of a four-night series of concerts to display George's versatility. The opener, a guitar night at the prestigious Metropolitan Museum of Art, pitted The Man against Gabor Szabo, who's own version of "Breezin' " had blazed the trail, with Les Paul and Bucky Pizzarelli bunged on the bill to give substance to the concept of an All-Comers Olympiad.

In the event, Szabo plays ball, but Les Paul, Jazz at the Phil star of the '40's, pioneer of the echo-chamber, a huckster from way back before the all-conquering shrink-wrap and unctuousness of contemporary salesmanship, resists hitching to the Benson band-wagon. He unveils a brand new invention, The LES PULVERIZER. He does party tricks with his shirtbuttons, he points to his cleverest hand — "Ya watchin' George?" — and generally and genially makes with the old pigs-bladder and slap shoes of yore.

The audience are less than gassed. Sugar Hill blacks in Balenciagas fade against the foyer frieze of tastefully flaking Egyptian profiles — CRO Nile-File, B.C. — and complain. Fifteen bucks for this medicine show? For that kinda cabbage, it's Bernstein not Barnum.

"It took me a long time to convince my manager that my audience was not in the ghetto," says George over breakfast. "He said, if you got a white audience it doesn't matter where you play. I said they're not coming into Harlem. Take me downtown. They'll come. You'll see the difference. He wouldn't do it for two years, and finally I insisted and sure enough, every night, lines around the corner — rain, snow, anything. Even before we had the big hit record, we were packin' them in for concerts."

HE'S A pleasant, candid guy, George. He likes making money, and his shrewd business head and guitar talent clocked up a cool million for him last year. Currently, "In Flight", his follow-up album, is topping the *Billboard* charts, while "Breezin'," is still hanging in there at No 6 along with the Donald Byrd and Grover Washington Jr. Up this end of the music business, imagination and innovation are as popular as pox in a nunnery; they want, as George says, to hear the hustle again.

One-time jazz musician, George has crossed over. "I think the fact that musicians useta play too long is one thing that turned so many people off jazz music. I don't care who you are or how great, people are not gonna sit in the chair and listen to one song for no hour-and-a-half. Forget it. This world is moving too fast for that now. A man has to be jobless first of all — and no kids because kids won't leave him alone that long. Realistically."

Didn't he ever hanker to play the clubs again?

He bit into a Danish. "Since I've had over a year's experience working concert halls, I have learned the difference. I have learned to compensate, whereas before it was just too strange to try to project out into 6,000 people. I've altered my concept of what I should try to get across. Certain things just don't go. You hafta watch that you don't become too subtle, you hafta make definite statements. I always enjoyed working in clubs because people could hear and appreciate from a very sensitive standpoint, but when I tried to do that with a large audience, I lost them. It's taken me eight or nine months to get the right formula."

"Don't you find that stifling?" I asked. "Don't you ever just cut loose and make 'em have it?"

"You wanna know something? I do it. But now I realise the effect it's gonna have. I know it's not gonna go over. So I don't depend on it like I did before. I say, well I'm gonna do this here and that's gonna give me a chance to think of something REALLY great — something that's in the realm of believability for this type of audience."

"But how can you face 'Breezin' night after night"?

"I'm sure Bill Doggett got tired of 'Honky Tonk' and Chuck Berry is tired of 'Sweet 16'. Well, brother, unfortunately that comes along with fame — or should I say unfortunately? When they think of you as an institution, you got it made. Duke Ellington — how could he not play 'Satin Doll'? It's crazy. If I achieve that kinda status I'm not gonna be complainin' — at least, not in public. When I hit that stage and I start into 'Breezin', I'm gonna be ALL there."

"ARE WE ready to jive one time, people?" George cranks it out again, and the dancers snap into the routine. Slim sinewy fellas in vests and pantaloons, chicks in leotards and woollen leg-warmers, slender stem of neck and hollow back in flowing postures.

The iron back-stage door is half-open, and a splash of sunlight falls across the boards. The little black ballerina with the pink flower in her hair swoops sweetly on the tape-loop bass currents of the riff, belly out, butt out, big tendons of the thighs flickering like flames. This is the sound check for night three of the Benson bonanza: "The Greatest Love Of All", theme song from the movie *The Greatest* starring Muhammad Ali, "El Mar" and the ubiquitous "Breezin," choreography by Arthur Mitchell.

Night two was Benson and the mousily-squeaking Minnie Riperton; the closer, Benson with Grover Washington, Alphonso Johnson, Harvey Mason and Joe Sample.

"I feel this song is something I won't mind playing for the people," says George. "It has merit. I can do something with

it. That's what I play — only things I can live with."

He's been a good jazz guitarist, not great like Charlie Christian, Wes Montgomery, Tal Farlow, Jimmy Raney, but one of that competent bunch like Grant Green who came up in the organ combos of the '60's. George got lucky. Predictably, his success has been resented.

"The greatest example of that has been Muhammad Ali. I don't care who they put up in front of him, he knocked them down and they still said he couldn't fight. Oh — he's not a champion! He never gets hit — that ain't fair. No wonder he never gets knocked out!"

George laughed. "Well, ain't that the name of the game? Well, that's how people are. Love you one minute, they hate you the next. You cannot base your life on that. I've seen guys change their music and cater to the audience and they loved him for a year until next year when Joe Blow came outa Kentucky some place and they fell in love with him.

"Then they say to you, hey man, I liked the earlier, the 1965 Miles Davis, whatever. I feel you should do what you believe in, then you don't hafta make exuses for what you do.

" I've been blamed for things I had no control over, like in past years I didn't have no control over the mix of my records. I went in the studio and I laid down one thing, and they mixed it to make it appeal to another kind of audience. So I said, from now on, if I'm gonna be blamed, let it be for something I did."

Which is one of the reasons why he quit CTI records and the Creed Taylor house-corset. Taylor, who had lucratively buried Wes Montgomery among the massed cat-gut for Verve, tried the same mixture on Benson.

"Instead of being an individual, I began to be associated with the CTI sound. People would buy a CTI record, not a George Benson record, because it didn't make any difference to them. Freddie Hubbard, Stanley Turrentine, George Benson — they were gonna hear the same people anyway.

"My career wasn't moving along fast enough. I felt I had a lot of appeal. I've always played things I felt the audience could get into, I never tried to play over their heads, even though I could. My conviction wouldn't let me do that."

GEORGE'S Pittsburgh background was bulging with musicians — Art Blakey, Billy Eckstine, Paul Chambers, Errol Garner, Ahmad Jamel, Kenny Clarke, Dakota Staton. "I came up in a very hip atmosphere. There was everything on the juke boxes from wine-bottle soul to Nat King Cole, cats like Gene Ammons and Earl Bostic. My ear was just up to where the speaker was on the juke box when I was first selling newspapers, and it was all bass, rattle the room, you know.

"I useta sing an Eddie Jefferson song, 'I Got The Blues', when I was walking the streets with my ukelele. A man stopped me and said, 'I want you to sing that song for this man.' It was Eddie Jefferson — though I didn't know him — and I sang it. They were crackin' up, rollin' over laughing. I mean, I was only about seven, and it had all these fantastic sophisticated words. Like I could barely talk, man, and there I was singing and dancing and playing my ukelele.

"So I came up with more or less an entertainer's attitude. What made me wanna be a musician was when I heard Charlie Parker's records — I didn't believe that anyone could master an instrument to that degree, because he made it say something else.

"The only reason I played guitar was my step-father promised to teach me. I never intended to become no guitar player. It was just to back up my singing — I was known as a singer all my life. When Jack McDuff said he needed a guitar player, I had no money and I never wanted to leave Pittsburg, but I had to for the sake of making a living. Every night, Jack cussed me out and made me practice. It was embarrassing because I'd never played anything where I'd had to improvise before.

"Jack was my first opportunity to practice, and that's when I learned the changes. We were playing places where we always *had* to get over, because the people didn't care if you were there or not. They came because they knew you were doing something that

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When 'jazz guitar' rises on the Dow-Jones Index you know there's been a crossover. GEORGE BENSON made the switch from beret to broader base but still remembers Bebop . . .

made them feel good, but they didn't pay any attention once they were in the place.

"Jack McDuff taught me, man, this world is funky, bluesy. If you just play the blues in there somewhere, I don't care what — ballad, up-tempo — there's always someone gonna like it. You're gonna have an ingredient that everybody knows. He's right."

George learned beauty from Wes. The extra dimension of octave runs. He got his faith in the riff from Charlie Christian. He comes on stage prepared. "It's only fair to warn you you're gonna be mesmerised before the night's out. A little bit of pretty, and a lot of blues."

He stands up to play, which goes with the crossover, but he doesn't mash potatoes with his lap or wave the technique. Everything is smooth, seamless as a credit card, and as low as the lighting in a bistro. Ain't out to mess nobody's mind, or threaten a crease.

He oils into "El Mar". Spanish touches, rodomontades, his rhythm section making music for a Slim Panatella ad. "Georgia On My Mind" is a vocal feature, the voice pleasant, the breaks and changes of density learned rather than wrung, 'that old sweet so-ho-ho-ng' plain motorin' along. The smash single "This Masquerade" from the LP "Breezin' " has led to a rash of vocals on the new album, with "Nature Boy", an old King Cole number, earmarked for airplay.

What was it Joe Pass said? It might be a formula, but at least George can play. True enough, and there are still outcroppings of improvisation in the show. George Benson does know the difference.

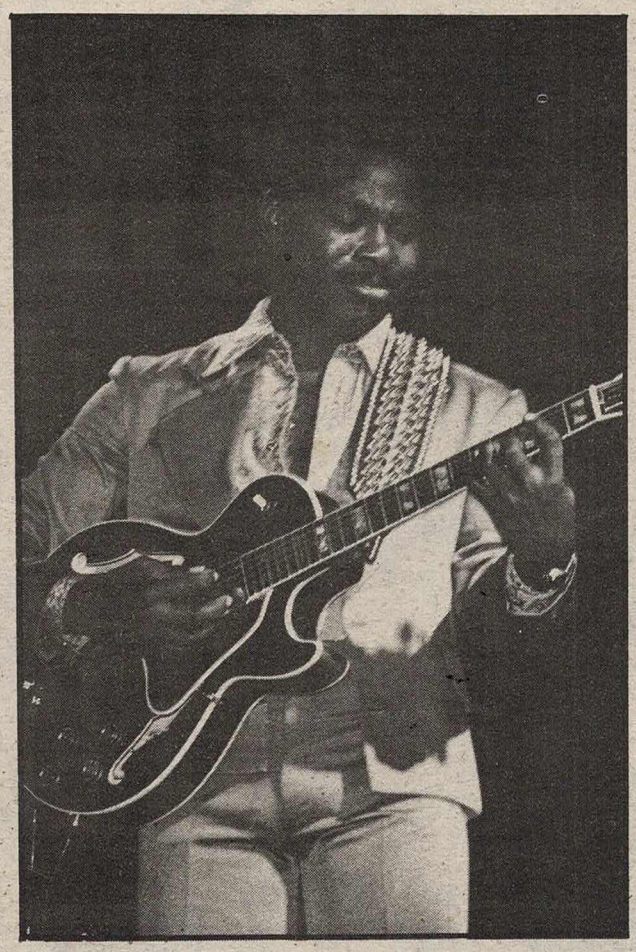
"I saw one of the greatest artists ever, John Coltrane, walk in the place, man, and play the same song for one hour. I didn't get bored, but my body couldn't take that intensity. Even musicians who understand more than the average person . . . he even left us out there. Those cats, Charlie Parker, John Coltrane they got a chance to practice right there on the job. We hardly get that chance because today we gotta be sharp and right on it. If you ain't sharp, they know where to get somebody who is."

Meanwhile, back on the jazz circuit, the giants continue to attract pygmy audiences, white kids predominating.

"They been fed sugar all their life, so they don't know what the other stuff tastes like. I mean, they don't play jazz in Harlem. They don't play it on the radio, so how can they relate? Nobody told them Charlie Parker, Charlie Christian and Art Tatum were geniuses, man, and when they go to music school they hear 'Mary Had A Little Lamb' — type until they get old enough to play some Stravinsky, but they pass right over jazz."

George took a belt of coffee to help sluice down the Danish. "It isn't strange to me. Jazz music got highly sophisticated with the invention of Be-bop. Another mentality, right? Be-bop goes right over the heads of young black people — it got divorced, you know. The college audience is basically people who have bread, and in this country that's mostly the whites. In music they want something that challenges their brains."

He leaned forward confidentially. "I'll tell ya something, man Be-bop music was the greatest challenge in my musical career, and I wish I'd spent another five years playing it. You'll never run outa ideas in Be-bop in your lifetime."



"Breezin'" one more time . . .

"How did you get on with Miles Davis and modes?" I asked. George turned up on "Miles In The Sky" and took a cooking break on "Paraphernalia".

"At that time Miles wanted me to join his band, but I was talked out of it by my manager. Miles let his musicians alone, he allowed a larger format so they never lost their identity. He was so big it didn't really matter what you played so long as you kept up.

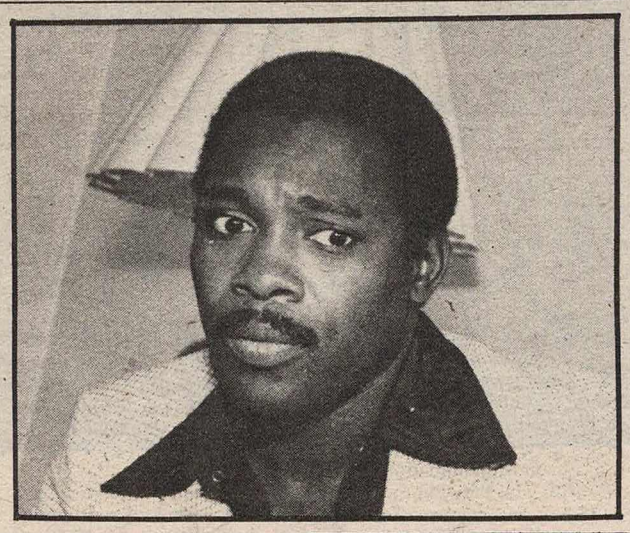
"It was great for opening the mind. People didn't know what the hell they were playing but it felt good. He allowed them cats to breathe and they breathed all over the place. Tony Williams cultivated areas where a drummer wouldn't usually get a chance to deal in — if he played that in Joe Blow's bar, they would've hammered him, man!"

JOE BLOW lurks under George's wig like driving test examiners lurk under mine; heavy Easter Island deities of little mobility, there to be appeased. Ignore them and your motoring is strictly between the stoop and the gate post: private collection.

"Miles got tired of playing to walls," said George. "Remember when he got shot? Miles was playing a dive and the man wanted a percentage. He'd loaned the club some money and he wanted 5 per cent of every artist who came through there. Miles is not an artist who needs a booking agency — he didn't need any help to be booked, so he didn't wanna share. I know the whole case. It led to a big thing and they suspect that's how the shooting came about."

George's revelations started arrestingly and petered out as thoughts of litigation filtered through . . . "anyway — Miles got tired of playing to walls, so he said, 'You want rock music? I'll give you the greatest rock music ya ever heard!' And he did."

The dancers take five, and George, at the apex of a flying wedge, manager, agent, roadies, record company, strolls out of the theatre onto 14th Street, New York's very own schlock centre. At the corner, they buy *Jet*, black barometer of credibility. They cross the intersection, George still in the lead, stocky truculent walk, head thrust forward like Joe Frazier, middle-of-the-road and moving.

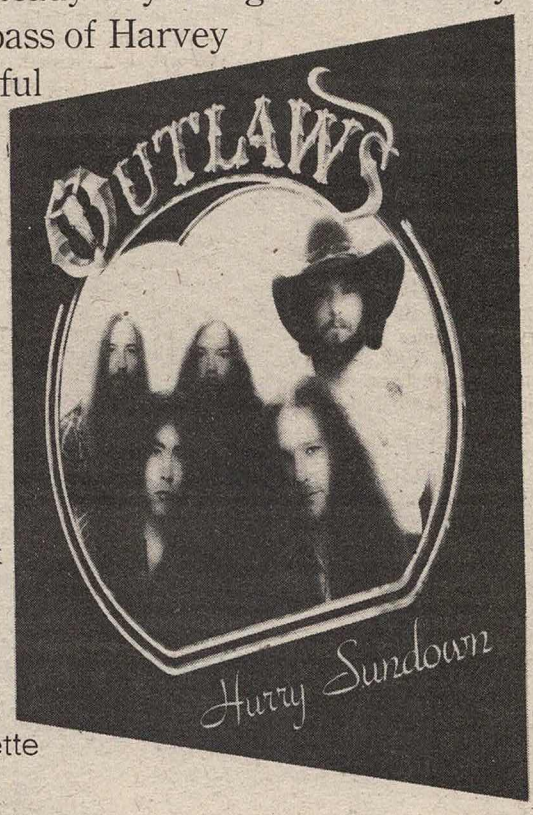


THE OUTLAWS GET CAUGHT

The Outlaws play Rock 'n' Roll with the explosive power that is rarely captured on record. It is driven by the scorching guitars of Hughie Thomasson and Billy Jones, the steady rhythm guitar of Henry Paul, the rock steady bass of Harvey Dalton and the powerful precision drums of Monte Yoho.

The Outlaws who won legions of fans at their 1976 UK performances have now caught that excitement in the studio on their great new album.

Produced by Bill Szymczyk



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2nd GLASGOW: KELVIN HALL
4th LONDON: NEW VICTORIA

RSO

SINGLES

MALCOLM McLAREN and JOHNNY ROTTEN congratulate themselves on getting out a single. Pic: CHALKIE DAVIES

*Summer's here, so take it to the streets**

(Special freewheelin' seasonal headline)*

SINGLES REVIEWED THIS WEEK BY CHARLES SHAAR MURRAY

SINGLES OF THE WEEK

SEX PISTOLS: God Save The Queen (Virgin). Ramalamafa fa fa! Just in case there was any danger of forgetting that the Pistols are a rock band instead of just a media hoax/guaranteed talk-show laff-getter / all - purpose scapegoat or whatever, here's a record which actually managed to squeak its way past the official guardians of our morality and may well be in your shops any minute now. It may even stay there long enough for you to buy it. It comes out on Saturday and it'll probably be banned by Monday, so move f-a-s-t.

The "real" title of this song is "No Future", but it's received so much notoriety as "God Save The Queen" that now it's *called* "God Save The Queen" so that you can get what you ask for when you ask for it, and what you *will* get when you ask for it (and you *will* ask for it) is a remorseless, streamlined crusher of a single that establishes the Pistols' credentials as a real live rock and roll band. Up front, star-of-stage-and-screen Johnny Rotten (the singer) gets to grips with the already oft-quoted lyric in the inimitably charming manner which has made him the darling of international cafe society. *"We're the future/you're the future/NO FUTURE"*, he leers, except that there *is* a future, you're it and if you don't take it then you've only yerownass to blame . . . Anyway, buy it. Buy it whether you like The Sex Pistols or not. If people try that hard to stop you from hearing something then you owe it to yourself to find out why. Besides, since 1977 marks the Queen's ascent to cult figure status, maybe the reason that punx dig her so much is that she's a shining example to all of us. How many of you dole queue cowboys can get that much bread for *posing* all year? Gabba gabba hey! Which reminds me . . .

RAMONES: Sheena Is A Punk Rocker (Sire). For the time being, this is available as a 12-incher with a cute picture sleeve, T-shirt offer, green stamps, chance to win a three-year subscription to *New Society* and all manner of specialised weirdness like that, but I'm reviewing this off a plain old seven-incher and it still sounds sufficiently monstrous. Monstrously charming, that is. "Sheena Is A Punk Rocker" is a heart-warming love song with references to surfboards and discotheques and it's got *harmonies* and a *chorus* and . . . and . . . look, all the Ramones songs sound like hit singles and then don't sell, but this song is so flat-out delightful that not even the nasty boring dull-as-bleedin' ditchwater Britpublic will be able to resist it. The sheer charm and essential *niceness* of Dolly Ramone's four horrible sons is gonna win out. And even if it doesn't, there's always the double B-side of "Commando" (from the last album) and "I Don't Care" (never previously released) to cop the sympathy vote. Me, I like "I Don't Care" because of the beautifully soulful way in which Joey Ramone lists all the various things that he doesn't care about. "Heartwarming" just isn't the word, though I haven't the faintest idea what is.

RE-ISSUES OF THE WEEK

CHUCK BERRY: Sweet Little Sixteen (Chess). And the hits just keep on comin', especially if they're big hits and then they keep comin' back, but who cares when they're as good as this one? A classic tale of teenage fun told by the slyest raconteur in rock and roll and garnished with spicy meatball guitar slices. If you ain't heard it, hear it. If you've heard it, get it. All the way from 1957 and still fresh. Can anything else from 1957 make the same claim?

JERRY BYRNE: Lights Out (Specialty). The fastest thing of its year. In fact, it's played almost as fast as most folks play now, and this manic energy is what's kept this record justly celebrated for all these years. Written by the young Mac Rebennack and piano-ed by the middle-aged Aaron Neville, it's fairly thoroughly demolished by the 17-year-old Byrne. The reason nothing's been heard of him since is that he's probably still recovering from it. Recommended to the kind of warm, open-hearted person who's devoted to all types of fast music.

EPs OF THE WEEK

NICK LOWE: Bowi (Stiff). Bowie did an album called "Low", right, so Nick Lowe — his umbrage having been aroused, so to speak — smashes back with an EP called "Bowi", the best track of which is "Mary Provost", the sad tale of a female person eaten by dogs and based upon a scabrous anecdote from *Hollywood Babylon* by the Sultan of Scab, Kenneth Anger. The other tracks include an inconsequential instrumental entitled "Shake That Rat", the Elvis Costello-ish "Endless Sleep" and the cynical "Born A Woman". Mr Lowe's played all the instruments herein himself (except for the drums, which appear courtesy of one Steve Godding), and unfortunately his guitar playing isn't much better than just okay. Still, I'm all in favour of Nick Lowe and I like the songs; I just wish they'd been performed a little better.

ELTON JOHN: Four From Four Eyes (DJM). The four in question are "Your Song", "Rocket Man", "Saturday Night's All Right For Fighting" and "Whenever You're Ready", which doesn't leave much to say except that "Saturday Night's" the most exciting and I'd like to see him hop up and jam this song with the Pistols — and do it *without* a bodyguard. Still all right, Reg?

BOB SEGER: Get Out Of Denver (Reprise). "Get Out Of Denver" was always a great song — and it was an *NME* Single Of The Week when first released as such — and it's received mucho attention thanks to the Hot Rods and Dave Edmunds. It's still great! Also included are "Rosalie" (covered by Thin Lizzy), "Back In '72", and Gregg Allman's "Midnight Rider". The inclusion of the latter is a bit odd since it's an overrated and over-recorded song. "Need Ya" (from the "Seven" album) would've been a better bet, but this package could lead to Seger's roughneck rasp ricocheting round a few more mother-country residences (lotta "r"'s in that sentence). Onwards . . . .

Some monstrously charming RAMONES. Pic: JOE STEVENS

PRIMO MAXI-SINGLES

PARLIAMENT: Tear The Roof Off The Sucker (Casablanca). Title track plus "Clones Of Dr Funkenstein" and, most ineffable of all, the clarion rallying call of *"Make my funk the P-funk/I wants my funk uncut / make my funk the P-funk / I wants to get funked up."* Yowza! The whole Parliafunkadelicbootsymen conglomerate represents funk - as - deranged - fun at its absolute peak, so this three-track nifto is where you go when you wanna put the "fun" back into "funk". Listen, summer's here, so take it to the streets!

KISS: Hard Luck Woman (Casablanca). And meet the biggest bunch of hard core dog crap to come out of American rock and roll in the entire decade! This collection brings you Kiss's last three American number ones, and presents conclusive evidence to the effect that the entire population of the United States should — to borrow a felicitous phrase from Julie Burchill — be shot. "Hard Luck Woman" is a hysterically lame and inept pastiche of "Maggie May"-era Rod Stewart, "Calling Dr Love" is what rock and roll must sound like to people who don't like rock and roll, and "Beth" is so limp that it makes Smokie sound like the MC5. If this sounds like a good time to you, then go right ahead . . .

AND THE REST

CLASH: Remote Control (CBS). One of the Second Div tracks on a First Div album rushed out as a single to keep things simmering for the rest of the tour. It's a pity that there wasn't time to cut an original single to follow up "White Riot" (which deserved to sell a lot more singles than it did), but even so this should've been the B-side. The *actual* B-side is a live mono version of "London's Burning", which apart from a rather underpowered guitar, sounds great.

HEARTBREAKERS: Chinese Rocks (Track). For an allegedly high-powered, high-energy, high-pressure and generally high band like The Heartbreakers, this has all the raunch of a tractor reversing out of a swamp. The song — composed by Johnny Thunders, drummer Jerry Nolan, and special friends Richard Hell and Dee Dee Ramone — is a celebration of being the kind of nurd who gets into heroin. Anyone who sings *"I'm living on a Chinese Rock"* deserves to be marooned on one — you cool fool!

VIBRATORS: Baby Baby (Epic). Sounds like the Hendrix version of Dylan's "All Along The Watchtower" would've done if the Vanilla Fudge had gotten hold of it. A rather slender little pop song with studiedly naive and innocent vocals, embellished with neat drumming: it'll take more than this to get you up there with the Big Five, boys.

STANLEY FRANK: S'cool Days (Power Exchange). Power Exchange seem to be monitoring the New Wave in the Colonies, since I believe they were the first to bring The Saints' "I'm Stranded" to public notice. Stanley Frank is a Canuck, and this single has the kind of innocently hot teenage raunch that Eddie and the Hot Rods should've been delivering. Superfine!

POLICE: Fall Out (Illegal). This is the kind of music that Mr Big look as if they ought to play, with a remorseless ramalama attack and an insolent high-pitched vocal. The ghost of Hideous Bill smiles grimly.

SENSATIONAL ALEX HARVEY BAND: Cheek To Cheek (Vertigo). In which a Former Record Company spies an absence of Current Product and gets into the act. Without the visuals, the sheer outrageousness of the way the SAHB used to stage this old Fred Astaire showcase percolates only minimally, but Alex's vocal is highly amusing. Laugh? I thought I'd . . . .

ELP: Fanfare For The Common Man (Atlantic). If the common man has any sense he'll tell ELP to ram it back up their collective orifices, but he won't. Should go down big in Italy.

JEAN-LUC PONTY: New Country (Atlantic). Nice idea: electric hoedown with funk bottom. Almost works. Six out of ten for thinking of it, three out of ten for not quite managing it.

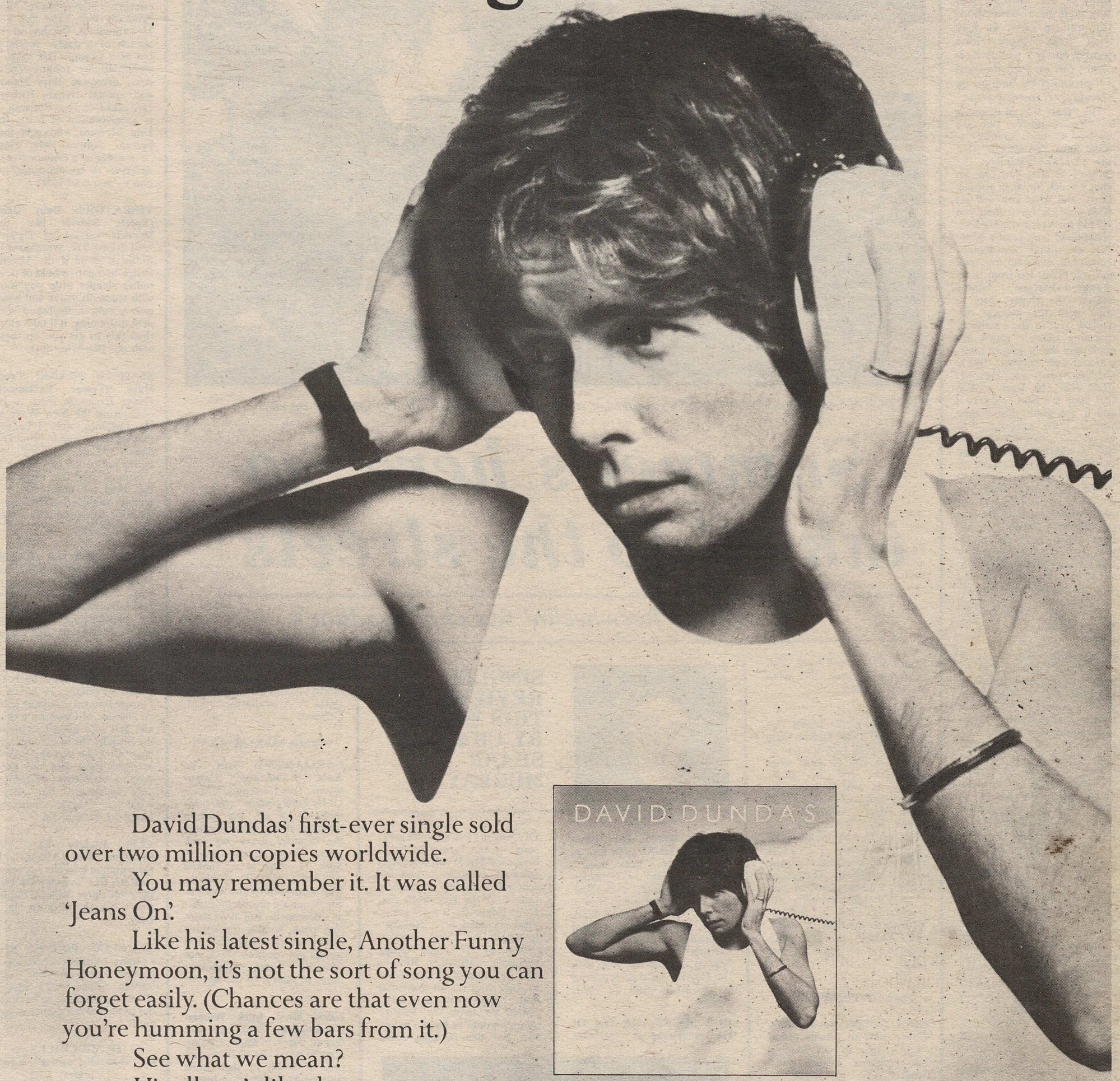
DUMB CHICKS
(or "chauvinist corner", if you prefer)

MARIE OSMOND: This Is How I Feel (Polydor). Well, Marie, it's very gratifying to know that you feel anything at all, but this half-assed attempt to get into the Donna Summer market while remaining an essentially Nice Girl is just silly. Okay?

CHARLOTTE CORNWELL: Needles And Pins (Atlantic). This tried-and-trusted oldie has never sounded worse. Nobody who isn't a *Schlock Jollies* could be cra-*zee* about this. A real budgie-cage job, in fact.

TWIGGY: A Woman In Love (Mercury). Funk that ain't funky, soul that ain't soulful . . . anyone fancy a Marmite-flavoured cocktail stick?

Hearing David Dundas' new album is like hearing ten number ones.



David Dundas' first-ever single sold over two million copies worldwide.

You may remember it. It was called 'Jeans On'.

Like his latest single, Another Funny Honeymoon, it's not the sort of song you can forget easily. (Chances are that even now you're humming a few bars from it.)

See what we mean?

His album's like that too.

CHR 1141

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Ten of them. On an album that's called, quite simply, 'David Dundas'.

Listen to it soon.

Information CITY

EDITED BY FRED DELLAR

Graafic details re-generated

WOULD YOU please give some information on Chris Judge Smith, who is often mentioned on Peter Hammill and Van Der Graaf Generator albums. How is he connected with Hammill?

BRENDAN WALSH,
Corby, Northants.

AS I don't live in London (I live in a little village called Coventry where most folk are quite simple) I'm having trouble obtaining various cassettes by my gurus — Peter Hammill and Van Der Graaf Generator. The young guy at Virgin says "Van Der Graaf who? . . . on tape? Sorry, we've only got their records", while the HMV shop and Smith's both say that the tapes have been deleted. Is this true? Can Charisma actually do this to the most depressive band in the land? —

HAMMILL FREAK,
Coventry.

● **Knowing the fate awaiting those unable to answer VDG questions** *("Just one breath and it's instant death from the Aerosole Grey Machine")* **I took a long trip down Orthenthian Street to discover that Chris Judge Smith was the original drummer (he later provided vocals, sax and ocarina) with VDG while the band were still at Manchester University (1967), cutting one single, "The People You Were Going To"/"Firebrand" (Polydor 56758). In 1968 he left to form Cousin Mary, a kind of Zappaesque outfit which included a guy named Max Hutchinson, this unit metamorphosising into Heebalob in May, 1969. Heebalob, which included Smith, Hutchinson, Martin Pottinger (a drummer who became a VDG roadie in '75), guitarist Steve Robshaw, bassist John Weir and sax-man Dave Jackson, played a few dates — the most important of which was at the National Jazz and Blues festival — then split in August, 1969, mainly due to Smith then taking an active interest in Scientology. Later his interest waned and he returned to the music and drama scene once more, forming the Free Arts Research Trio (known affectionately as FART) with Max Hutchinson and another musician, who is said to have opted out in a hurry.**

As VDG buffs no doubt know, two of Smith's songs, "Imperial Zeppelin (derived from a VDG hypothetical scheme to buy a Zeppelin, fill it with nice people and a supply of goodies and float for months at a time, free from the worries on earth beneath) and "Viking", surfaced on Hammill's "Fool Mate" album in 1971 (though both were penned in Manchester during '67) — while another Hammill solo shot, "Nadir's Last Chance" also contained some contributions by the near-mythical Smith.

More recently Chris Judge Smith has taken part in *Kibbo-Kift"*, a self-penned rock opera which he presented at the Crucible Theatre in Sheffield, and he's now set for a short tour with a new band The Imperial Storm Band (John Hodgson, drums; Ian Fordham, bass; Keff McCulloch, guitar; Tony Britten, keyboards) who are set for gigs at the Marquee (June 9) and other venues in the near future. His other projects include an opera based on *The Fall Of The House Of Usher* which he and Hammill have been piecing together for some considerable time. Meanwhile, Max Hutchinson has become a first rate architect and also admits to being George Melly's piano teacher!

As for the question of VDGG tapes — well, it seems that when Phonogram took over the manufacture and distribution of Charisma's tapes, many of the band's releases got the immediate chop. "Godbluff" (7208 577) and "Still Life" (7208 605) were available on cassette until quite recently but now only "World Record" (7208 610) graces the tape catalogue. However, in an effort to prevent fully subscribed Hammillheads from going into an even more depressed state,

The mysterious Chris Judge Smith . . .

I can reveal that VDGG are at this moment working on a new album down in deepest Rockfield and hope to have the results on the market in late October to coincide with a projected British tour involving a score of college dates.

CAN YOU supply a complete discography of albums (including catalogue numbers) recorded by Mott The Hoople?

— MOTT MANIAC,
Attleborough, Norfolk

WHAT HAS happened to the world's finest rock band — Mott The Hoople? — **T. KENNEDY, Glasgow**

● **Little has been heard of Mott since hot shot vocal kid Nigel Benjamin left and formed a new outfit, English Assassin, with Ian Gibbons (keyboards), Jerry Stevenson (guitar), Phil Mitchell (bass) and Kevin Morris (drums), the last two being part of Royce, a band Benjamin fronted in his pre-Mott era. Steve Hyams stepped in to fill the Mott vocal gap for a brief spell but this relationship didn't last long and since then all has been rumours — rumours that the band's gear was up for sale, rumours that Mott were unable to clinch a new record deal, CBS having failed to take up the option on their contract. But while we wait to see what fate has in store for the one-time heart-throbs of Hereford I'll revive memories of past glories by listing all the bands albums, these being: "Mott The Hoople" (ILPS 9108), "Mad Shadows" (ILPS 9119), "Wild Life" (ILPS 9144), "Brain Capers" (ILPS9178), "All The Young Dudes" (CBS 65184), "Mott" (CBS 69038), "The Hoople" (CBS 69062), "Live" (CBS 69093), "Drive On" (CBS 69154) and "Shouting And Pointing" (CBS 81289). Two compliations, "Rock And Roll Queen" (ILPS 9215) and "Greatest Hits" (CBS 81225) were also released.**

IN A recent Imports column, a Dutch Magna Carta album titled "Martin's Cafe" was mentioned. Is this a compilation of old material or does the elpee contain previously unreleased stuff?

BARRY NEWMAN,
Exeter, Devon.

● **"Martin's Cafe" contains previously unissued material stemming from sessions held in the spring of 1974, the Magna line-up them comprising Chris Simpson (guitars, vocals), Glen Stuart (vocals) and Graham Smith (mouth harp, vocals, bass). Davey Johnstone (guitar), John Mealing (piano), Dave Marquee (bass), B. J. Cole (pedal steel guitar), Tony Carr (drums) and Dave Mattacks (drums) guest on the tracks, which include "Easy If You Try"/"Tomorrow's Up For Sale"/"Mixed Up Sensations"/"Old Man"/"You Only Are What You Are"/"Won't Set The World On Fire" and other songs, mainly penned by Chris Simpson. "Spotlight On Magna Carta", a double album compilation culled from the band's earlier Mercury and Vertigo sides, is**

The not so mysterious Nigel Benjamin

to be released by Phongram in a few weeks time, while "Airport Song", Magna's 1970 hit single, is also due for re-release.

I'M A great Dr Hook fan, owning all their albums, plus one by Shel Silverstein, and what I want to know is — did Dr Hook play on the soundtrack of the *"Who Is Harry Kellerman And Why Is He Saying Those Terrible Things About Me"* movie? Is there a soundtrack album available and, if so, what is the record label, number etc. — and which tracks feature Dr. Hook?

DAVE CLARK,
Glasgow G42 0BT.

● **Yep — Dr Hook did record part of the soundtrack to "Harry Kellerman", the results appearing on an American Columbia release, catalogue number S30791, though you'd be pretty lucky to lay your hands on a copy nowadays. Two of the tracks on the album are by the Hook, these being "The Last Morning" and "Bunky And Lucille", both penned by Silverstein.**

On tour with Bob Marley.

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ITALIANO / AMERICAN KID from Queens, New York City, USA by the name of Johnny. Circa mid-Sixties, he's thirteen years old and thinking that he's doing pretty good for himself.

He knows intuitively that for those not fortunate enough to be born with a silver spoon down their gullet the two time-tested escape routes from poverty to fame and fortune are via either the music business or professional sport. So he chooses the latter.

He's short and skinny but runs really fast, got a whole cupboard full of track medals back home, a talent developed running from the cops after spraying the NYC legend "D.T.K.L.A.M.F." (Down To Kill Like A Muther-Fucker) over the tenement walls.

And he's holding down a regular place in the local hot-shot baseball team alongside kids five years older and twice as big as himself.

The pro-team scouts are sniffing around like they got a potential Babe Ruth on their hands and his destiny looks sealed until one fateful day the team coach takes Johnny to one side and tells him that his ratted, matted haystack coiffure is decidedly un-American and either he gets it cut to a respectable length or he gets thrown out the team.

"Fuck *yew*, muther," Johnny informs the coach. He swaggers off the baseball field, never to return.

"AFTER THAT it was rock 'n' roll right down the line," Johnny Thunders reminisces as a battered red van hurtles his combo The Heartbreakers down the motorway to the first date of their mammoth "Chinese Rocks" assault on Europe tour.

"But you gotta good background of being physically fit when y'been involved with sport before getting into rock," he reflects in that languid drawl just as the other ex-New York Doll in The Heartbreakers, drummer Jerry Nolan, whirls round at Thunders grinning like a peroxided wolf.

"HEEEEEEY, DICK-HEAD," he cackles. "Dey trew ya outa the team fer wearing ya high-heels and mascara on the field of plaaaaay!"

Nolan dissolves into shrieks of derisive laughter and pounds his legs with his fist and Thunders just contemplates him with tired brown eyes; meanwhile guitarist Walter Lure (who resembles an unholy cross-breed of a basketball player and a stick insect) mutters a colourful stream of token abuse at the pair of them and regards the passing Anglo rural wasteland with bored disdain.

Bass player Billy Rath, the *West Side Story* refugee and sole pocket of sanity in the band, chuckles good-naturedly and touches his guitar case impatiently, making me remember how crucial this tour will be to The Heartbreakers and also that it's been a long time coming.

"We fahnally got us a recording contract," Thunders murmers to himself with a smile as he falls asleep curled up embryo-like and clutching to his chest the book he's been reading. It's entitled *The Greatest*.

"Ain't nobody gonna hear the "Chinese Rocks" / "Born Too Loose" single until we got it *perfect*," Nolan says determinedly. "We been through too much to screw up now ..."

Nolan has been with Thunders since the start of it all seven years back in New York. Thunders formed those notorious scumsurfers The New York Dolls when he was seventeen years old, and when his drummer and best friend Billy Doll died aged sixteen in a bath with his body full of too much Mandrax and booze, Jerry was drafted in as the replacement.

Billy Doll's OD in no way deterred the rest of the band from the continuation of their suicidal hedonism in pursuit of the fulfilment of every rock 'n' roll fantasy they could think of, an attitude reflected in the classic songs on their first album — "Personality Crisis", "Pills", "Trash", "Jet Boy" and, best of all, "Looking For A Kiss".

The consequences of Thunders' meeting Iggy Pop (the first time the Dolls played LA, in the same year that Billy died) were so far reaching that right up to The Heartbreakers' Anarchy Tour exile in late '76, there were no record companies interested in signing them due to persistent dark rumours of "drug problems".

A tragic situation for the finest rock 'n' roll band that America has produced since The MC5.

Almost inevitable, though, because the spirit of the Dolls and all the self-destructive qualities that it entailed lived on in The Heartbreakers. Clean, flash, sharp and white-heat rock music and a totally non-political lyrical content primarily concerned with getting blitzed, getting laid and performing live, probably in that order ...

"Ah prefer drugs to women, anyhow," Johnny says wearily, as the smell of Fish City Hull permeates the air. "But we're all clean now ..."

"What you say about the Dolls being a major influence on all the English bands coming through now is true," Jerry says. "But we don't look back, we gotta keep moving. That's why we split from the Dolls coz David Johansen wouldn't progress."

"And we ain't part of no *new-wave*," Johnny says contemptuously. "We ain't part of no wave *at all*."

"Political bullshit," Walter Lure sneers. "If we did stuff like that, it'd be fake ..."

AWRIGHT, but you gotta see that it's real for English bands like The Clash and The Jam. The Dolls were the major impetus in getting a new generation off its butt to seek an identity contemporary for *them* in answer to the good-old-days Sixties nostalgia hangover. But, ultimately, there's only one kind of riot worth having ...

"And now they gonna put out the two Dolls albums in a double package next month," Johnny says. "Even the record companies can see the Dolls influence now ..."

"They should RE-MIX the fucking albums an' not just re-release 'em," Jerry says, and launches into the usual expletives used by any New York Dolls lover when discussing Todd Rundgren's horrendous production of their first and superior album.

Then Jerry gets pensive. "Hey, we gonna get any money outa that deal?"

I don't think Nolan or Thunders appreciated just how important the Dolls were to a previously alienated section of British youth that came of age in the first half of the Seventies — until they quit The Big Apple for these shores after the invitation from their ex-manager Malcom Mclaren to join ill-fated Sex Pistols tour.

To many New Wave luminaries the Dolls — and more specifically Johnny Thunders — had achieved near-legendary status. Fact and fiction blurred as the stories came through of Johnny throwing up at airport press conferences and on stage behind amps; Johnny switching price tags on clothes before the Biba's gig; Johnny being hunted by the cops after running back to Noo Yawk with fifteen-year-old millionaire's daughter and LA supergroupie Sable Starr; Johnny junk-sick, death-trip rock 'n' roll myth.

Incredibly, both Thunders and his band The Heartbreakers lived up to the build-up. The Roxy gigs after the tour confirmed that the band was better than the Dolls ever were, even if you could never quite lose that sentimental attachment to the memory and the blind fury you felt when they did "Looking For A Kiss" and "Jet Boy" on *The Dull Grey Whistle Drag* when baldy-locks snickered and said, "Mock-rock".

"I'll never forget seeing that and *knowing* how great the Dolls were and *knowing* bands like that was where rock had to go," Pistols drummer Paul Cook told me once.

But karma always returns to sender, eh, Mister Harris?

THE BAND'S signing to Track records, where production duo Chris Stamp and Speedy Keen fully realised The Heartbreakers to be a 1977 version of the rock 'n' roll total dynamics that The Who had been about, ensured the band a recording sound-quality the equal of their drugs / sex / narcissus repertoire.

However, even when the long-awaited recording contract was imminent, nothing could diminish The Heartbreakers' constant craving for the streets of New York City. It may have dished them dirt career-wise, but it would always be home.

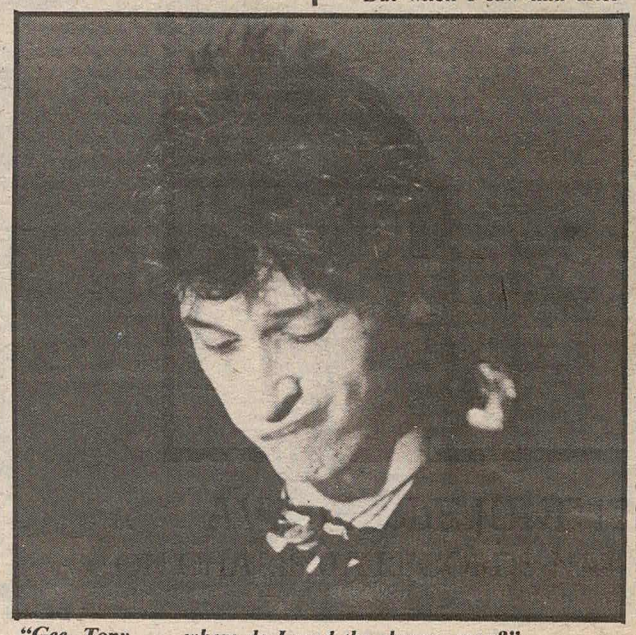
"In Noo Yawk you can get anything you want at any time of the day or night," Thunders says wistfully.

A brief trip home around New Year, sandwiched between a minor bust for Johnny and the aborted Heartbreakers / Pistols package, only aggravated matters — until another answer to The Heartbreakers' homesickness had to be found (other than the boys getting as far out of it as possible as frequently as possible).

So their ladies and offspring were all flown over from the USA to act as stabilisers and, in the case of Johnny in particular, the move appears to have worked wonders.

The first gig that the band did after the exodus from the US was at Dingwalls and at first I couldn't understand why young Thunders was not in his "usual" condition — like he'd been, for example, a short while before at the trendy-pose-dive The Speakeasy, bad-mouthing the packed-but-placid house like I ain't never seen *anybody* do before or since.

But when I saw him after-



Pic: DENIS O'REGAN

"Gee, Tony . . . where do I send the cheque, man?"

Pic: CHALKIE DAVIES

Get your Chinese rocks off ...

wards with his beautiful blonde lady Julie and heard about their two-year-old son Little Johnny Thunders and their Park Lane flat I could see why from now on Thunders would be in total control. *(Yes, we see. — Ed.)*

Now he had too much to lose. Now it wasn't too much, too soon. Now it was make-or-break.

They tore up every venue I saw them play around London during this period prior to the full tour, including The Marquee (which didn't deserve the atmosphere generated by The Heartbreakers after the numerous New Wave band bannings that the Wardour Street club dished out in 1976).

THEN JOHNNY got sick and the first few dates were cancelled. A while at home with Julie to recover and then out on the road at last, going for broke on the most important tour of their lives.

At the Hull Technical college the band have to push their way through a bar packed with long-haired Anglo-Rednecks to get to the stage in an adjacent hall where the seven hundred strong mob of screaming kids (yeah, *screaming*) are waiting in rock-starved anticipation.

The Anglo-Rednecks in the bar (mostly students, young marrieds and rugby players) can not comprehend what's happening and feel obliged to come out with typically boring can't-tell-the-boys lines plus threats to "tear yez inseed owt, sonny".

Not until the band hit the stage and slam into the opening chords of the great "Chinese Rocks" single as the lights come on and the Hull kids start rioting with joy, do I believe that they'll get out of town without being lynched. Then it rapidly becomes apparent that these kids love The Heartbreakers so much they might just tear them limb from limb for souvenirs ...

Thunders is provoking them to further levels of anarchic self-expression, aiming his Chinese-graffiti-stained guitar at them tucked into his shoulder like a sten-gun, chopping out those burning white chords as Walter Lure howls the autobiographical lyrics penned jointly by Dee Dee Ramone, Richard Hell, Jerry Nolan and Johnny Thunders ...

"Somebody called me on the phone / They said, 'Hey, is Dee Dee home? / Do ya wanna take a walk? / Do ya wanna go an' cop? / Do ya wanna go get some CHINESE ROCKS?'..."

Nolan beats hell out of his kit with the obsessive sadistic pleasure of a superb drummer, his relentless drive in perfect synch with Billy's faultless bass line, the rhythm section the backdrop for Lure and Thunders as they slash out the riffs and bawl the chorus with both love and hate for that suicide Godhead.

"I'm living on Chinese Rock / All my best things are in hock / I'm living on a Chinese Rock / Everything is in the pawn shop / HIT IT!"

THUNDERS, exuding Total Style in black and gold tonic mohair suit, white silk shirt and black tie, shakes his head like he wants it to part company from the rest of his body and stares bug-eyed dementoid at the girls trying to fight their way past the arm-linked line of bouncers in desperate attempts to touch him.

The crush in the crowd of kids gets too much for some nubile Hull chicklets and they faint and get carried out as the band continue to rip through the classic rock song. Addictive, basic, unforgettable song like the sullen and selfish anti-humanity put-down, "All By Myself"...

"All by myself / All by myself / All by myself / WITH EVERYBODY ELSE!"

"Which is *exactly* how ah feel," Thunders said once to the self-conscious poseurs at the Speakeasy gig, and you knew he meant it.

"Go to Burr-min-haaam," Thunders told the spoilt West End brats that night. "They know how to rock 'n' roll there."

Yeah, Thunders is undoubtedly Seventies rock 'n' roll incarnate and has got no time whatsoever for a crowd that stare blankly at a gig as thought they're watching the Idiot Box ...

Tonight he's in his element, treating the spike-haired hordes to the entire catologue of Thunders theatrics as a stream of potential hit singles like the contemptuous rejection "Let Go", the teenage romance "Going Steady", the cynical "I Love You", and more all make our eardrums ring with rock music the equal of anything on any side of the Atlantic you care to name.

Thunders pouts, sneers petulantly, drops his jaw in mock surprise then casually strikes the opening of "Pirate Love" as he throws himself crashing backwards into Walter before sprinting across the low stage like he was still getting gold medals for the hundred metres.

Kids slam into the microphones, knocking them to the planks as roadies anxiously set 'em up again. Things are getting out of hand. And does the leader of the band on stage try to cool things out the way Iggy did at the Rainbow?

Does he hell.

"HEEEEEEY, WHOOOO GOT DER SPEEEEED?" he shouts at them, and they roar their approval. "WHOOOOOO GOT DER FUCKIN' SPEEEEEED!"

("Iggy's lost it now," Johnny once told me with obvious sadness. "It's Bowie-show now. God, telling the kids to cool out ...")

"FER OUR next *toooon,*" he drawls, languidly ruffling up his hair at the same time with the self-worship every classic rocker has. "We would like to doooo..."

Thunders trails into silence as if forgetting what's next and Walter saunters up to the mike like a whitewashed Harlem Globetrotter and says, "Get Off The Phone!" The energy level fever-pitch manic, compulsory dancing for everyone in the house and joining in for the ecstatic chant of the glorious chorus ...

"Geeet offa der phone, / Nobody home! / Geeet offa der phone, / AN' AH DON' WANT YEW! / AN' AH DON' WANT YEW!"

The Heartbreakers quit the stage and with a sinking feeling you realise that the best gig you've seen all year (and, brother, ah seen some *killers*) is nearly over.

They come back for the encore and get the rapturous reception reserved for home-coming conquering heroes. Thunders rips off jacket, tie and shirt and discards his guitar. He prowls the front of the stage cool and poker-faced as the girls in front act out the nearest thing I ever saw to Beatlemania ... it's easy to see why The Who have asked Thunders to star in their Chris Stamp-produced movie "My Generation".

He drapes the hand-held mike lead over his bare back and suddenly jack-knifes from the waist as Billy, Walter and Jerry hit a long, drawn-out, golden-oldie slab of sound ...

BLAAAAAAAAAM!!!!!!

Thunders points accusingly at a face in the crowd and his big brown eyes are full of hurt. What a con-man ...

"*Yew* broke ma heart, coz ah couldn't danse, ya didn't even want me *around!*"

BLAAAAAAAAAAAM!!!

"But now *ah'm* back an' ah'm gonna show *yew* that *ah* can really shake 'em down ..."

Nobody would argue with that as The Heartbreakers *sturm und drang* their way through the old Contours number with the panache of rockers brought up on a regular diet of AM radio pop-trash. Then they climax with a reprise of their single and anthem, "Chinese Rocks", before diving back to the dressing room to collapse soaked in sweat and totally exhausted. That's the wrecked condition every rock band should be in when they leave the stage; nothing left to give ...

BACK AT the hotel Johnny, me and the band's sound-wizard Keef attempt to empty one of those minature bars they install in hotels with the ridiculous midget-sized booze bottles.

Johnny rings Julie as he always does after a gig and then we talk and smoke the night away, the conversation covering everything from Dolls legends ("Yeah, the chick who cut Arthur Kane's finger off was the same one who cut up Dee Dee's butt with a bottle"), to New York bands ("They should send over the good ones like Mink De Ville") to where we can get some skins, man, at this time of the morning ...

The next gig is at Eric's in Liverpool, and the venue is napalmed with classic rock 'n' roll just like they did it in Hull, just like they will do at every gig they play on the "Chinese Rocks" tour of 1977 ...

The next day we drive back to London and when we stop off at a service station on the motorway Thunders buys a fluffy toy dog for Little Johnny Thunders. Big Johnny hangs back as the rest of the band pay for the things they bought at the cash desk and clutches the toy dog to his chest.

"Musn't let Walter see me with this, man," he whispers. "He'll make fun of me ..."

Hey, Johnny, you think that this time you're gonna break on through to the success you and the band deserve?

"I think so, man," he says. "We can handle most situations now ..."

The first Heartbreakers single is in your dealers' shop right now. It's called "Chinese Rocks."

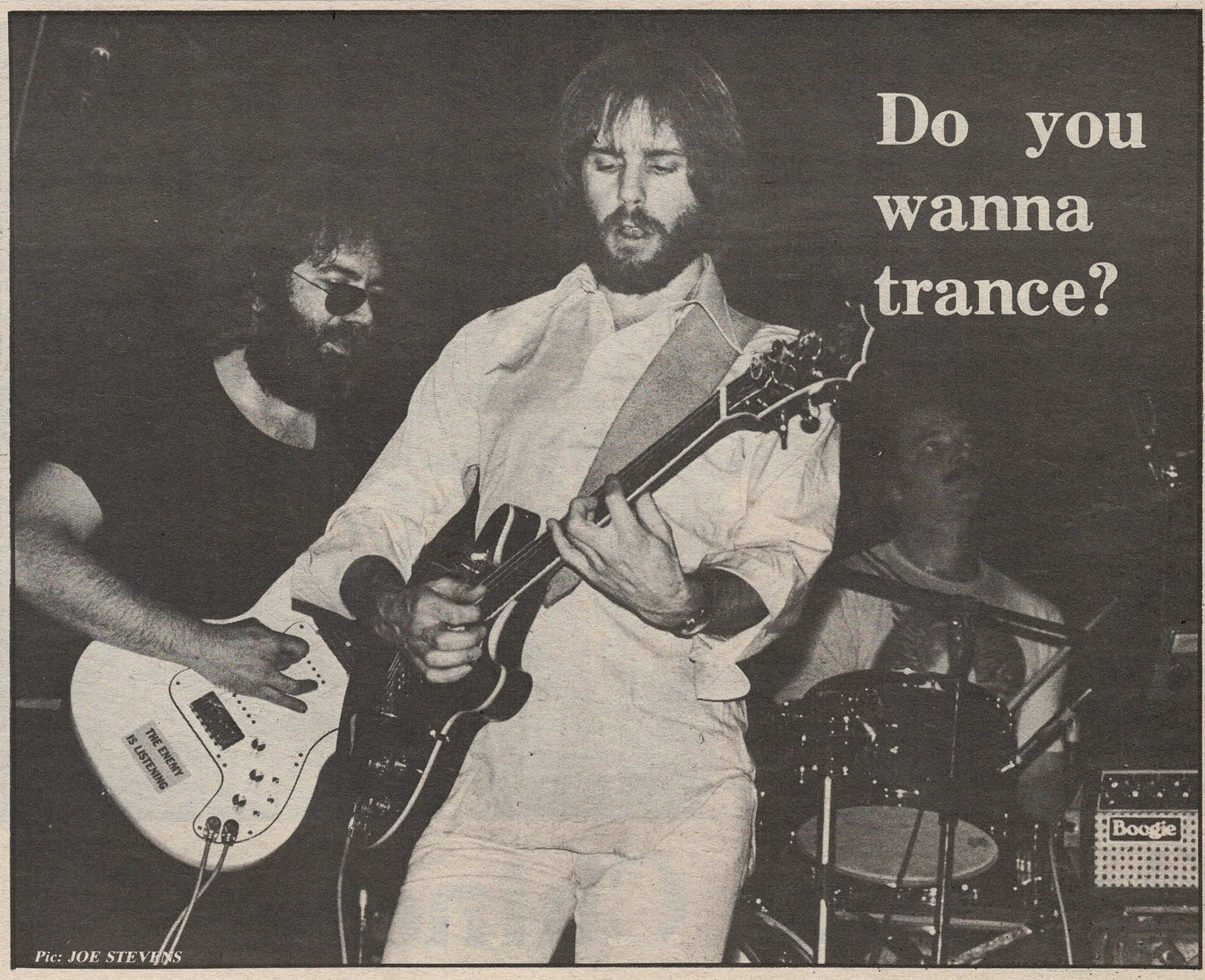
"The plaster's falling off the wall, / My girlfriend's crying in the shower stall, / It's hot as a bitch, / I SHOULD HAVE BEEN RICH, / But I'm just digging a Chinese ditch ..."

... and end up like JOHNNY THUNDERS

A fan's-eye view by TONY PARSONS

THE KING OF ELFLAND'S DAUGHTER
TAKE CARE OF YOUR
ELF
THE KING OF ELFLAND'S DAUGHTER

Do you wanna trance?



Pic: JOE STEVENS

Some of us "dig" the Dead. Some of us don't. When the boys played five nights at the Palladium N.Y., MICK FARREN and LESTER BANGS were in attendance. Mick liked 'em, Lester didn't. Now read on . . .

MY NIGHT WITH THE DEAD
by LESTER BANGS

A GRATEFUL DEAD concert is nothing to be taken lightly.

Since it is their current practice (and practice is what it sounds like) to play for five hours including intermission and encores, one is well advised to fortify oneself with whatever chemical and/or potable libations seem appropriate.

Bearing in mind the ceremonial nature of all events attendant upon heightened consciousness and that the Dead are the last of the psychedelic bands (they even still dose people), I decided to write this piece, hour by hour, as a log of my trip with the Dead. Readers whose heads are not into such a *modus* can just go on to the next page and read about the Captain and Tennille or something. You're not prepared for the nether reaches of Dead consciousness anyway.

FIRST HOUR

I spend the first hour standing in the lobby watching the rest of the audience enter.

I figure I've got plenty of time to apprehend the music, and besides, I've just been cynically telling myself that the same people come to all concerts, a suspicion seemingly borne out by the fact that the first thing my eyes light upon when I decide to look is a rock critic named Robert Christgau, and his wife, Ms. Carola Dibbell, also a writer.

I tell them my theory, and Mr. Christgau says I am wrong. Ms. Dibbell says she thinks it's interesting that there are many more women at Grateful Dead concerts than most rock events.

I look around us and sure enough — there are far more women here than at the Tangerine Dream concert I attended last month, and not only that, a good percentage of them are wearing skirts! This begins to get interesting, even if most of them are in the sort of long homesewn curtainy skirts popular with California hippy maidens circa 1970.

I see one girl who doesn't look like she has changed her clothes or her hat since Carnaby Street, and another in miniskirt, high heels and *ratted hair,* which takes us all the way back to 1965!

Almost everyone, in fact, looks like a throwback, mostly to a California-ized and seemingly landlocked (in every respect) countercultural past, when the guitar armies all wore the same faded clothes under the same ponchos and leather spaghetti western hats. You'd think glitter and attendant burlesques had never happened to look at this crowd.

Outside the front door, an ageless burnt-out infant in marine's cap and shaggy beard is turning almost robotlike abrupt circles on the sidewalk, repeating over and over again as if entranced (except that I'd never before heard a mantra intoned at the top of one's lungs): "Has anybody got a Dead ticket they wanna sell? Has - anybody - gotta - Dead - ticket - they - wanna - sell? Hasanybodygotta deadtickettheywannasell?

A friend and I buy a beer each and go up to the balcony.

As we're leaving I note a curious sight in the lobby. A kid who looks sort of like a raisined Carlos Santana, with vaguely Latin face and little moustache, has just entered. He is wearing a faded orange T-shirt with the name of some school on it, over that a rumpled green army shirt, and a backpack.

Speculation mounts in my camp that he has hitchhiked all the way from California especially for this concert — either that or is following the Dead all around the country. The only alternative conclusion is that he lived three blocks away and considers a backpack *de rigeur* for Dead concerts.

As soon as he gets into the door and hears the first notes wafting from the interior of the hall, his whole body sags delightedly, he begins staggering around in circles and playing an invisible guitar. His body language is saying "Home at last." I begin to appreciate what just being in the anteroom to the Dead vibe can do for Deadheads.

On the upper level there are more people playing invisible guitars.

The most interesting thing about the Deadfan's version of this universal practice is the extreme nonchalance with which it is done. I have seen people playing invisible guitars, saxophones, pianos etc to records and at concerts for most of my life, but I have never seen anyone play them with less intensity, with slacker limbs than Deadheads. If they let their hands and arms go any slacker the gesture would more nearly resemble someone tossing away litter.

On the balcony, though, I see someone who brings it all back home audience-wise.

In the midst of a small sea of nodding, weaving, bobbing, invisible-guitaring people, this one guy has his shirt off and is dancing barechested, even though it's not particularly hot in here.

I scratch my head for a minute, then suddenly realize: he's pretending that he's at a pop festival, in some tropic clime, under the blaze of noon. I guess the Dead just must have some magic capacity to bring that out in people.

At this point they stop playing the first song. They have only been playing it for 45 minutes, so I decide the ten minutes it will take them to tune up for the second number is a perfect time for me to find my seat and tune in on the music.

SECOND HOUR

THE DEAD play a set of songs of varying lengths but fairly constant tempo and mood. I don't recognize most of them, so I suspect they are from their recent albums on United Artists. (I stopped listening after their three-record live in Europe set on Warner).

(Actually I think I stopped listening when Pigpen died, but if I'd said that you might think I was making a morbid joke to show how I really feel about the Dead, whom I stopped listening to with *interest* after their first album. That first one's still a great record, though).

All the songs are sort of lazy - beyond - laid - back, feature lots of rocking-chair improvisation from Jerry Garcia, and their placidity bores me senseless. I note that Phil Lesh is beginning to acquire a beer belly, and that when it is time for Donna Godchaux, wife of pianist Keith Godchaux, to sing, she just sort of saunters out from the wings, grabs the mike with one hand and hugs herself across the chest with the other one, sings her part without moving an inch, then saunters back out of sight when it's time for Jerry to solo again.

The audience does not share my appreciation of the songs — they jump up and down, weave in what I've always referred to as the patented Grateful Dead ecstacy dance, and vent their appreciation between numbers by whooping "Out-*ray*-jus!" and a strange wordless ululation from way back in the throat which pops up here and there and I have never heard at any other concert.

Of course, they all smoke dope, too, and I hope the reader will forgive me for not joining them — it's just that I know how much time would slow down if I did and, as it seems to me as I get farther into the thick of the festivities that the Dead must think in slow motion.

As I wait for the second hour to be over I am reminded of my last Dead concert. It was in the summer of 1971, at the Hollywood Palladium of Lawrence Welk fame.

After a set of watery C&W by the New Riders, the Dead came out and started playing scales.

Jerry Garcia had been playing scales for about half an hour while people all around us did the ecstacy dance, and I was just starting to freak out (although not under the influence of any drug at the time) when the friend who had brought me turned and said:

"Wait'll they've been doin' this for about *three hours,* man — then it gets *really* cosmic!"

I turned around and ran for the bar, where the first person I bumped into was Dead manager Rock Scully, who started pumping my hand with a manical gleam in his eye and gibbering amid the popping of adrenaline electrodes:

"Hey man greata seeya! Hey wow lookit whereya stayin' I'll come over tomorrow and play you the new double live Dead album."

THIRD HOUR

THE DEAD take an intermission break. I stay in my seat, for no reason I can discern. The intermission ends up lasting an hour.

Sitting on the lip of the stage in front of them, a plump girl with hair down to her behind weaves in the slow vegetative trance of advanced marijuana intoxication, a mindless dreamy smile on her lips. Occasionally she raises one or both arms over her head as she weaves back and forth like a chlorophyll metronome, in a stoned parody of Indian dancers.

I strike up a conversation with the guy sitting next to me. He is a fan, he s, because "they're good musicians," although he admits, "You've gotta be considerate of 'em sometimes."

I ask him what he means. "Well, sometimes they'll play a shitty set, but look, tonight is the tenth straight night they've played concerts like this in a row.

"Plus they're getting old."

I ask him why they take so long to tune up between songs, and he says, "They wouldn't be the Dead if they did it any other way, You *expect* that."

FOURTH HOUR

THE DEAD return, and after a dull version of Martha and The Vandellas' "Dancing In The Streets" begin to play one of their more famous selections, "Playin' In The Band."

It builds for a long time without actually going anywhere, and eventually the guitars sort of drift away and the two drummers, Mickey Hart and Bill Kreutzman, engage in a dual solo which also goes on for a long time and is the only time all night that the dual-drum strategy seems to justify itself.

Eventually the guitars drift back in and do a long improvisatory section which sounds like a thing on their first live album called "The Eleven." It almost shows some life, although again the improvs seem more like scales than anything else.

Eventually it winds down into an interminable ballad section which Garcia sings and then plays simple riffs on for the longest time yet.

My friend leans over and says, "Didja ever think they might not know how to resolve this song?" This is when I begin to think the Dead's brains are working in slow motion. I sit for as long as I can, finally give up and stalk back out and up the aisle.

FIFTH HOUR

THE BALLAD eventually winds around and resolves as — "Playin' In The Band!"

The crowd goes wild.

I walk up on the balcony and back down. The carpet sticks to the soles of my tennies. Everywhere I see people

DEAD

bobbing, weaving, not opening their eyes, playing invisible guitars.

I begin to feel like I have been thrust into the middle of a version of *Marat-Sade* where the performers have all been shot up with thorazine.

Finally the Dead finish playing "Playin' In The Band" and go off. The applause is thunderous. Naturally, it goes on for a long time.

Finally they come back out, and begin playing another laid-back rocking-chair sittin-in-the-Mississippi-mud snoozer. After they finish tuning up, that is.

I wait until I have ascertained for certain that they are not encoring with rock 'n' roll, and then I leave.

For all I know they are still playing now, 36 hours later, or tuning up for their second encore.

On my way home I mull over what I have seen.

It strikes me that I have been in an atmosphere of strained communality, as when I saw a guy accidentally poke a neighbouring girl in the eye with his elbow and then ruffle her hair by way of apology.

I decide that this must be what happens when the nuclear family breaks down.

When I get home I call my mother. She isn't home, so I lock and police-lock and bolt the door, take a valium and go to sleep.

Pic: CHALKIE DAVIES

Or are we just too old for you?

MY NIGHT WITH THE DEAD
by MICK FARREN

IT'S LIKE GOING back home.

"Acid!"

"Acid, black beauties!"

"Acid!"

"You got any pot to sell?"

"No, man, all I got is acid and black beauties."

What else could it be but a Grateful Dead concert?

THE GRATEFUL DEAD must be at an all time low in terms of fashionability.

Nobody seems to have told this to the sea of lank hair and faded denim milling and jostling on the sidewalk outside New York's Palladium theatre. Fads may come and fads may go, but the fact has to be faced that the Dead go on for ever.

On this particular night they go on for just short of five and a half hours.

It's starting to look as though hard-core hippes are turning into another time-warp subgroup, rather like the old rockers. It may be ten years since 1967, but looking at this mob in the foyer you wouldn't know it.

There's denim and floral prints, earthshoes, acne and old cowboy boots. Some of the throng, aimlessly making their way into the auditorium could easily have just folded their tents and hitchhiked down from Woodstock. I begin to get the feeling that these freaks, in between concerts, must go back to a timeless limbo, similar to the one the teds inhabit when they're not parading in their drapes for Jerry Lee Lewis or Chuck Berry.

The Dead also seem to have a slightly unconventional relationship to time. When you've been overdosing on the kind of band who think that three minutes, twenty seconds adds up to a really long song, it's hard immediately to adjust to the Dead's pacing.

And oh boy, do they pace.

A five-minute tune-up break between songs is nothing to The Grateful Dead.

It's kind of irksome at first, but I suppose it's understandable when you're settling in for a five-hour show.

They're on stage amazingly promptly, just fifteen minutes after the eight o'clock stated on the tickets. It hardly gives us time to queue up for a beer and find our seats in the decaying 3,000-seat auditorium, before the band are out on stage and rocking.

THE ROCKING is fairly relaxed. The Dead have never been a combo that sweated gallons and popped blood vessels, but even by their own standards, they're easing their way into the set.

It also appears that they haven't played together for a while. There are too many nudges, winks and secret hand-signals for a band who are super-rehearsed and right into their mid-tour stride.

There have also been some changes since I last saw them.

Mickey Hart has returned and they're back with the old double-drum lineup. Also Donna Godchaux has now been properly integrated into the band. When they played at Wembley her vocals were, to say the least, abrasive. Now she seems to have totally synched in, and her voice has mellowed down to blend perfectly with those of Weir and Garcia. About the only really unhappy note is the sad absence of Pigpen.

As far as the audience is concerned the Dead can do no wrong. They're loudly and continuously vocal in their stoned appreciation. In that respect the guy sitting next to us is typical.

Every time he feels the band have produced some particularly fine musical segment, he emits a loud, woo-woo-kind of animal wailing. The strength and duration seems to depend on how pleased he is with the show. Beyond that, we don't hear him give out with another sound.

The guy next to us may be typical in his capacity for noisy response, but apart from that he has to be one of the strangest Grateful Dead fans I've ever come across.

He's black, kind of frayed around the edges, and really looks like he ought to be howling at Toots or Bob Marley instead of Garcia and Weir. He does, however, have a pipe that he keeps topped up with black hash.

HOWEVER, I have a problem that's been troubling me since the show started.

Do I really love The Grateful Dead, or is it just nostalgia for a lot of warm stoned afternoons that the ill winds of the Seventies have blown away for ever?

As I sink back into my seat, with a pleasant mellow buzz washing over me, I begin to see it all a lot more clearly (you remember what Bob Marley said). There really is something timeless and very fine about the Dead, something that has to be divorced from the often brain-damaged antics of audiences who use the band and their music to cling to a now-lost lifestyle.

Garcia's guitar was created in heaven.

As it weaves in and out of the lax but always-present rhythm section, it really does create patterns that are far beyond the capabilities of most pickers. It also cuts through the hair and redundant hippy posturing to very essential, if laid-back, truth.

The selection of songs span almost the entire course of the Dead's career, including the various solo spinoffs.

There's "New, New Minglewood Blues" off the very first album, there's a track from "Blues For Allah", "Sugar Magnolia", "Deal" from one of Garcia's solo albums, "Cassidy" from one of Bob Weir's.

When the audience get altogether too rowdy they turn the hand-clapping round until the crowd are assisting in the introduction to the Dead version of "Not Fade Away". Before the song can get under way, however, it mutates into an elongated drum solo (in which, incidentally, Bill Kreutzman, in the nicest possible way, dumps all over Mickey Hart).

IT'S QUITE a poignant Grateful Dead for the first half of the show. Garcia sticks close to his amps, Phil Lesh is positioned right by the drum risers, Keith Godchaux is almost invisible, while Donna Godchaux comes demurely on when her vocal assistance is needed, occasionally shakes her amazing, waist-length hair, and splits back to the wings when she's no longer required.

About the only focus of visual attention is Bob Weir and the two drummers.

After the inverval, the mournful songs like "Brown-Eyed Women" and "Cumberland Blues" start to get punctuated by Bob Weir cowboy inserts like "El Paso" and Johnny Cash's "Big River".

The atmosphere becomes increasingly more lively. Garcia executes little stomping dances as he pours out cascades of silver notes. The whole second half leads up to the final rocking set-piece.

The introduction is so tentative that it takes a couple of verses to recognise it. Suddenly realisation dawns. It's Chuck Berry's "Around And Around".

For the next twenty-five minutes it builds relentlessly with everyone in the band, particularly Bob Weir, who handles the brunt of the vocals, running at full stretch.

There's a long wait for the encore, but it's worth it.

The Dead return with an immaculate version of "Uncle John's Band", The audience leaves with the Dead's own wistful anthem ringing in their ears.

I, for one, feel more emotionally fulfilled than I have done after a rockand roll show for a very long time.

"Who do you think was right, Jerry?" "What's the odds? They were both drunk."

I CAN'T even be brought down by the way the cabs on Union Square have reverted to the old 1967 policy of not picking up hippies.

Some hours later in another part of town (the elegant, art noveau St. Regis hotel, to be precise) they are a mite tolerant of hippies — hippies with money, that is.

Indeed, affluent hippes are now very well looked upon, ten years after the fact. Jimmy Carter courts their company, and there are even TV ads aimed at them.

There are limits, though.

When Chalkie Davies attempts to remove his garish, metallic, Ferrari pit-crew jacket, the maitre d' sternly requests he should put it back on. You don't sit in the St. Regis cocktail lounge in your shirt sleeves. My God, what next?

As you probably guessed, we are sitting in the St. Regis cocktail lounge.

Chalkie, myself and Betsy the redoubtable press officer, are all waiting for Bob Weir. We are drinking gin to pass the time. After some minutes and a couple more gins, Betsy goes to make a phone call. Bob Weir is up in Jerry Garcia's room.

We head for the lift.

Garcia's room could easily be a college common-room. The conversation is low-key and informed. It is very un-rock and roll. The subject is how independent television is rapidly eroding the power of the networks.

This is really fascinating, but the presence of Betsy reminds me I am not here to be entertained. I'm here to do an interview. It's suggested that Bob, Chalkie and I go down the hall to his room and get the thing together.

There was a time when Bob Weir was the teen appeal of the Dead. This has faded a little as the years have slipped by. He's recently grown a beard, and his eyes seem to have what I can only describe as a fixed dare-I-say Valium glaze.

There's nothing Valiumed, however, about his mind. It's sharp and perceptive.

The polite preliminaries are kept to a minimum. I turn on the tape recorder and get down to business.

Was it, as it looked, that the Dead were a little under-rehearsed?

"It looked that way?"

There seemed to be a lot of nods and winks going down.

Weir smiles.

"That's pretty much the nature of our music. We have an enormous repertoire of material that's kind of sketchily rehearsed. We'll pull out a song that we haven't done in a long time. When you're doing something like that, then visual cues are very necessary."

You'll pick a song right in the heat of the moment, in the middle of the set?

"Oh yes. If it's appropriate. Maybe we are a little under-rehearsed. We could do with more time, but I can't say we're doing badly.

■ *Continues p.32*

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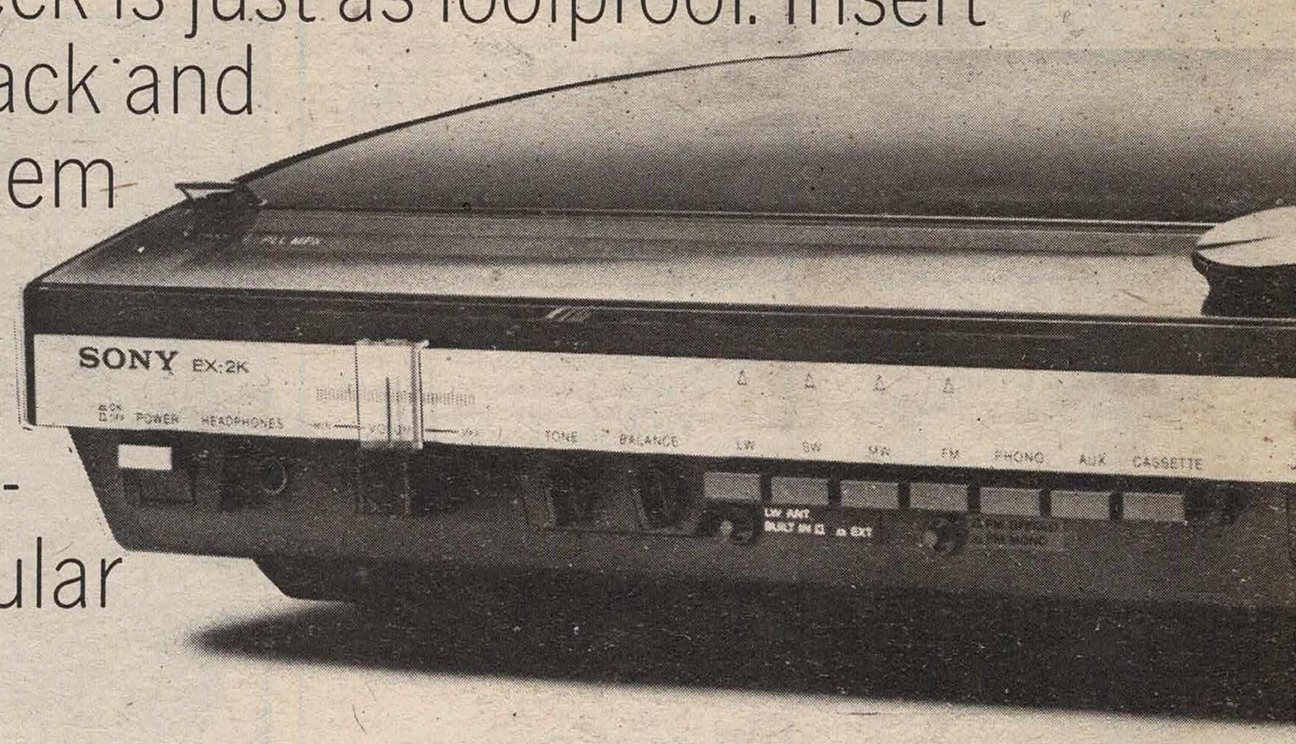

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THE TRUTH ABOUT THE DEAD

■ *From p.29*

"There's always a lot more you can do."

BOB WEIR is pleasantly serene. Everything will be taken care of in the fullness of time, seems to sum up his attitude.

The conversation still concentrates on time, but slightly changes perspective. The Dead have been on the road for ten years now . . .

"Twelve."

The Dead have been on the road for twelve years now. How have attitudes changed?

"I think things have streamlined over the years. We know much better what to expect of the road and what to expect of ourselves. We're much better now at keeping our heads and bodies in shape.

"You have to remember that we play a very long show, and it takes a lot of energy. We eat well on the road . . ."

He grins.

". . . and avoid extremes of wretched excess. I've always maintained the notion that the music is what it's all about."

I guess pacing is very important?

"Oh yes. We try and arrange tours so there's enough time to get proper rest and . . ."

No no, I meant the actual pacing throughout a show.

"Oh, really. I think if we tried we could work ourselves up to the point where we could play hard, fast and loud all the time, but that could get pretty weird."

The subject of being on the road for twelve years leads very naturally to the question of bands evolving away from their audiences. Does Weir feel that the Dead have drifted away from their roots?

"I don't think so."

Damn few of last night's concert audience went home to a luxury hotel the way the band did.

"Damn few of the audience try to keep the pace we do. Like I said, our major focus is on the music. That's the way we can keep in touch with and cater to the fans, by keeping the music alive and vital."

There's something a litttle incongruous about hearing one of the Dead talking about "the fans", but I let it go. Weir is warming to the subject of the artist getting divorced from the street.

"At home I really don't have much of a problem about being on the streets, although the pace that I work at pretty much keeps me isolated once again. If that doesn't work I'll have to reassess the situation.

"As it is now, I'm so immersed in work, I don't really have much of a social life."

THIS PICTURE that Weir paints of his secluded, almost Spartan dedication fits with the unnaturally neat, very un-rock and roll hotel suite.

I ask what he's working on.

"I write, I record, I perform. I may do a film score if I have the time."

Do you want to talk about the film score?

"Not really. It's pretty much under wraps for the moment."

What happened to Kingfish?

"Kingfish fell by the wayside for me. I simply didn't have enough time to make it worth while for the other people in the band.

"It's possible it could happen again, but it's not happening at the moment. Not many side projects can spin out from this new stream-lined model of The Grateful Dead."

Weir permits himself a smile at the idea of The Grateful Dead considered as this year's new gas-guzzler from Detroit. I enquire as to what has changed.

"It's fun again. It's become more alive."

He spreads his hands, temporarily at a loss for words.

"It's *happening.*"

There was a point when it stopped being fun?

"Yeah. Really. That was when we knocked off in 1974. It'd become too cumbersome and it was time to relax, reassess and maybe reconstruct — or not."

"Eventually we sat down and had a meeting and decided to re-construct it in a more organic pattern, and it worked. I guess it's worked so far.

"I suppose we might reach the same kind of plateau again, and The Grateful Dead will stop being fun. When that time comes we'll have to look at the situation all over again. We've got quite a way to run yet, though."

There's no temptation to live on a legend and just coast?

Weir looks horrified.

"Oh no, that would become boring after one night. It couldn't be satisfying."

I SUPPOSE it's the idea of artistic satisfaction that leads us back to the subject of relationship with the audience. I wonder how much the Dead feed off the response of the audience.

"I think it's hard to differentiate between the way we're inter-acting among ourselves and the way we're interacting with the audience. I think, to be truthful, we just become caught up in the music and work of that."

So why are you working comparatively small theatres on this tour?

"It's mainly because of the sound. The sound is always better in a smaller place."

So it's not to get a better atmosphere going?

"I can't actually see anything past the first few rows. I think it's a safe rule that it gets logarithmically less intimate outside of the first twenty rows."

The phone rings. Weir patiently explains to the person on the other end that his guest list is full and that he doesn't have any tickets.

Everyone wants to see the show?

"I didn't even know them."

Bob Weir enquires if there were any scalpers outside the theatre. I tell him I didn't see any, but there were people yelling that they'd give fifty bucks for a ticket. He sighs his distaste.

What else, I wonder, bugs him these days?

"I guess that's my only soapbox at the moment. Like I said, our main thrust has always been the music."

The music's *everything?*

Yeah."

This is beginning to sound a bit on the bland side. I really don't feel I can totally stand still for it.

Surely music isn't always just an end in itself?

"I'm sorry?"

Surely music is a motivating force? At a very minimum it shapes the audience's state of mind when they come out of the concert.

"Yeah. I suppose that is true. I think all we can do is to give them the kind of music that makes them feel good."

Can't music all too often can be picked up and used as a battle flag? We talk a bit about the punk/hippie hostilities back in the UK. Weir shakes his head slowly. "I don't understand that kind of thing at all. It's twisted."

FOR CLOSERS, we switch to a less complicated vein.

I ask Weir about his apparent love for trashy cowboy songs like "Big Iron", "El Paso" and "Big River". Weir grins.

"I have a number of them I can pull out when they're needed. They're fun to deliver.

You don't have a secret desire to be Johnny Cash or Jim Reeves?

Weir cracks up at the prospect.

"Oh no. No way. It's just that hose songs give a kind of variety.

"Without variety you can't have no horse race."

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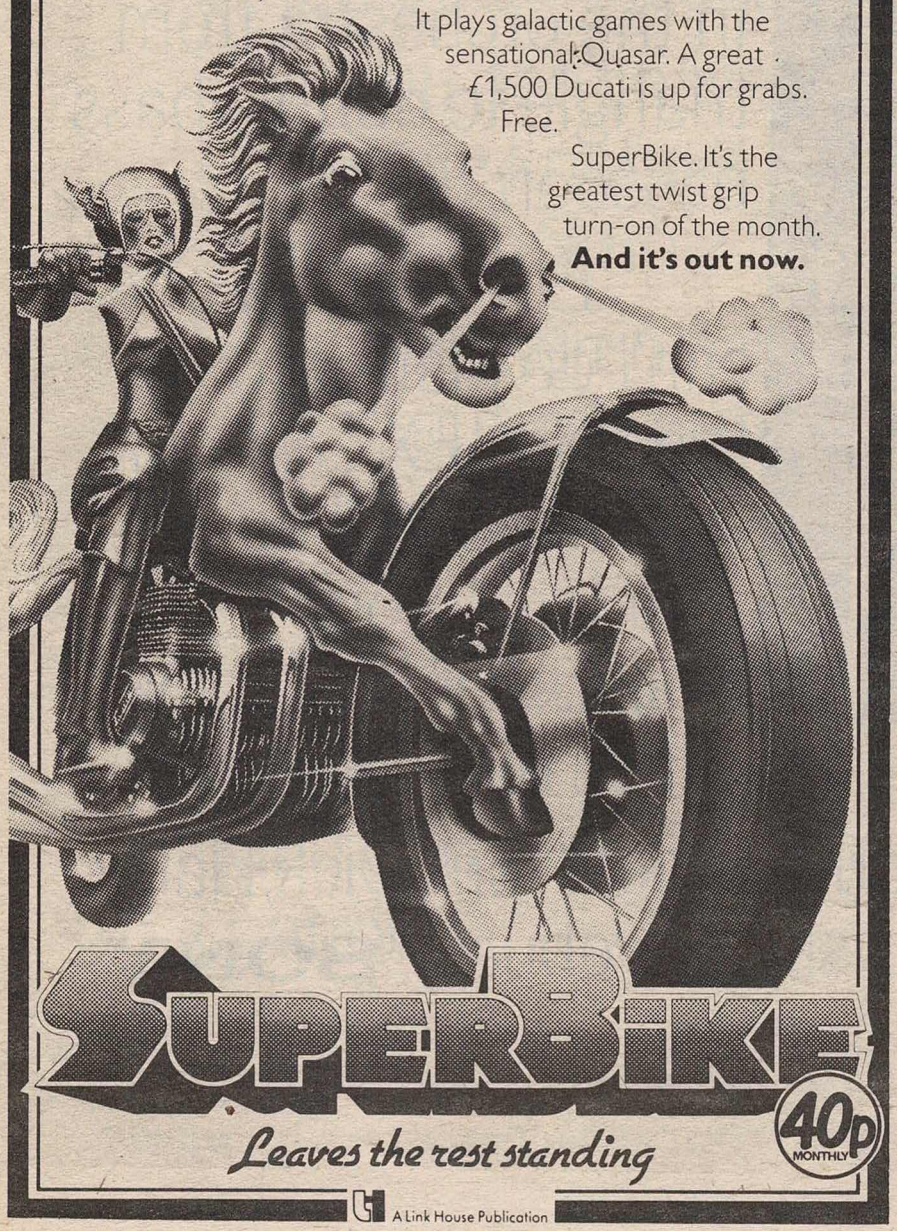

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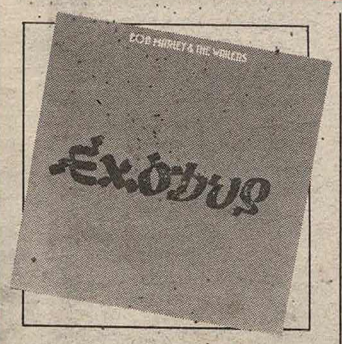
PLATTERS

(What happens)

AFTER THE REVOLUTION



BOB MARLEY AND THE WAILERS

Exodus (Island

THE REVOLUTION may not be televised, but sure as death and taxes it'll be packaged ... the sleeve of this album looks like a Cecil B. Demille poster constructed out of recycled Benson and Hedges packets.

The photo of Marley on the back of the cover depicts him in his agonised-expression-clutching-his-brow prophet pose, with embossed Rastafarian symbols, all printed on gold: the whole packaging concept reeks of overkill to the extent that the prospective consumer immediately gets the feeling that he's being set up for something.

This unpleasant premonition is dispelled virtually as soon as the needle touches down on the album, but it's still annoying. That carefully studied opulence has the reverse of the desired effect: it actually *cheapens* the music.

"Exodus" arrives with felicitous timing: it's the first great summer album of 1977.

Reggae always makes more sense in the summer, and "Exodus" seems almost like a reward for making it through the winter. Each side of this album is almost like a mini-album in its own right; "Exodus" seems more like a condensed double-album.

The first side is religious political and deeply serious, but unlike the Marley of "Burnin' And Lootin' " and "I Rebel Music" it seems more like an essay in raising and maintaining the consciousness of a post-revolutionary people.

The songs are less concerned with fomenting and inciting a revolutionary consciousness and spirit than with getting into the attitudes and ideals necessary to deal with what will happen *after* the revolution.

Which isn't pie in the sky or lack of relevance: too much revolutionary rock music is more concerned with images of revolution and destruction than with the consolidation and rebuilding that must be necessary after the immediate objective has been obtained.

Long range planning / positive vibrations y'all. Dig it?

The second side deals with life and love: deliriously happy music that adds flesh and humanity to the stern social / political / religious moralising of the first side: it's personal music about personal matters and it provides the dimension of actuality needed to complement the semi-abstract philosophies of the first side.

Musically, it presents no radical departures from previous Wailers' albums: the Barrett brothers are still down in the basement mixin' up the medicine, Tyrone Downie spreads delicious organ washes over the mid-range, the I Three are alternately warm and sardonic behind Bob and new guitarist Julian (Junior) Marvin — no relation to Junior Murvin of "Police And Thieves" fame, but an American-trained Jamaican lead guitarist — provides everything from snaky, pungent Albert King fills on the opening "Natural Mystic" to warm, lyrical picking on "Turn Your Lights Down Low."

It's been mixed by Family Man Barrett, Chris Blackwell and engineer Karl Pitterson in such a way that you can blow your brains out with the bass and drums if you want to, but if you've got more fragile tastes you can reduce them simply by adjusting the bass control on your stereo.

You can make this album sound completely different with even a half-way adequate sereo. So take you choice.

"Natural Mystic" affirms that there *is* a basic way that things are intended to be (an assertion of the very nature of the concept of "faith", in fact) and that struggle is necessary to attain the "natural" state.

"There's a natural mystic blowing through the air," Sings Marley against Marvin's blues guitar and the horns. "Never forget now, youth, who you are and where you stand in the struggle," he warns in "So Much Things To Say". "I and I never expect to be justified by the laws of men / But I believe Jah will prove my innocence."

It jump-cuts straight into "Guiltiness", with the I Three at their foxiest as Marley inveighs against "the big fish who always try to eat the small fish." The "Oh Yeah" vocal motif reminds me of Burning Spear's "Black Soul".

"Heathen" calls to mind Max Romeo's "One Step Forward", and the opening riff is reminiscent of Marley's own "So Jah Seh". It's the most compelling cookin' piece on the side, and the chorus has a feverish incantatory feel especially when Downie brings in a menacing low-register moog drone underneath the guitar / synthesiser / organ weave.

The side ends with the marathon title track, subtitled "Movement Of Jah People." It's as martial as reggae ever gets — check this if you think it all sounds lazy and laid-back, maaaaaan — and the horns and backup vocals line up behind Marley's declaimed vocal.

"Are you satisfied with the life you're living? / We know where we're going / We know where we're from / We're leaving Babylon, going to our father's land." Roots mon!

It sounds like one of the killer set-enders of all time.

THE SECOND side of this album had been described to me before I heard it as "Marley's 'Nashville Skyline' ", which is about half right since it doesn't represent a retreat / departure so much as an adjustment of focus.

Marley's standard concerns aren't pushed aside as much as amplified and given context as part of the whole. The same spirit that pervades Marley's political work is present in this collection of love songs: they're political as well, just as the overtly political songs are also about love in its wider (widest?) sense.

"Jamming" is about a spontaneous, friendly and unifying activity that people sometimes get into, and its followed with a pair of the most beautiful love songs that Marley's written since "No Woman No Cry".

"Waiting In Vain" (with a gorgeous treat of a solo from Marvin) is so transcendently pretty that dozens of singers will want to cover it, and I only hope that they treat it right. It's so-o-o-o beautiful, and I don't want to hear no sneers about "sentimentality", since a revolution which doesn't leave room for love, beauty and personal affection is no damn revolution at all.

"Turn Your Lights Down Low" comes from the same place that Dylan's "Tonight I'll Be Staying Here With You" does, and if anything it's better. The joyous "Three Little Birds" goes to show that nobody does "everything's gonna be all right" songs better than Bob Marley, since he transmits the inner strength that adds as an unspoken corollary that it *damn well better* be all right or else ...

The album rides out with a medley of Marley's "One Love" and Curtis Mayfield's "People Get Ready" interwoven so smoothly that you can hardly tell where one leaves off and the other begins.

"Exodus" completely eradicates the disappointment of the weak and substandard "Rastaman Vibration", and returns triumphantly to the epic heights of "Catch A Fire", "Burning' ", "Natty Dread" and "Live!", providing an ideal prelude to the now-standard summer of event of Marley concerts for June.

Get it, dig it and keep a smile on yer face while you're-smashing the state ...

Charles Shaar Murray

PETER TOSH

Equal Rights (Virgin)

IF YOU didn't know Peter Tosh was an expert at karate (oops, sorry, African Martial Arts), and a man of alternately glowering and exultant countenance, you might guess as much from his music.

Back in the old Wailers days with Bob and Bunny, Tosh was contributing cuts like "I'm The Toughest"; these days he's "like a stepping razor, watch my sides, I'm dangerous" as he says on "Stepping Razor".

"Equal Rights" is Tosh's declaration of ongoing and resolute militancy in the face of Babylon's machinations. Like Tosh himself, it veers between impressiveness, arrogance, and — very occasionally on this set — humour and easy-going warmth. If you're a Peter Tosh fan, then his attitudes are easy to swallow, but for the uninitiated (or sheer *unconvinced*), Tosh's constantly proclaimed self-confidence and awesome aspects can be off-putting and indigestible.

Tosh's much heralded and gaudily packaged "Legalise It" album was one of the great vinyl let-downs of 1976; a smudgy, formless collection of songs old and new, muddily produced and, with the exception of the title track and "Burial", largely unmemorable.

"Equal Rights" goes some way to rectifying the faults of its predecessor. This time round Tosh has gone in for a harder, clearer mix with a more intriguing interplay of instruments and a more dynamic choice of songs. The cover's better too.

The result is a more immediately appealing album, certainly one more likely to appeal to the cross-over reggae market, but one which still sometimes collapses into stilted tedium and sheer one-dimensionality.

These tendencies aren't tempered any by the way the eight tracks are allowed to sprawl across two sides of the album with often uninteresting solos, vocal repetitions, and other time-serving dodges.

The back-up band that's been christened "Word Sound And Power" by PT includes such session vets as Robbie Shakespeare and Sly Dunbar, plus Earl Lindo and Al Anderson, both of whom have featured in ex-Wailers line-ups. The rhythm section plays commendable stuff throughout (if rather wooden and inhibited in patches), creating the right sort of gurgling rumbling back-drop for Tosh's vocals.

"The opener is "Get Up Stand Up", familiar from The Wailers' repertoire but co-written by Tosh and Marley before the split of the original triumvitirate. Tosh takes it at a more stately pace than the original but doesn't really carry off what seems a too conscious attempt at 'difference'. In any case I prefer the drawling warmth of Big Youth's version of the song.

Vocally Tosh has none of the breathtaking dexterity, range, and spontaneity of Marley, but his dark brown growl is as distinctive as Dragon Stout and, given the right song — something like "400 Years", probably his best known number — just as potent.

Much of the time though, Tosh seems content with little more than recital. "Downpressor Man" (with the over-used "Where you going to run to" lyrical lick) and "I Am That I Am" both quickly degenerate into repetitive ramble, and it's only on the seven minute odd "Stepping Razor" that one feels the full force of Tosh's character.

Side two is more successful. The title track allies melody to message and "African" *"If you come from Willesden, Neasden, as long as you're a black man you're an African"*), if somewhat predictable in sentiment, delivers what's expected with a certain fetching snappiness that helped make the song a hit in JA.

"Jah Guide" is, musically, the album's most adventurous track, with some haunting evocative moog, but "Apartheid" hardly lives up to the demands placed on it by its subject matter.

Not an album that'll be hogging much of my personal needletime, but check it out for yourself.

Neil Spencer

RAW POWER

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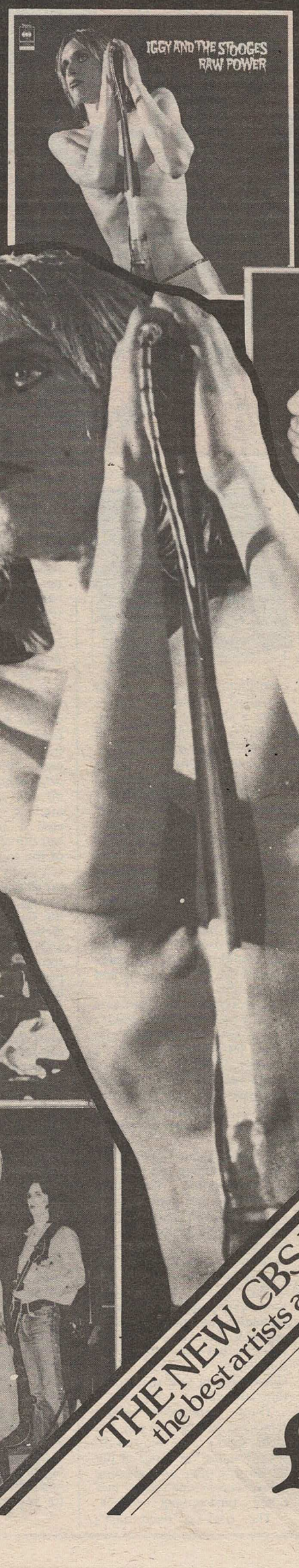
IGGY AND THE STOOGES



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KRAFTWERK
Trans-Europe Express (Capitol)

AS MINIMALISTS go, Kraftwerk (German for powerplant) go further than most. They veer towards the infinitessimal, basing their compositions on imperturbably repetitious themes.

Although there are many and intriguing modulations of tone and tempo in the seven selections here, they tend to be carefully concealed. Any 'changes' are so much part of the whole that they're unlikely to surface until you're intimately acquainted with that same whole.

Kraftwerk made three albums as a duo before adding another two members and scoring singles success with, er, environmental "Autobahn".

They've been accused of lacking a sense of humour. Well, if you took "Autobahn" seriously, that was your loss.

Please refer to "Ananas Symphonie", their tongue in cheek Hawaiian guitar serenade from the "Ralf Und Florian" album, the punning "Telstar" soundalike "Ohm Sweet Ohm" from "Radioactivity" and indeed the extremely gauche — some would say perversely tasteless — cover concept of "Trans-Europe Express". Mind you, they *used* to wear their hair long and all tied up like Bob Weir. . .

Relative newcomers Karl Bartos and Wolfgang Flur offer electronic percussion of metronomic precision which currently seems a fraction more 'orthodox' than any timekeeping Kraftwerk have employed in the past. You can even catch the cymbals splash.

The album's second side features an earthmoving rhythm track surreptitiously similar to the one Can pulsed through "Hallelujah" off "Tago Mago".

It's a mesmerically hypertensive beat, a stripped down version of Bowie's "Station To Station" motorik. Bowie in fact filched the monster from Kraftwerk — along with Iggy Pop he gets a namecheck somewhere along the line from Paris to Dusseldorf via Vienna.

All Kraftwerk feel the need to add by way of elaboration are sporadic mellotron blasts and some clink-clank couplings. The rest is rhythm plus.

The ensuing "Franz Schubert" is sweetly callous neo-classicism and "Endless Endless" closes the side with suitably metalloid vocal phase.

The other three 'songs' — with deadpan lyric intonations — are equally dispassionate.

The electronic keyboards of Ralf Hutter and Florian Schneider circle over drum tattle through the arch romanticism of "Europe Endless"; one keyboard impersonated harpsichord, the other obviously synthetic moog.

"Hall Of Mirrors" bounces now gibbering keyboards off padded percussion with ominous predictability — more flagrant breach of contract and convention.

The album's most wayward moments are reserved for "Showroom Dummies". Another Can-ish track, its words relate the *Dr Who*-style awakening of tailors' models in a shop front and their subsequent jerkings around town.

Sparse percussives and ultra-rhythmic keyboards reinforce the sense of unease. "Dummies" alone makes most of Iggy's "Idiot" seem like candy fluff in comparison.

Despite its obvious uniformity, "Trans-Europe Express" obstinately refuses to sound the same twice. It's mechanistic; it's great.

Angus MacKinnon

STEVE HUNTER
Swept Away (Atco)

HARD TO believe that Steve Hunter is the man who wrote and played "The Intro" for Lou Reed's "Rock'n'Roll Animal". No cascading riffs or fills here.

Instead we get backing-track versions of "Eight Miles High" and "Sail On Sailor", expertly played but inevitably lacking the majestic dynamism of the originals.

If there was some sense of fresh interpretation (as, say, a jazz musician might attempt) there might be justification for their presence, but Hunter merely takes the wise-ass rock musician's route of beefing them up a bit and leacing out the words. You can only depend on Prakash John's furtive bass lines *so* far.

The rest of the material, excepting "Goin' Down" (a trad. blues), is original.

"Eldorado Street" is big girls' blouses stuff, with *South Pacific* choral work against mundane riffing and some fancy picking. "Rubber Man" employs a smidgen of "My Favourite Things" (I swear), and "Of All Times To Leave" is smarmy, jingle-jangly MOR.

After an inconsequential trifle ("Jasper St), side two

Striker Lee

AGROVATORS AND THE REVOLUTIONARIES
Agrovators Meets The Revolutionaries at Channel One (Third World)

MILITANT DOUBLE-DRUM rhythms, courtesy Striker Lee in his role as genial barrel; King Tubby and Channel One dub mixes, overlaid with free-blown horn passages from Jamaica's top trumpeters, trombonists and saxophonists — Tommy McCook, Roland Alphonso, Bobby Ellis, Lester Sterling and Val Bennet, by name; time-warp echoes; and much care given to rounding off the most basic heartbeat riffs available for your nourishment.

The Agrovators — Carlton Davis, Robbie Shakespeare, Chinna and Boofa — come face-to-face with the Revolutionaries — Sly Dunbar, Lloyd Parkes, Tony Chin and Ansel Collins — at the Number One dub station, to wake the nation. Johnnie Clarke plays piano for an added bonus.

And no pious vocalists or toasters ramming words like Ras Tafari and righteousness down your gullets, iah. Strictly dub — 1977 style, when the two sevens *clash!*

Bite "The Conqueror", "Seven Million Dollar Man" or "Ethiopians Rock" for tasters. Sip "Special Brew", "Super Lager" or "Russian Stout" for further edification.

Pure reggae dub in the raw, just like them and them play in the ghettoes, and keep you awake all weekend. You no see't I?

Now that Third World have managed to secure distribution throughout the UK, this set of eleven bass and drum rockers should be easy to obtain from your local JA sounds specialist.

It's a vital feast — the dreadlocks them don't wheat up no beef. Tell you that.

Penny Reel

attempts an elemental theme cool, cool water. Tote that bale, paddle that canoe. It's pure "Book him, Dano, Murder One" escapism, palm trees and all. Like Donovan, without the balls.

Monty Smith

GLADYS KNIGHT AND THE PIPS
Still Together (Buddah)

WHEN THE vocal perfection of Gladys Knight has been harnessed to quality songwriting talent, then contemporary soul music has witnessed some of its finest moments.

"It Should Have Been Me", "Didn't You Know You'd Have To Cry Sometime?" and the classic "If I Were Your Woman" are all examples of the timeless excellence of her best work.

Unfortunately for everyone and especially Gladys, too often her records suffered from sub-standard material and aimless meanderings through a variety of diverse styles. During the Motown period she always seemed to be at the back of the queue when the best Holland/Dozier/Holland, Smokey or Wonder songs were dished out. Matters haven't improved much since the defection to Buddah and a disturbing flirtation with movie-soundtrack MOR and disco-fodder.

Here she is arranged, produced and has five out of the eight tracks present written by Van McCoy, a liaison that encompasses the majority of problems that have beset her (to these ears, at least) at both Motown and Buddah.

The album opens with a ten-minute-plus version of "Love Is Always On Your Mind", an attempted grand slam on Van McCoy's part that fails miserably, choking on the overwhelming blandness of a strictly mediocre song that sounds like a disco version of a 1967 Hate Hashbury spiel.

Lush, quasi-Biddu strings, solid funk rhythm section totally devoid of emotion, subservient Pip back-up vocals are all stretched over one quarter of an album. The song is not saved from silk-lined boredom by Lady Knight's vocal; she does what she's asked to and the entity just ain't good enough.

"Little Bit Of Love" closes side one, care of Van McCoy again — not Free. It's more meaningless pre-packaged Peace For Mankind.

Between these two tracks is the beautiful "Home Is Where The Heart Is" which approaches classic Knight status — a sparse, sensitive arrangement for once, with everything showcasing Gladys and her brilliant treatment of the lyric.

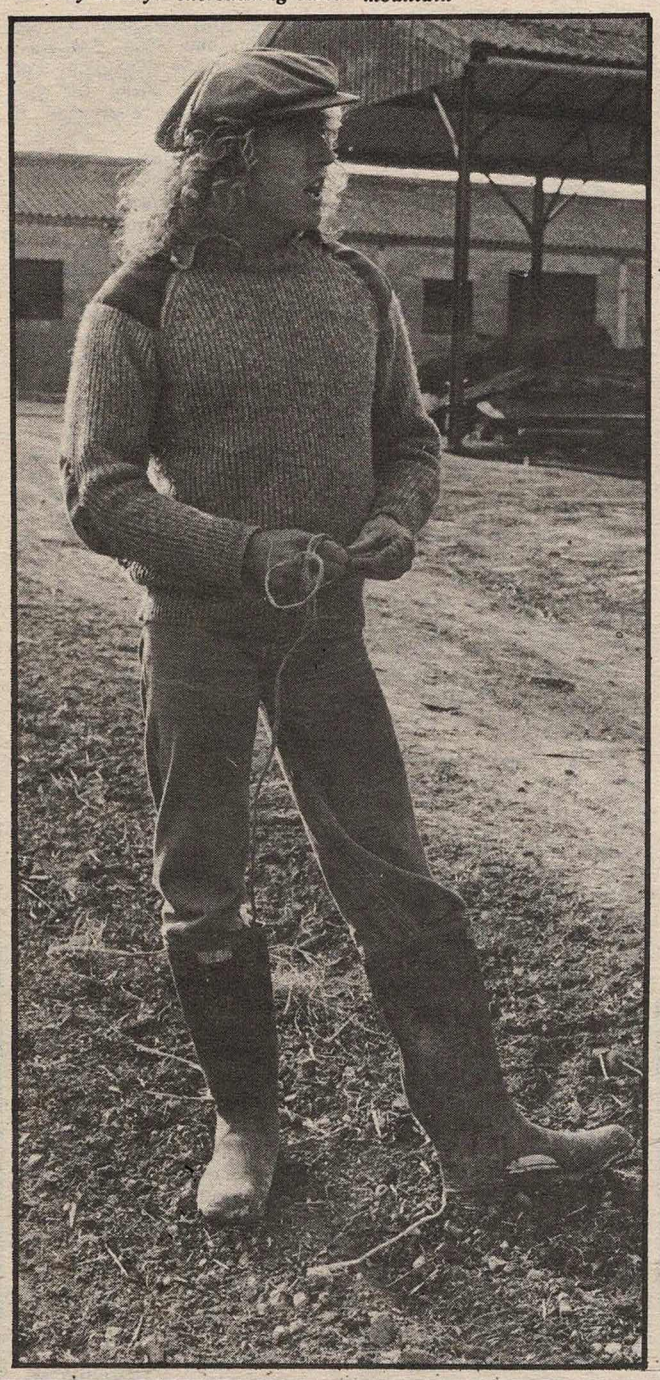
"Baby Don't Change Your Mind" is pleasant enough in an innocuous sort of way — harmless and pointless. The two non-McCoy songs are "You Put A New Life In My Body" and "I Love To Feel That Feeling", both by Mary Sawyer and Tony Camillo, the first reminiscent of "Midnight Train To Georgia" and not bad in comparison, the second falling flat with the same dull thud as any teenage dance routine.

"To Make A Long Story Short" and "Walk Softly" both see McCoy covering the tortured ground of the painful "Help Me Make It Through The Night"; Lady Knight squanders her talents (albeit profitably) for the sake of gutless, mock emotion.

And that's it. A record reflecting a state of affairs as predictable as they are frustrating.

Tony Parsons

Daltrey surveys encroaching butter mountain



Won't Get Foaled Again

ROGER DALTREY
One Of The Boys
(Polydor)

DALTREY HAS always been both insecure and impressionable. On his last album he was ill-advised to attempt performing a bunch of extraordinarily weak numbers. Here he has been supplied with some superb material.

David Courtney's and Tony Meehan's immaculate production, as well as the instrumental excellence and imagination of musicians like John Entwistle, Eric Clapton, Paul Keogh and Jimmy Jewell, combine to create a perfect studio ambience.

The album is alive with inspiration and faith, even if on occasion guitarists Jimmy McCulloch and Alvin Lee contribute some distractingly tasteless solos.

Daltrey exploits his own talent to its fullest, once or twice — particularly on the extremely restrained and sensitive closing track "Doing It All Again" — indulging himself with a very ambitious falsetto vocal; his bravery however is rewarded.

Throughout Daltrey exhibits not only his rare ability but his sense of adventure. Only two tracks, Gibbons's "One Of The Boys" and Andy Pratt's brilliant "Avenging Annie", bear any resemblance to the high-rock style he utilises with The Who. Elsewhere he is more concerned with vocal (and lyrical) sensitivity and care.

Although the single "Written On The Wind" might be a re-write of the MOR standard "Bye Bye Blackbird", and McCartney's song "Giddy" could be viewed as insubstantial alongside such excellent material, Daltrey brings both tracks refreshingly alive.

But then the breadth of talent he exposes is invariably staggering, even making his efforts on his debut solo "Daltrey" seem almost insignificant.

He interprets Philip Goodhand-Tait's two songs "Leon" and "Parade" and Colin Blunstone's humorous country stomp "Single Man's Dilemma" superbly, but there is even more conviction in the three songs he helped to write.

In style they are all similar; strong melodies dependent on delicate piano lines, catchy hook choruses and a constant shift of emphasis from rhythm section or Rod Argent's synthesisers.

"Satin And Lace" and "Doing It All Again" are lyrically whimsical, but "The Prisoner", the best track of the album, has obviously been inspired by Daltrey's concern for convicted individuals like George Davis and John McVicar.

It is the best album I have heard this year. And what's even more encouraging is that those previously reluctant to do so will now have to acknowledge Daltrey's creative brilliance.

Tony Stewart

IMPORTS

FACT IS, the whole damned expensive double that is **Jerry Jeff Walker's** latest is so full of highs that I've been like a habitual pill-popper all week long and haven't returned to earth yet.

Good-timey? Nobody will give you such a good-time as Walker's bar-room buddies as they swing into "Up Against The Wall, Redneck" on "A Man Must Carry On" (MCA), before a highly partisan Dallas audience.

Howja like your chickens? If you prefer them in stereo , then "Carry On " contains a sample of random cackles that some how segues into an alfresco "Goodnight Ladies" before the band gets to work on a loosen-up, cut in a Texas dance hall version of Rusty Weir's "Don't It Make You Wanna Dance?".

More laid back items are Rodney Crowell's "Song For The Life" and Dylan's "One Too Many Mornings". Only Charles John Quatro's poems in tribute to Hondo Crouch, the late rocking chair philosoher of Luckenbach, fail to hit paydirt, though Crouch's own "Luckenbach Moon", recorded on the general store front porch is totally disarming and quite moving, as is Jerry Jeff's rendition of "My Buddy", a Gus Kahn favourite from the early '20s.

I guess I could go on eulogising 'till Texas shrinks to size but what's the point. If you haven't yet figured out that "Carry On" is a GREAT album then you probably never will.

Gabby Pahinui and **Atta Issacs** , the hula harmonists Ry Cooder employed on his last album, reverse the tables on "The Gabby Pahinui Hawaiian Band" (Warners), Cooder helping out on sessions that took place in April '75.

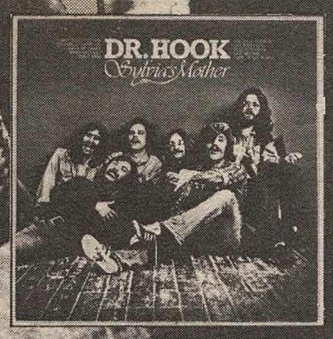
A new **Ben Sidran** release is always good news and the ex-Steve Miller pianist has assembled a remarkably fine band in Larry Carlton (guitar), Blue Mitchell (trumpet), Tony Williams (drums) and Phil Upchurch, Richard Davis, Chuck Domanco (bass-players) for "The Doctor Is In" (Arista). Tracks on this one include "Silver's Serenade", penned by original soul keyboard man Horace Silver, and "Goodbye Pork Pie Hat", a Mingus standard.

I guess I should mention that **Stones'** album is now available in re-processed stereo on German Decca and that HMV of Oxford Street have laid their hands on large stocks of "Con Le Mie Lacrime" — which, as any ice-cream merchant will tell you, is "As Tears Go By" sung in Italian by the Stones — this being a picture-sleeved single (backed by "Heart Of Stone" sung in immaculate Dartfordese), price £1.35 per copy.

Due soon is "A **Gene Vincent** Record Date" (Capitol) which features "Get It", a number recently covered in high style by Dave Edmunds, the salient feature of this release being that **Eddie Cochran** sings back-ups on most tracks. **Fred Dellar**

All the best of DR. HOOK on their new album Sylvia's Mother

CBS 31458 Embassy



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SANDY DENNY
Rendezvous (Island)

NOT SO much overdue as unexpected. It's been well over three years since Sandy Denny's last solo venture — the excellent "Like An Old Fashioned Waltz". I was beginning to wonder if the joys of domesticity had made her foresake the delights of a 24 track mixing console.

The First Lady of Folk tag is a long way behind her now. "Old Fashioned Waltz" saw to that with its lushly romantic tunes and faithful renderings of old jazz standards.

"Rendezvous" is in a similar vein, although the non-original material is more modern. "Silver Threads And Golden Needles" is the most venerable of these, and even that was a hit for the Springfields within living memory (within someone's living memory).

There's a beautiful version of Richard Thompson's "I Wish I Was A Fool For You Again", which if anything is better than the composer's original. Elton John and Bernie Taupin's "Candle In The Wind" — the choice for the single — breathes new life into their Marilyn Monroe eulogy.

So score three hits out of 9 tracks for choice of material so far. Husband Trevor Lucas's production is just right, the string and brass arrangements by Harry Robinson and Steve Gregory are note perfect.

The playing, by the likes of Richard Thompson, Steve Winwood, Dave Pegg and Jerry Donahue, is impeccable and Sandy's singing is as ever sensitive and poignant.

I've always found it difficult to make snap judgements on Sandy Denny albums. It's been a question of letting them grow on me over a period of weeks, months even. But a spot decision is called for. Well, I like this album but with reservations.

I think it's Ms Denny's songs themselves that prevent me from wholeheartedly endorsing "Rendezvous". She takes six writing credits, and of those three get a well-deserved gold star, while the others fall into a rather vapid middle ground of unmemorable tunes and undistinguished lyrics.

"One Way Donkey Ride" gets an emphatic stamp of approval with its lovely rolling melody and thoughtful, literate lyrics.

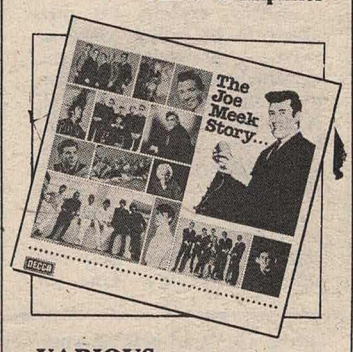
"No More Sad Refrains" is vintage Denny, a delicate, low key song, and "All Our Days" merits its place as the album's longest track, clocking in at an imposing 7 minutes plus.

I had my doubts when I first heard "Days" because it sounded like an excuse for a piece of production overkill, the orchestra and brass relegating Sandy into an Isthmian League situation.

But the more I play it, the more it grows in stature — a beautiful song about the shifting seasons, incorporating voice and orchestra into a piece of lasting grandeur.

The three remaining cuts "Gold Dust", "Take Me Away" and "I'm A Dreamer", suffer from an insistence on relying on choruses that don't merit such attention. Maybe that's just pedantic sniping.

Patrick Humphries



VARIOUS
The Joe Meek Story (Decca)

THE LATE Joe Meek was an independent British record producer who scored with a number of hit singles in the early sixties. This reverently compiled double album does scant justice to his talent, despite the good intentions behind it.

Only two of his biggest songs are on the set. They're "Telstar" by The Tornados and "Just Like Eddie" by Heinz; both are somewhat overshadowed by the 22 lesser works surrounding them — many of which should have been left in the vaults.

Meek's reputation was made by "Telestar", which was a number one on both sides of the Atlantic in 1962. Its success was partly due to its strong, memorable melody, but depended mainly on the spacey instrumental sound that Meek created with the primitive technology at his disposal.

It was a curiously compelling sound that displayed scant evidence of the contrivance that had gone into it.

In retrospect, "Telstar" seems to have been an unacknowledged inspiration for some of the instrumental passages on the Pink Floyd's first album five years later.

"Just Like Eddie" was exactly what the title said, a pastiche of Eddie Cochran, but with a slightly heavier beat than its source of inspiration.

Heinz was one of The Tornados who'd gone out on his own, and he generated a publicity on the strength of his dyed white hair.

These two records seem to have typified a large part of Joe Meek's approach. He favoured novelty instrumentals and "tributes" to American performers by soundalike Brits.

The Tornados, in fact, went on to have three more top 20 singles: "Globetrotter", "Robot", and "Ice Cream Man". None of them are here.

There are some engaging instrumental funnies, though. Notable among them is "Can Can '62" by Peter Jay and the Jaywalkers — simply a tune to which French ladies used to perform rude dances, but played with a big, fat honking sax.

There's also "Saxon Warcry" by The Saxons, which has a lot of extras mumbling "rhubarb, rhubarb" in an aggressive kind of way at the start. The Saxons were originally called Robbie Gale and The Whirlwinds, a fact that's almost worth the price of the album. They later became the Tornados.

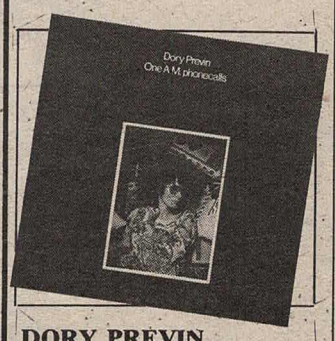
Meek's soundalikes included Mike Berry, who did Buddy Holly impersonations and recorded a "Tribute to Buddy Holly" after Holly's death. There was also one Davy Kaye, who was Meek's answer to Elvis, and on a cut called "In My Way", he does a painful take-off of the King's "Love Me Tender" style.

At the time of the Merseybeat boom, Meek cut a single called "Who Told You?" by Freddie Starr and The Midnighters. It sounded not a million crochets removed from The Beatles.

Screaming Lord Sutch was another of the Meek stable, and his 1963 single "Jack The Ripper" was banned from the radio for being "obscene". Blood curdles a little less easily 14 years on.

The worst omission from the set is "Have I The Right" by The Honeycombs, which was number one for Meek in 1964. A bouncy singalong with an annoyingly catchy hook, the reason for its absence is presumably because it was on a different label, Pye.

Bob Edwards



DORY PREVIN
One AM Phone Calls (United Artists)

IT'S ONLY the children of the wealthy who tend to be a bundle of neuroses — they're the only ones who can afford the cure.

Dory Previn is a prime exponent of what Tom Wolfe called "The Me Generation", appealing to students, middle class wheatgerm liberals and Jewish American Princesses.

Sure, Dory got a right to feel sorry for herself — Andre *did* dump her for Mia Farrow. I'm only surprised it took him so long — one night of Dory's special brand of yes - I - suffer - but - please - don't - feel - sorry - for - me aura, and I'd be a sitting duck for a sweet savage waif.

Her albums are just *too* much, but this compilation (assembled from her first five albums) is surprisingly easy to stomach, as ships in the night and beautiful losers rub shoulders with King Kong references.

The plaintive "Scared To Be Alone", opens harrowing tragic vaudeville of M. Monroe and J. Christ as media martyrs. The suicidally singalong "Twenty Mile Zone", follows one for the Bourgeois Individualist Fruitcake Analyst Brigade.

But it's into the lowest slough of schizophrenia for the chilling "Doppelganger", which traces carnage through Dallas, Vietnam and Kent State with racialism in '30s Berlin and '60s Alabama. Sound like a "Sympathy For The Devil" cliche till you realize that everyone is Doppelganger.

"The Altruist And The Needy Case" is a whining dilletante putdown of a zealous if foolhardy crusader, and "Lady With The Braid" is masterful, a soar through the depths of loneliness and desire with guitar chords and words falling on deaf ears as simple and shocking as drops of fresh blood on new snow.

The airy fairy "Mythical Kings And Iguanas" is not without a certain fey beauty. Previn agonises over her advanced age and vulnerability on "Lemon Haired Ladies" (aka Mia), hopelessly resigned to the strayings of her sweetheart to the arms of 20-year-old blondes; *"Whatever you give me I'll take as it comes / I'll discard self-pity and manage with crumbs."*

"Mary C Brown And The Hollywood Sign" is a biting inditement of the dream machine, a silver screen suicide sonnet which also passes as a rock and roll roll-call. Lemmings stay the same, though scenarios change.

Superficially a comic novelty song, "King Kong" recalls the Melanie "I Don't Eat Animals" ditty in its *j'accuse* tone.

From "Live At Carnegie Hall" comes the last track, the enchanting "Be Careful Baby, Be Careful" which, despite its cascading piano supperclub ambience, lives up to its warning.

"Someday when you're no longer a winner / And you've burned your tongue on the taste of defeat / Perhaps the day will come when the two of us will meet / Then you'll descend to my level and we'll lie side by side in the dirt / Then I will show you respect."

Applause.

Julie Burchill

BILL QUATEMAN
Night After Night (RCA)

A FEW years back, Bill Quateman made an eponymously-titled album for CBS. An impressive debut it was too. The Chicago composer-singer employed occasional sideman like Caleb Quaye, Denny Seiwell and Ray Cooper to both punchy and melodic effect. Quateman's voice is pleasingly distinctive.

This time round, his supporting band — Quayle, Seiwell, John Marsh on bass and Ira Kart on keyboards — are ever-present, sometimes augmented by special guests (Ian Underwood, Bruce Johnstone, Terry Reid).

So what went wrong? Quite simply, Quateman has taken the route favoured by another once-promising singer-songwriter, Shawn Phillips. Forsaking their individualistic styles, they've opted for accessible funk-rock, ephemeral pap.

Not only are Sonny Burke's blaring horn arrangements an almost constant source of irritation (beginning with the first cut, "Doncha (sic) Wonder"), but Jimmie Haskell's lustrous strings manage to swamp everything but the oppressive back-up vocalists.

Quateman, where's you at? Bruce Springsteen ("Mama Won't You Roll Me"), Neil Young ("Dance Baby Dance") or Bowie / Steve Miller ("Your Money Or Your Life")?

Certainly, little of his own identity shines through. The only two songs that stand comparison with his earlier work are "Back By The River", featuring Lenny Castro on quica and Kart's finely chopped organ chords, and "Down To The Bone".

Caleb's tasteful guitar interjections are formidable throughout but Johnstone's vocal arrangements are disappointing, annoyingly phased for "Au Claire", virtually token on "Dance Baby Dance".

Monty Smith

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HERBIE HANCOCK
V.S.O.P. (CBS)

WHEN THIS was recorded in June 1976 as part of the Newport jazz festival, it came from an evening grandly titled a "retrospective of the music of Herbie Hancock".

"V.S.O.P." might have been a good way of mapping out the evolution of Hancock's music. Instead it emerges as more of an excuse for some excellent musicians to get together and play a style of jazz that most of them progressed from long ago — and that's an opinion shared by Hancock, as his sleeve notes prove.

Three bands were assembled to represent the main phases of his career. The first was the Miles Davis Quintet. Hancock joined Miles in '63, along with bassist Ron Carter and seventeen year old Tony Williams on drums. Wayne Shorter completed the line-up with sax when he joined at the end of '64, and it remained unchanged until late '68.

However, at the time of "V.S.O.P." gig, Miles had been in hospital and hadn't picked up his trumpet in over a year, so his place was taken by Freddie Hubbard, who had played with Hancock on most of the solo albums he recorded for Blue Note whilst with the quintet.

It's probably through Hubbard's lack of familiarity with the quintet's material that the numbers on the first two sides come mostly from those solo albums.

Hubbard's playing doesn't have the presence that Miles' had, and is not as inventive. Often during his solos it's Hancock's piano that dominates, by sheer weight of ideas.

Carter and Williams aren't as gutsy as before, but the years of playing since the quintet have given them an easy sophistication. Hancock's playing is less concise than before; it's surprisingly adventurous considering the basic idea was to recreate the quintet's sound.

Wayne Shorter is, as usual, masterful. His playing is alert, energetic and passionate, totally in control of a wealth of ideas — he's the only one who succeeds in bringing what he's learnt since then back to the music, without compromising the music or himself.

By the end of '68, Miles was looking for a new sound. He augmented the quintet and, despite cries that it wasn't jazz, got into the long, electric improvisation of "Bitches Brew" and "Live Evil".

Hancock worked intermittently with him until '71 and in the meantime put his own band together. The sextet featured Bennie Maupin (reeds), Eddie Henderson (trumpet), Julian Priester (trombone), Buster Williams (bass) and Billy Hart (drums).

Hancock had been heavily influenced by what Miles was doing, but wasn't prepared to follow him into the deep end. The sextet wasn't as adventurous at first; the sound leaned more to the straighter jazz of the quintet.

The sextet side is the most disappointing part of "V.S.O.P." — a shame because it should have been the link between his current band and the quintet.

Of the numbers they chose to do, one comes from the sextet's first album, the other from Hancock's last Blue Note album. Both are in the sextet's earlier style and sound like weaker versions of the quintet.

Hancock plays well, but the rest of the group sound tired and generally lack-lustre. The funky music that Hancock now plays evolved slowly in the music of the sextet and had they played something from, say, "Crossings", this might have been more evident.

As it is, on the fourth side his current band sounds out of place. But, in compensation, the funk outfit play with more energy than either of the other groups (the exception being the quintet's "Maiden Voyage").

Hancock delivers his best solo and proves that he hasn't really changed his playing so much as changed the music around him.

"V.S.O.P." is for the very curious or the dedicated, other Hancock fans are advised to examine before purchase.

Paul Rambali

DAVE SWARBRICK
Swarbrick 2
(Transatlantic)

THINKING QF covers, the first Swarbrick solo album was vintage swarb, held in the glare of the spotlight, fag firmly in the corner of mouth, fiddle tucked neatly under the chin. No doubts there.

On "2" it's pretty much the same pose, but shot through the sort of soft focus you tend to associate with hair lacquer adverts.

Surely Swarb can't have compromised his artistic integrity in the same way as Angela Rippon? Happily not — "2" is a bag of goodies courtesy of the dexterous fiddle of Mr Swarbrick. It's trad. arr. Swar-

brick all the way, apart from a couple of tracks by Carolan, the Chieftains' favourite harpist.

The uncluttered and precise back-up comes in the shape of permutations of the new, dynamic (Fairport) Pegg, Rowland, and Nicol) and Mr Martin Carthy — current holder of the British Indoor Guitar Tuning Record.

Swarb doesn't seem out to prove he's got more than the legal five digits per hand here. Sure he flourishes his bow and when duty calls gets down to some frantic fiddling, but it's not a flamboyant style of frantic playing.

Instead it's just good, reliable musicianship; he proves that restraint is as effective a way of demonstrating potential as ostentation.

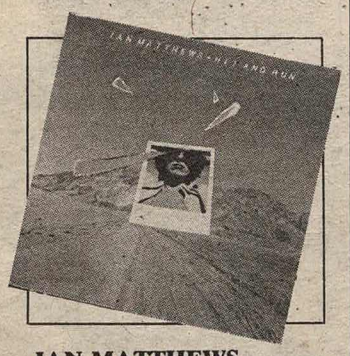
It's a well balanced set, the jaunty ensemble jigs and sets like "Shepherd's Hey", perhaps familiar from "Morris On", are interspersed with melancholic solo pieces — particularly "King Of The Fairies", with its fluid and solemn progression as the tune gains strength by virtue of the playings's fluency.

Swarb is more subdued throughout, replacing speed and bravura with tasteful and discreet fiddling. There's nothing more achingly beautiful than the sound of a solo violin — as on "Derwenter's Farewell" rendering feelings to make words redundant.

The up-tempo numbers are performed with a verve and flair that could pack out a village hall every Saturday night. Swarb's fiddle and Alan Robertson's accordion mesh exactly as they sweep through the attractive and compulsive "Teribus/Farewell to Aberdeen" with full ceilidh accompaniment.

A whole bag of fun, all 15 varied and melodic tracks, just the sort of stuff to make Yehudi Menuhin stick to the ukelele!

Patrick Humphries



IAN MATTHEWS
Hit And Run (CBS)

THE LAST time I consciously heard Ian Matthews was with Southern Comfort in the heady days when we were stardust and golden. But I always remember him from Fairport days and his contributing the beautifully languid "Book Song" to their second album.

And now all these years on, it's an album from Hollywood that re-introduces me.

"Laid back" is one way to describe it; "soporific" is another. You can't fault the playing, especially Jay Lacy's guitar and Steven Hooks' saxes. But the songs (the majority written by Matthews and Lacy) have little going for them to lift them out of an innocuous rut: limp choruses weak lyrics, and non too memorable tunes, punctuated with the kind of playing that sounds more laid down out of an obligation than a desire to play.

Matthews is in good voice throughout — no complaints there — but it's a pity he didn't find more substantial material.

Patrick Humphries

VARIOUS
Golden Soul (Atlantic)

WANNA GO to heaven *and* shake a mean tailfeather? You could do worse than shell out for Atlantic's "Golden Soul" compilation, which not only hands over its proceeds to the United Nation High Commission for Refugees but also covers 15 years of real cool soul.

What you're given is *the* sad song, Otis Redding's "Dock Of The Bay", defeated glory from crying seagulls to a resigned whistle.

The irresistible mock innocence of Ray Charles "What'd I Say?" is backed with painstakingly perfect percussion. And from the oldest track to the newest, the elegant aquatic "Feel Like Makin' Love" by Roberta Flack, severe sophistication never descending into MOR.

Wilson Pickett's immaculate soul-shouter "In The Midnight Hour" and King Curtis' esoteric "Memphis Soul Stew" are also here, along with Ben E. King's first post-Drifters solo hit, the delicate Phil Spector-produced romanticism of "Spanish Harlem", with violins.

Side two has relentless bravado courtesy of Sam and Dave with the production of Isaac Hayes and the guitar of Steve Cropper on "Hold On I'm Coming". The Drifters feature before their hair fell out with Goffin/King's twilight sentimental strings haven "Up On The Roof". They're followed by the egalitarian upmarket discotrash of the Detroit Spinners still offering up their perennial love on "I'll Be Around".

Percy Sledge hammers out "When A Man Loves A Woman" and bad boy Joe Tex kisses and tells once more for the brilliant "Show Me", while Aretha emotes "You Make Me Feel Like A Natural Woman" with the conviction which caused Lillian Roxon to call her "the epitome of unleashed female passion."

Buy "Golden Soul" and do a Displaced Person (and yourself) a favour.

Julie Burchill

VARIOUS ARTISTS
Golden Hour Of Simon Says (Pye/Golden Hour)

SOMETIMES I think the world is divided into two classes: people who like Kasenatz and Katz's brand of kiddie-show bubblerock and people who don't.

Mind you, more than three hundred million Chinese have never heard any of it and therefore don't give a shit either way, but that's neither here nor there. The Ohio Express' record of "Simon Says" and the mountains of pre-pubescent tack that followed in its sticky wake represents one of the major dividing lines in all of the rockulture.

Me, I have to admit that it always made me want to fwow up. I mean, teenage cretinousness is fine by me otherwise I'd never be able to stand The Ramones, but this particular kind of music - to - throw - jelly - by - at - children's - tea - parties has never appealed to me. Most of the adults who like it are the kind of people who regard all art aimed at people over the age of seven as a personal attack, anyway.

This album is drawn from the vaults of Buddah Records — primo perpetrators of this kind of blood - on - the - nappies stuff — and includes contributions from such bubblegum aces as the Ohio Express, 1910 Fruitgum Company, Lemon Pipers, Kasenatz-Katz Singing Orchestral Circus, Sha Na Na, the Lovin' Spoonful, Captain Beefheart and his Magic Band . . . have you spotted the incongruities yet?

Actually, apart from such borderliners as the Lemon Pipers' "Green Tambourine" and the KKSOC's "Quick Joey Small", it's only the Spoonful, Beefheart and Sha Na Na tracks which make this album worth keeping.

The worst moments are when the Circus tackle such grownup's songs as "Hey Joe" and "You've Lost That Lovin' Feelin'". The sheer grimness of those tracks almost defies description.

As for the rest of it, if you are unfamiliar with such triumphs of the human imagination as "Yummy Yummy Yummy" and "Simon Says" (the latter opens and closes the album with both the Ohio Express' original and a truly ghastly live version by the KKSOC), you're probably a better person for it.

Incidentally, you'll have to excuse me now. It's nearly half past eight and long past my bedtime.

Charles Shaar Murray

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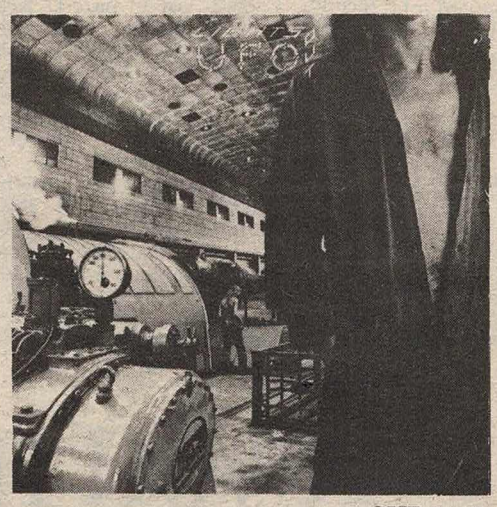

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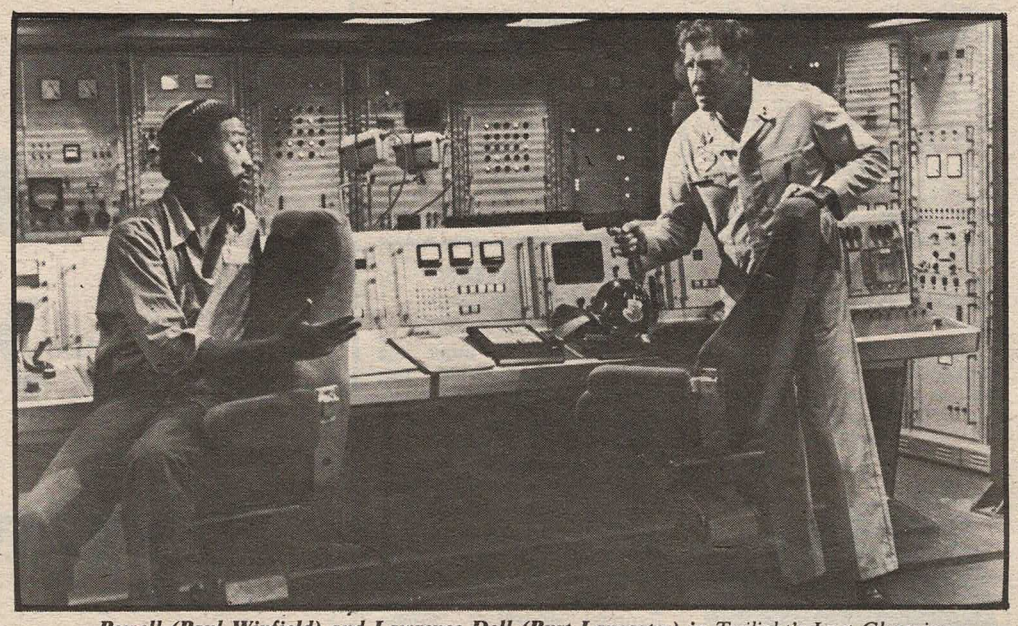

Powell (Paul Winfield) and Lawrence Dell (Burt Lancaster) in Twilight's Last Gleaming

NUCLEAR HORROR LACKS PACE . . .

Twilight's Last Gleaming (AA)

Directed by Robert Aldrich. Starring Burt Lancaster, Richard Widmark

IT IS 1981 and there's a new President in the White House. Meanwhile, on a lonely missile base somewhere in Montana, a bunch of Death Row convicts led by a renegade Air Force General named Dell (Burt Lancaster) have taken control.

Once safely installed in the control centre, Dell calls Strategic Air Command and forces his ex-colleague Commanding General Martin Mackenzie (Richard Widmark) to connect him directly to the Big Man.

Dell's message is brief: "We have invaded Silo 3. We are prepared to launch nine nuclear missiles. We demand ten million dollars, Air Force One . . . and you, Mr President."

Dell, we discover, was a prisoner of the North Vietnamese and a designer of the missile site, who was railroaded into prison for trying to get the government to tell the truth. A kind of hip patriot, his sole reason for the heist is to try and get the President to broadcast the contents of a Security Council paper on Vietnam on primetime TV.

Vietnam, the paper claims, was just a ploy in the battle of the superpowers, a bloody gambit to let Russia know the States meant business.

As plots go it's not dumb even if it wouldn't win an Oscar. Both the major themes of nuclear terrorism/proliferation and open government are highly topical issues in the new Carter administration, and it's obviously a message movie. The fact that it is disappointing shows that good intentions just aren't enough.

Aldrich's direction is scrappy. He uses the split screen technique a lot — and, it only works occasionally. Generally the pace is too slack. This kind of movie demands a precision, hard-edged touch.

Of the three main groups of actors, Lancaster and his convict colleagues Burt Young (Garvas) and Paul Winfield (Powell, the cynical spade) work well as the nuclear jackers provided as they are with good hip dialogue. Widmark, with his tie permanently undone, and his uniformed colleagues at SAC play essentially the same roles they've played for years.

Worst is the group in the White House — who fall on their faces. The fat President is unbelievable, as is Joseph Cotten as Secretary of State and Lief 'High Chapparal' Ericson as the head of the CIA.

Richard Widmark (Richard Widmark) playing usual role as Richard Widmark in Twilight's Last Gleaming

Highpoint of the movie is definitely when an army team tries to plant a portable atomic bomb outside the doors of the missile control centre to blow Dell and friends to hell and back. A rookie stumbles, sets off the alarm, and Dell begins arming the nine missiles.

Watching those nine steel mothers emerging slowly from their individual silos brings the point firmly home. When Dell comments: "We are now a superpower," you know it's for real.

It's good to know movies can be made about serious topics. It's just a shame this one doesn't come off. **Dick Tracy**

Tentacles (A)

Directed by Oliver Hellman. Starring John Huston, Shelley Winters and Bo Hopkins.

Mr Billion (A)

Directed by Jonathan Kaplan. Starring Terence Hill, Valerie Perrine and Jackie Gleason.

IT AMUSES me to see the parasitical Italian commercial cinema attempt to cash-in on a bigger (and much, much better) American original. They're so ham-fisted about it.

If *Tentacles* weren't such a visibly inept stab at ripping-off *Jaws*, it would be an insult to the intelligence. As it stands, it's just a sick joke.

It's virtually a scene-for-scene carbon copy: the disappearance of swimmers from a stretch of (poorly recreated) Californian coast alarms the local inhabitants, intrigues a crusading journalist (John Huston, looking grizzled enough to warrant a wheelchair between takes) and annoys the big businessman (Henry Fonda, who should be ashamed of himself).

Bring in a young, dedicated ichthyologist (Bo Hopkins, young and dedicated enough to talk to killer whales), leave out the worried Mom (Shelley Winters, shrilly irritating as usual) and you're left with a turkey big enough to float.

I mean, if you *are* working from a blueprint as finely detailed as Steven Spielberg's *Jaws*, how can anyone botch it quite so badly? Director Oilver Hellman manages it by indiscriminately employing all the typical Italian B-movie trimmings: freeze frames, flashy introductory shots, reflections, refractions, pointless zooms, all used merely to impress.

Like the shot of the moon

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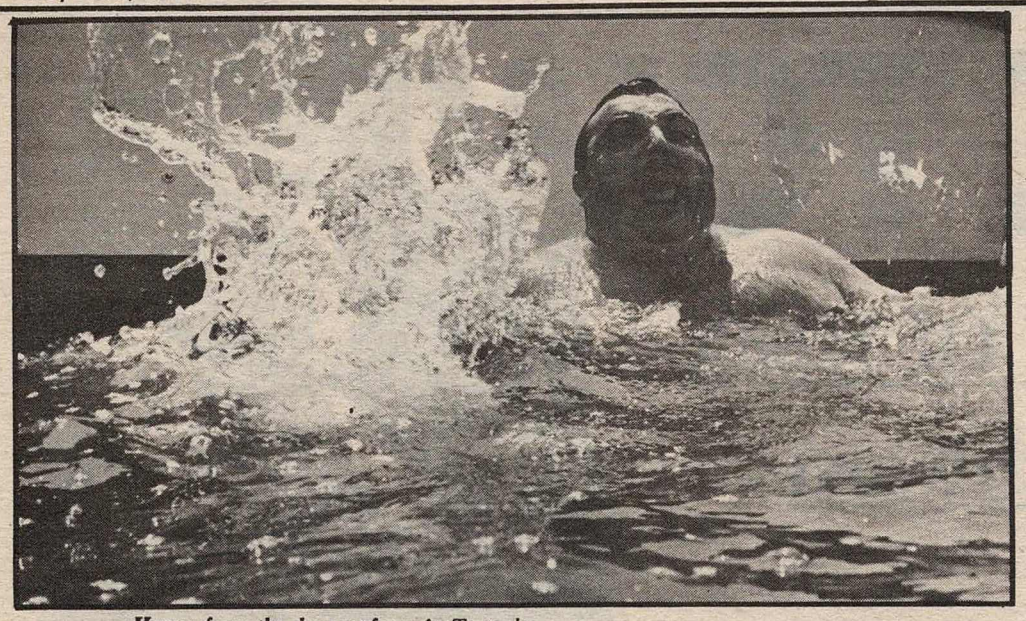


Horror from the deep surfaces in Tentacles

Valerie Perrine, one of the perks of Mr Billion

against a deep blue sky, ascending like a ping-pong ball as the camera descends, descends, descends to the waterline and then below. Oh, very flash, very clever, very Jacques Cousteau and totally meaningless.

With such visual irritants *and* the unbelievably inappropriate musical punctuation, it's no wonder *Tentacles* is entirely devoid of suspense. Oh, the killer turns out to be a giant octopus. Didn't think you'd guess that from the title.

Go for the last quarter of an hour and have yourself a few chortles. But be sure to stick around for the other half of the bill. After some pretty tacky credits replete with soft focus slow motion, rotten screen wipes and showy materialistic hardware, *Mr Billion* immediately gets into gear.

A sharper, more knowing, faster-moving comedy thriller I haven't seen in a long time. Italian superstar Terence Hill makes an agreeable hero, a garage mechanic who suddenly inherits a billion bucks. Taken for a rube by his corrupt business executors, Hill nonchalantly outwits them all.

After all, he learnt his English from John Wayne and his driving prowess from Steve McQueen. What more could any man want? Well, Valerie Perrine for starters and, after a queasily vertiginous climax atop the Grand Canyon, he gets her too.

The humour of the piece, quirkily understated, emanates from the motley collection of individuals Hill meets on his trek across America. There's a rapist (*"Hey, take it easy, perverts are people too"*), a cracker sheriff (*"Bringing in the sheaves,"* he sings through gritted teeth during a manic car chase), a hooker who steals his money, a black cowboy with a soiled stetson and, best of all, a rascally rancher (the estimable Slim Pickens) who has lost all his property in a bank foreclosure.

Go along for the ride. It's fun.

Monty Smith

Fire (A)

Directed by Earl Bellamy. Starring Ernest Borgnine, Vera Miles and Alex Cord

THE BAMBI-like deer catch on quick. The chipmunks aren't too happy either. Even the visiting schoolchildren are no slouches. They're all where the smoke is, and there's no smoke without fire, especially in the Oregon timber region in the dry season.

But then they all know that this is a made-for-TV movie, whereas *you* wouldn't find out that until after you'd paid your money in the vain hope of seeing the latest in the ever-increasing line of family-audience disaster epix.

It's quite smartly made until the continuity goes all to hell in several sequences. But the idiot-box origins of *Fire* soon become apparent as Richard LaSalle's grossly over-emphatic score swells to blaring crescendos every 15 minutes or so, whether or not the visuals require such melodramatic accompaniment.

Then there's the dialogue, exchanged with all the lobotomised conviction of an afternoon soap opera.

She, dewey-eyed: *"You know, for the two most compatible people we ever knew, we're really incompatible.* (Pause for tacky violins.) *Except for being in love, that is."*

He marble-mouthed: *"Love isn't everything."*

This loving couple (Patty Duke Astin and Alex Cord) are the squabbling Doctors Wilson, galvanised into reconciliation by the furious forest fire threatening to engulf the small lumber town of Silverton. During one (of many) crisis points, she finds the time (and the courage) to suggest; *"You think we should postpone our divorce a minute?"*

Yes, folks, it's cathode ray status quo time, the 18-inch world where everything *must* stay the same, to the point of petrification. Even affable Ernest Borgnine is an offender. The man whose craggy features have endeared many an evil (screen) bastard to us is here expected to convince as a smiling, saintly mill-owner who sacrifices himself to save others. No way, Ernie, it was just a con-trick, right?

But everyone (except the fire-starting convicts, of course) is ever so middle-class and proper. Like the town's old Doc (Lloyd Nolan), who seriously injures himself when swerving to avoid a bear in the road.

"It's wonderful," he later says, *"Caring for people."* What, even Smokey the Bear?

Monty Smith

AROUND THE CIRCUITS

LONDON

TENTACLES (A)/MR BILLION (A)
Italian octopuses meet rich garage mechanic. Reviewed this iss. (Odeons/Gaumonts)

CAR WASH (AA)
Hep spades meet dirty cars. To be reviewed. (Selected ABC — also Brighton, Cambridge and Oxford)

FREAKY FRIDAY (U)
Bizarre Disney comedy starring Jodie Foster as cute teen who swaps minds with her mother. (Odeons/Gaumonts)

SELECTED RELEASES

FRENCH CONNECTION/FRENCH CONNECTION NUMBER 2 (X)
Hot double dose of Hackman as Popeye Doyle. (ABC Hammersmith Broadway)

HIGH PLAINS DRIFTER (X) PLAY MISTY FOR ME (X)
Chance to catch two excellent Eastwood directed movies (ABC2 ILFORD)

PERFORMANCE (X)
Still as hot as it always was. (ABC's: EALING 3, WOODFORD 3, EMBASSY 2 WALTHAM CROSS, ABC3 CROYDON)

PROVINCIAL

TWILIGHT'S LAST GLEAMING (AA)
Interesting if unsuccessful nuclear terrorism flic. Reviewed this iss. (Odeons/Gaumonts)

ROCKY (A)
Stallion Stallone goes another round. Reviewed NME 16.4.77 (Odeons/Gaumonts)

BURNT OFFERINGS (AA)
Newie chiller on its first outing. Reviewed NME 14.5.77 (Odeons/Gaumonts) ABC subruns include **THE SENTINEL** (Maidenhead),

THE LAST TYCOON (Oxford, Reading),

GOODBYE NORMA JEAN (Bournemouth, Chatham, Eastbourne, Tonbridge) and

PICNIC AT HANGING ROCK (Gravesend)

HEARTBREAKERS

new single

CHINESE ROCKS

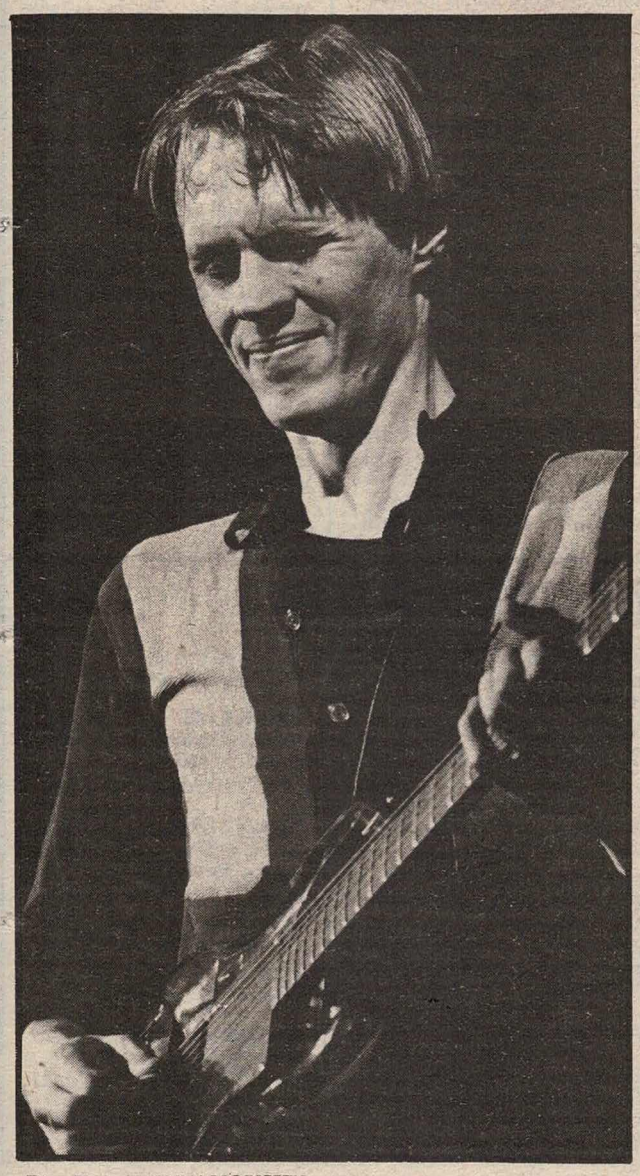
BORN TO LOSE

2094-135

TRACK RECORD

ON THE TOWN

TOM VERLAINE and (opposite) BLONDIE



Pix: JILL FURMANOVSKY

Ice Kings Of Rock start southward conquest

(BLONDIE OFF . . . BUT TV ON)

Television Blondie

GLASGOW

TOM VERLAINE and Television pulled off a near-miracle with their British stage debut by actually justifying the incredible things promised of them. I must admit that when I first heard "Marquee Moon" I thought Nick Kent and others had lost their marbles. Although I subsequently relented, in the unusually gloomy atmosphere of the Apollo I still had presentiments of a Springsteen type debacle.

It wasn't packed, the old Apollo, but attendance was kind of intriguing in its diversity. The Glaswegian rock-out regulars were out in strength, looking exactly the same as they always have — it might as well have been Quo on, to judge by audience appearances. Keeping apart were clusters of boys who had torn their shirts and put on ill-knotted neckties for the occasion, while the odd girl or two had splodged a bit of bleach and pink dye round the short back and sides.

Weirdo of the night was a character in a Ku Klux Klan hood and shades. Is it a punk terrorist or a new wave nun?

Having just oinked my way through several platefuls at a carvery, I was pretty sure I was going to throw up, which probably accounts for the pessimism, but Tom Verlaine wasn't in the pink either. He woke up that morning with a fever and had to have a doctor just before the concert.

On top of that, the band's equipment had been held up in customs, so they hadn't had a rehearsal.

Blondie opened with a scream and a tear through "Kung Fu Girls", Debbie's fringe standing up on end. Wearing jeans and a black shirt, she struck poses like Chinese action pic star Angela Mao, and her dark hair with platinum crown and sides reminds me of Disney's Cruella De Vil.

I really, really like Blondie, and I was upset that the gig was a very unfortunate one for them. Debbie Harry has made a classic girl's rock and roll fantasy into her own reality, and I like the way she adds to the Face and the pouting Spectoral Voice business with dry and dirty humour.

But Blondie are not ready for venues like the Apollo, and I doubt whether they will fare much better in similar joints such as the Odeon. Fighting with a dire sound, and probably nervous, the band was all over the place. And Debbie's frenetic go-go dancing became more wearing than involving as her lyrics and breathless New Yawk goilie raps ("Hiya suckers . . . something something, pant pant . . . and that's all I'd like to say right now") were swallowed up beyond recall.

They whizzed through "In The Sun", "Little Girl Lies" and "Look Good In Blue" to little movement in the audience, so new unfamiliar numbers like the frenetic "Detroit" and even "I Didn't Have The Nerve To Say No", with a fabulous vocal, practically laid down and died.

"X Offender" was a disaster, the monitors conking out and Debbie stopping the band to kick the duff equipment and explode in a tantrum.

Rather generously, the audience applauded a lot even though they kept to themselves during numbers, and the band got an encore for trying hard. Debbie blurted out the Daytonas' "Little GTO" with rather desperate verve and rushed off.

Christ, I wish they'd been booked into clubs for this tour. I saw them in a small club in the States and they were great, so it will be very sad for them if they can't pull themselves together for the rest of these crucial dates.

I WAS STEELED for the worst when Television came on, but the sound was suddenly healthy and, wonder of wonders, the audience brightened visibly from the word go, seemingly very familiar with "Marquee Moon".

There was a preparatory boogie type rush to the stage at the first notes of "See No Evil", but as the nature of Television became apparent people subsided into their seats, transfixed by what I have to characterise — however trite this may sound — as a goddamned, certified, intense listening experience, folks.

Television's approach is one of almost cold-blooded clarity brought to outrageously sophisticated, energetic rock. The Apollo DJ hailed them as "the ice kings of rock" and I'm damned if he hasn't just cracked it. Not only are there no theatrics, no fetching poses, no attempts to communicate physically with the audience — you can hardly see any of them *breathing* even.

The wan, angular Verlaine, his transparent guitar reflecting light, is the natural (or unnatural) focus of attention. Although a lot of his lyrics were unfortunately indistinguishable, his admittedly unlovely whine rasps into your brain, passionate and penetrating "like some new kind of drug".

While so still and almost undefined physically, the rest of the band are pretty fascinating. There's Richard Lloyd, apparently effortlessly cutting out neat, sharply elegant phrases; drummer Billy Ficca, unobtrusive to the point of invisibility, tirelessly inventive; light-fingered bassist Fred Smith, shadowing Verlaine so deftly. Nothing is thrown away and yet nothing appears to be done for effect. If this is beginning to sound like gibberish it's because I am gibbering.

I guess I'm supposed to mention they did "See No Evil", "Venus", "Elevation" even better than on the album, "Friction" and a newer number called "Adventure". In the early numbers it was Lloyd providing the most sparkly guitar solos. Then, on the now-famous cult number "Little Johnny Jewel", Verlaine screamed off with a ridiculous (as in terrific) ringing caper through the upper registers.

Together Verlaine and Lloyd look like pulling off what we've always hoped for from two lead guitarists, constantly slicing away from each other onto indirect routes and back to converge. In "Marquee Moon" Lloyd provides the rhythmic climb behind Verlaine's pacey chord development to an incisive climax. Whew, friends. Very whew.

If this all sounds rather heavy, there are some surprising bits that are fun, too — Dylan's "Knockin' On Heaven's Door" and, for an encore, a hair-raising "Satisfaction".

If Verlaine was sick that night and the band was feeling rusty, as Lloyd later said, then I sure want to see them when they're 100 per cent happy. Barring an act of God I'd guess that what happens at the end of the tour, when they've worked their way south, should be incredible. "Ice Kings Of Rock", huh? I like it.

Angie Errigo

J. J. Cale

NEW VICTORIA

I DON'T REALLY believe in the current attitude towards a J.J.Cale concert. The old cliches about Jean Jacques being so laid-back that the audience nods off, or that he has so little stage presence that a cardboard cut-out could give him a run for his money, are dispelled as soon as he ambles onstage.

Sure, he's relaxing, but to those who listen there's a chilling tautness in most of his work, a pervading atmosphere of false calm proven by his recent nervous breakdown, which suggests that you don't have to flash your crotch or scream in heartfelt angst to portray a complex set of emotions.

J. J. Cale himself has said that he's only happy performing when he can provide something live which isn't afforded on record. Naturally he prefers playing club dates, where the ambience is intimate, not ripoff. Legend even has it that he once sent Don Nix on the road to impersonate him.

These days the real J. J. Cale does stand up.

He was both physically in control this time and in superb musical shape, a slow-burning fuse which exploded occasionally behind non-committal shades.

Accompanying Cale were Bill Boatman, with him since the psychedelic watershed of The Leather Coated Minds, on guitar and fiddle, Jimmy Karstein, drums, John Giddle on keyboards, and big Mac Rather on bass.

The set drew heavily on "Troubadour", and though I certainly wanted more, they were on stage 75 minutes. I left satisfied, not ripped off, and high rather than anaesthetised.

No false Pavlovian call and responses either *(Can't stand them—Ed.)*. **The band walked on unannounced, but it was perfectly obvious where Cale was, sitting down stage left as they opened up on two instrumentals. Johnny stood up for "Cajun Moon". Echoes of Bradley's Barn, Mt Juliet, Tennessee, and the slinkiest southern funk this side of Toussaint.**

The main ingredient in Cale's live repertoire is a noticeable change in pace and rhythm from the recorded work. The two angles are quite different, even if the voice, and Jesus what a voice, growls out like that old hillbilly bear scaring turnip looters off his land. *(This is apparently an in-joke for American TV viewers — Ed.)*.

They varied the tempo considerably, with an easy subtlety which dripped smooth sensuality on "I Got The Same Old Blues", or rocked out like a distant freight train coming for your heart on "Ride Me High".

Cale was static and vertical, but his guitar and voice say it all for him. The man has wisdom and a sophisticated charisma which I prefer to some out-of-the-bin image. More James Stewart than Robert De Niro, though above all JJ is the Clint Eastwood of rock'n'roll. Cool and heavy under ice blue lights, with the guitar on remote control like Clint's favourite cheroot, and the songs drifting mesmerically around the hall.

Songs about Okie women, loose love and permanent toking because it doesn't have to be late to let it all hang out. For those who like to know what happened when, Boatman and Cale were fluent and sympatico all through. "You've Got Something" lapped into the Louisiana fiddle stakes of "Clive", and that old dog sure did sing the blues like the blues are meant to be sung.

If like me you had a notion that someone else played the hard guitar on record, we were both wrong. One of the features that made me sit there with a permanent grin was the man's beautiful picking, eerie sounds like dreaming you are in a boxcar and becoming part of the machinery.

Cruising on "Cocaine" or "The Woman That Got Away", either way it isn't only the notes he plays, but the notes he deliberately leaves out, that make Cale so uniquely addictive — and when he chooses to beat it down the line, then it seems like his way is the best.

"Bringing It Back From Mexico" was the furthest out point in the entire set. Oaxaca, weed and a finger to the border check.

Any good concert should have memorable instants. For me it was when he pushed out a languid boot and kicked the wahwah into life. So who needs heavy metal?

"Hey, we've been friends for an hour, this is the last one out," he grunted. No jokes, no bullshit, if you ain't got nothing to say don't say it. The audience wanted encores, "Crazy Mama" and "After Midnight", and got them.

I would have liked him to end on the whippoorwill evocations of "Magnolia", but I guess he pressed the main shot hard. Namely, it all added up to a whole lot of sex appeal, and I wouldn't have wanted to go home alone. That is what J. J. Cale is all about.

Max Bell

Lesser Known Tunisians

PADDINGTON

SINCE THE demise of the late lamented Bonzo Dog Band, various bands and singers — the Albertos and Neil Innes being the most successful — have tried to fill the gap with their own brand of comic rock, and now another hat is thrown into the ring in the shape of The Lesser Known Tunisians.

They're a six man Portsmouth band with an endearing line in verbal and musical wit, but whose connection with Tunisia is tenuous, to say the least. Unlike a lot of bands who incorporate humour in their act to cover up musical deficiency, the Tunisians' music is strong enough to stand up on its own, based on Zappaesque time changes and an interesting and fluid line-up of guitars, flute, saxes, bass, keyboards and trombone.

Lead singer Joc Elliot comes complete with a personality with 'Personality' stamped all over it. He can switch from Bryan Ferry lounge lizard (which surely ain't easy in Paddington) to Cagney type gangster on the band's set-piece "Big Bugs", reminiscent of the Bonzos' "Big Shot" crossed with "Rocky Raccoon". "Last Mango In Harry" is a strong, well constructed song which allows guitarist Adam Palmer good opportunity to take the piss out of a generation of guitar heroes.

The Lesser Known Tunisians aren't going to save the world with their particular brand of rock, but it's fun, and pricks many a pompous rock bubble. They're playing a lot in London over the next couple of months — try and catch them, it's more fun than Green Monkey Disease.

Patrick Humphries

Mr. Big

HEMEL HEMPSTEAD

THE LAST time I saw Mr. Big onstage was a year ago. They were supporting Der Sweet in a cavernous, booming aircraft hangar — as we music journalists always refer to these places — of a music hall.

They were not very good. New guitarist Eddie Carter had just pushed the band up from a four-piece to a five-piece and, with his penchant for acoustic work grating more than now and then against leader Dicken's To Hell And Back macho (though highly pensive) electric lead work, I remember feeling just a little worried.

Tonight, though, tonight . . .

This time Mr. Big are no longer a five-piece. They are now a six-piece. Guitarist Mick Llewellyn, late of Hustler, came in three weeks ago. His addition, plus the experience of a US tour under the collective belt of the five-piece, plus a year, has transmogrified Mr. Big from hovering at the bottom of the second division waiting to go down, to a band that next season should be somewhere in the top half of the first division.

They really do give you the feeling they can be that good.

With new drummer John Marter now working in tandem on the double drum podium with Vince Chalker and linking with bassist Pete Crowther (except when he turns in a chunky, lengthy solo on "Sweet Silence") there is a sense of quite awesome power about the rhythm section. Within this the band is rooted with an almost Bonham/JP Jones sense of dynamics, a vibe that is stimulating rather than bludgeoning.

Whereas a year ago every member of the outfit seemed to be going in a different direction, Mick Llewellyn's addition appears to have been the catalyst to pull the whole thing together and spur them off in the right direction.

They have also had a hit single, "Romeo" (and its follow-up, "Feel Like Calling Home", will be in our singles charts this week if the sales figures I was given were accurate). At every gig, therefore, a whole bunch of sixteen year-old girls appear, look self-conscious during the more . . . uhhh. . . *stretched out* numbers and squeal during The Hit. This confuses the band as much as the rest of the set confuses the school girls.

Ah, but this matter of *stretching out* . . .

Well, this is a slight inevitability for a band which now has, when Eddie's put down his acoustic or his mouth harp (played with both enthusiasm *and* dexterity), the possibility of *three* lead guitars. Not that Mr. Big always uses them in this way. "Take Me Home" (A New Number) centres around a dynamite, thundering power chord riff of the staccato kind favoured by the more histrionic of the late '60s British blues bands, chucked down with maximum cubic capacity at the audience by Eddie and Mick. Meanwhile Dicken pours out sheer demoniac energy from his lead guitar and turns in Marriott-esque parrot shrieks (though with yet incomplete lyrics from the Stanley Unwin phrase book). Its great, of course.

They never once get tedious. It almost feels that the onstage empathy is growing with each minute that they're up there. Good God, when Vince Chalker turns in The Drum Solo I even get off on it. When can you say that last happened to you, ehh?

Mr. Big is OK.

I think I'll go now.

Chris Salewicz

DEAR JOEY — I'll carry your plectrum always — safety pinned to my heart — LOVE JULIE

The Ramones

ERIC'S, LIVERPOOL

BACK IN THE archives and annals of rock and roll history, we recall with some revulsion four other boys who once played the dives of Liverpool with long fringes dancing a frenzied tarantella on their eyelashes.

Real apt that these new improved moptops should choose to play Liverpool; after all isn't this what Brian's boys might have been like had he hit them over the head with a sledgehammer seven times daily as opposed to holding their hands?

Joey Ramone is much more of a Beatle than Lennon ever was.

However, worse things first.

"Talking Heads," the boy I was with decided as we barged in.

"Oh yeah?" I sneered. It wasn't until I espied cute little Martina Weymouth that I believed I wasn't listening to a local hop combo who'd been locked in the closet with a stack of Sam and Dave and Doors records for the past half hour. They were playing that song that goes *"I don't know why I love you like I do after all the changes you put me through"* when we arrived, and the following numbers were similarly resistibly pleasant.

Forget all the smart syllables like "minimalism" and "parody"; I once read a New York Rocker interview in which all little Tina could talk about was the role of machines in modern life — which is neat, as they could be taken as three computers attempting to imitate the early Velvets. And forget the New Wave label/libel; Talking Heads are nearer to The Searchers than the Stranglers. Not even the androgynous zomboid Madonna appeal of Tina enticed us closer; we retreated to a dark corner and danced discreetly.

Talking Heads trooped off to mild acclaim, and looking around I was surprised at how empty Eric's was. And those present were definitely not the breed detected at London new music gigs; I saw just one girl in rubber. Otherwise flares were the order of the day — but a Bored Teenager is a Bored Teenager no matter the diameter of his trousers and when "Anarchy In The UK" blasted out, it was the red light to the lemmings. See them jump! Even the boy I was with, medium cool and a positive non-pogoer, began to fling himself around with quite appalling abandon when Mr. Rotten started rasping.

He confessed shamefacedly the morning after that only on hearing the record away from the jaded capital had he been struck by its full glory. "I use the eNeMeE!" sneered Johnny and I cursed in silent agreement as the ninety-sixth pogoer came to momentary rest on my gold-strap clad foot. *(What, no nail varnish details this week, Julie? — Ed).* I need holes in my feet like Britain needs Talking Heads.

Suddenly my homicidal contemplations are swept aside. Oh no! Oh yes! It's them!

Democracy, fair play and team spirit fall useless by the wayside as The Ramones take the stage. I have to look into Joey's eyes! Now anything goes — getting to the stage is all I know. Anything to get to the front; I stuck my stiletto heel into so many groins it brought tears to my eyes. And they fought back; I got cigarette burns on my feet and sapphire and emerald bruises on my arm to prove it. But true love conquers all, and here I am at last, clutching the barrier at Johnny's feet!

Everyone had warned me how much the forcible assimilation into the Ramones world of decapitating decibels would hurt, but I was oblivious. It sounded great to me; practically everything from the two albums plus "Sheena Is A Punk Rocker". The words are totally indecipherable but so what? This ain't a Wittgenstein tutorial, this is rock and roll. Who needs sense when you've got Esperanto?

"Joey!" I yell.

As if by the kiss of kismet, Joey enunciates: "Dere's a lotta special gales out dere tonight! Dis is for alla choo!"

Ooo! It's "I Wanna Be Your Boyfriend". I clutch the fragile barrier as one of my ribs gives way and the barrier collapses. Quick as greased lightning the security rushes forward to replace it; no heavy-handedness, no abuse, and as far as I can see the kids in the frontlines are helping to haul the barricades back up. Mission accomplished, the security evaporate like a mist before the moon and I recall The Eagles at Wembley where the heavies literally went ape.

"Gabba gabba" is the watchword and for "Pinhead" Joey brings on a sign stamped with those words. We accept you, one of us — we're freaks too. From the constant catcalls of "Suzy!" and "Headbanger!" one can only presume that a considerable number of Liverpudlians are at present being headbanged by a considerable number of Suzys.

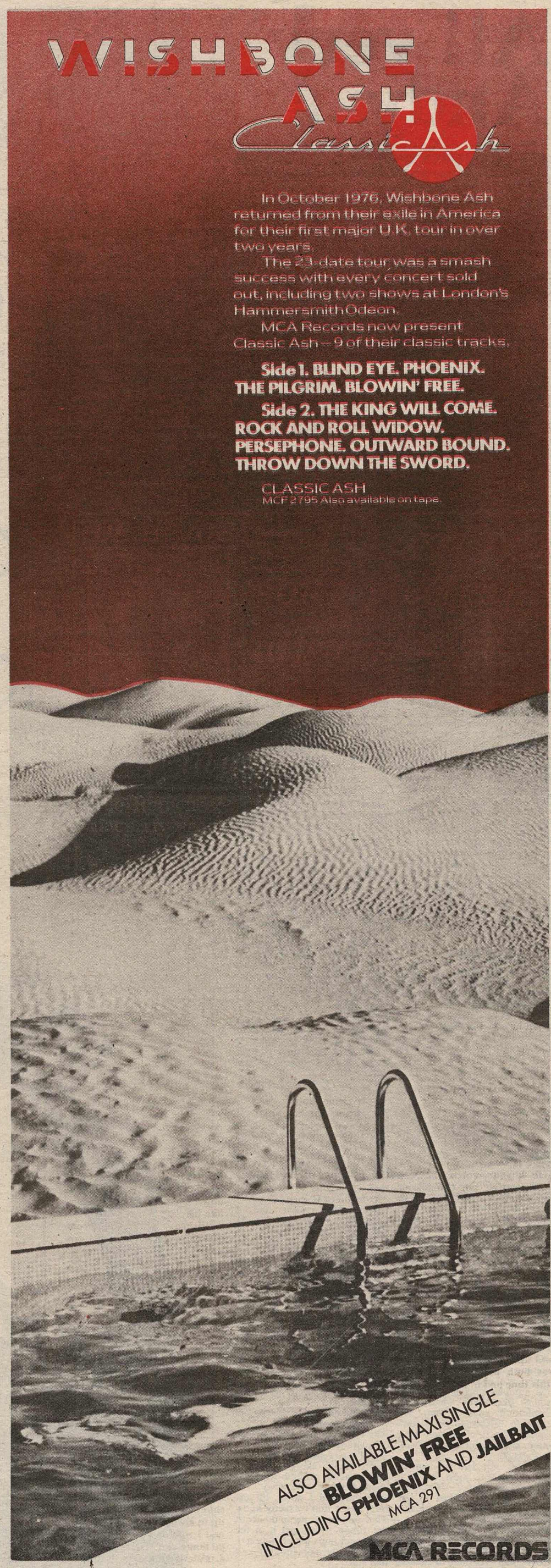
In one last death-defying act I balance myself on the again-failing barricade, and with one fell swoop my tremblingly eager fingers close around a slender white appendage.

Johnny Ramone's plectrum is mine at last.

Limp survivor of three encores, I lean shell-shocked against the wall and find it's the only thing sweating more than I am.

Ramones — you can never go home again.

Julie Burchill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All very Andy...

Andy Bown talks to Paul Gambaccini

PG: **Anyone who has a new Record Company must have some kind of hopes for what can be achieved with a new beginning. What, when you started this album for your new Company did you have in mind to hope to achieve?**

AB: A release would be better than has happened in the past and that looks as though its about to happen, so thats about a thousand per cent up already. The second thing is reliability in payment of musicians, studios, that kind of thing, which always worries me. The other thing is the fact that they, the people in the A & R Dept. at EMI genuinely like my material. I don't think they just sit there and say "Yes Andy, thats very nice, yes, jolly good, well we'll record that". I think they actually like it In fact I know that most of the people there like most of the material, which is very important to me because I'm as vain as the next person and I really, I mean I obviously want everybody to think that I'm the greatest thing since sliced bread and its just a matter of circumstances and bad luck that I'm not a millionaire... at the moment.

PG: **You must have had then an element of frustration in your life with some of these previous experiences. How did you cope with them, and maintain a strong image of yourself?**

AB: Strong image? I wasn't aware that I had a strong image.

PG: **I mean with yourself. How were you able to keep going?**

AB: Well, It's difficult when you have recorded songs and they haven't been released and you have periods where there is no opportunity to record and, of course, that's very frustrating and you think, well I ought to keep writing. Then six months goes by and I haven't written anything that I like at all and, you know, gigging around with other bands and doing sessions and that kind of thing, which is all very good to pay the rent and all that but, it's not total artistic form. I mean it's very difficult, and I think one of the main reasons that, apart from obviously the fact that artistically I'm very selfish, one just has to keep going. Apart from that there's nothing else I can do really.

EXPERIENCE

PG: **Do you fancy the songwriter part of you as much, or more the performer part of you, or are they inseparable?**

AB: They're inseparable to a point because the songs, most of my songs draw on personal experience, or draw most of their material from personal experience so it is personal, I don't really know how to explain this. I perform them to myself.

I don't think they're totally inseparable, but at the moment they will be inseparable until I grow a little bit older I think. Does that answer the question?

PG: **I think so.**

AB: When I get older I will look back and if I'm still playing these songs I'll probably still be performing them to myself, but the music I write in ten years from now I don't think will be for a performer...myself or anybody else. I mean they might be for other performers, they won't be for me to perform. So I think they're quite tight at the moment, but obviously if I keep writing they will go, because I don't just want to write songs to be performed, I want to do other things.

PG: **You talk about the songs coming mostly from personal experience and quite a few of the numbers on the new album sound like that's where their inspiration comes from. For example "Drowned In Texas" sounds like it could only have come from personal experience, but was it?**

AB: Yes, not 100 per cent of the song, but most of it is personal experience. I mean not necessarily just related to one person, just that it is personal experience.

PG: **There's a lot of reference to the United States on this album at various points. Did that come from going over there or chance.**

AB: Oh yes, very much so, yes. You know I worked there quite a lot and I suppose that being a songwriter with very little success I'm in love with the Country because they tend to listen to people for what they are.

FRAMPTON

PG: **Of course you must have the example in your mind at times of Peter Frampton, who had to go to the States.**

AB: Well he's worked so hard it's mind-boggling. He's done about 20 tours just with his own band. That's after Humble Pie and they did 16 tours. He's just worked and worked and worked all the time. I did six tours with him, it nearly broke my back. I had to go, I couldn't stand anymore.

PG: **To what extent do you take care that your playing is captured on the record as well as your singing. In other words do you supervise any kind of mix, or do you just go in and play and hope that the producer will put it in.**

AB: Well Tom Allom and I work together quite tightly. I don't go into the studio without a complete picture of how I see the song. Instrumentation and everything. More often than not it will change, that's just the way I do it. Just because I play a couple of different instruments I can't go into a studio and play 2 or 3 notes and say this is how it goes, OK take it away and the producer walks round the studio saying we'll just hit these drums on that and get some guitar players in. I have a picture first. We work quite tightly. I'm present at all the mixes and everything. It's not that I don't think Tom is a fine producer because he is, its just that I don't trust anybody.

PG: **There is a song called 317 which doesn't seem to be a very happy impression of New York. What is your impression of New York as a place for a foreign artist to be in.**

AB: For a total foreigner it's pretty worrying. It's far away the most exciting town in the world I've been too. It's very exciting. For happiness it rests on just a couple of factors. If you've got enough money and just a couple of friends – then it's fine, otherwise it's murder. That song isn't autobiographical – it's about a friend of mine. Stuck in the same room for seven weeks with no money. He can't smile now – he lost something there.

PG: **A lot of these songs lyrically seem to be about devotion to another person. It would seem to suggest you are happy in that region at this time.**

AB: Yes I'm very happily married.

CRITICS

PG: **Then one can say that the old saying of a lot of critics that one writes better songs when one's unhappy – you would say that is not necessarily true.**

AB: No, I agree that one writes better songs when one is unhappy. Everybody works their own way but for me – if I've had a particularly bad time, a bad row or something – I can't write at the time. All this writing on the road is a load of guff to me, I can't understand that. But later when you come back – that's when the idea crystalizes for me. And then I draw on those bad experiences but I've got to be feeling a bit better when I'm actually writing them otherwise there's nothing to write for is there – if you're about to die the next day. If you feel a bit better of course it's easier.

PG: **What do you do now to break this record.**

AB: Well EMI are going to work on it quite heavily. What can I say. They're great. I'm going to record again shortly. They're not standing around worrying about £ notes going away – or even thousand £ notes. I'll just carry on. I don't exactly know what they are going to do about the album – just get it in the shops and hope people buy it – get some plays on the radio, all that stuff.

The Heartbreakers
Siouxsie and The Banshees
Rings

MUSIC MACHINE

AS VENUES go, the recently opened Music Machine in Camden Town rates fairly high on the puntermeter. Similar to the Lyceum (or as Nick Kent claims, to an Italian disco), there's lots of balconies, several bars, large dance floor, elevated stage some twenty feet off the ground and a foyer which offers sundry delights like pinball and pool. The bouncers are also surprisingly good natured.

Wayne County handled the disks perched in a control booth modelled to look like a giant jukebox.

Johnny Johnny

Scumsurfer boy

I watched Rings for a good ten minutes before grokking on the fact that the lead singer was none other than Twink, ex-Fairies drummer, who has undergone a severe restyling job. Gone are the waist-length curls and velvet suits of yesteryear, to be replaced by a close crop, ragged denim and heavy shades. The band rock out in style, running through a mixture of originals plus old MC5 numbers, but Twink's Iggy impersonation comes over more like the Notre Dame hunchback.

If they ever have another Nuremburg Rally, Siouxsie and The Banshees will be there. Siouxsie, welded into a pair of patent leather, stilletto-heeled waders, striped T-shirt and black jacket with a Nazi spreadeagle lapel badge, screeched, barked and grunted her way through a whole mess of unintelligible lyrics, occasionally executing a quick jackboot shuffle.

The Banshees, led by an athletic carrot-haired lead guitarist, attacked every tune in high decibel fashion, reducing them all to the same electric power whine. Pointless, mindless, whacked out muzak.

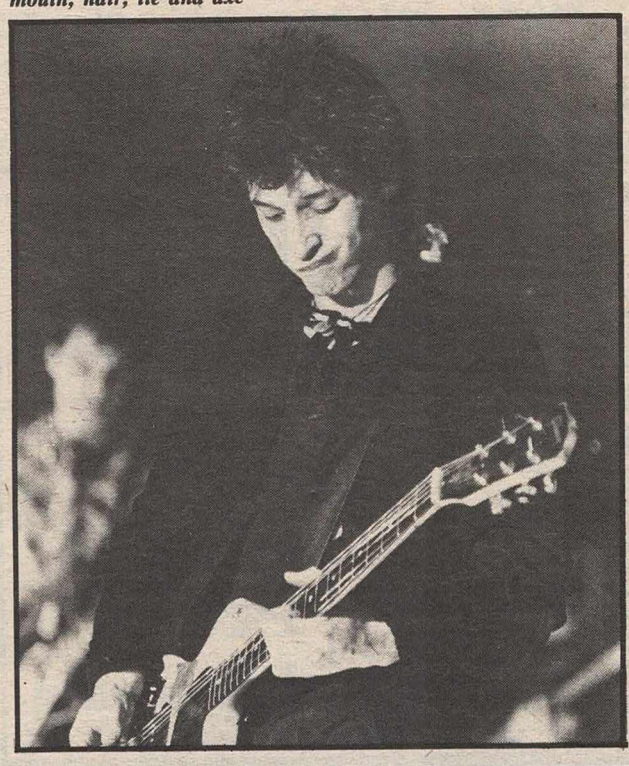
By now the artists' bar was playing host to a gathering of the clans with Rotten and his bodyguard, members of The Damned and Blondie all in evidence.

Johnny Thunders and crew blew on and launched straight into their anthem, "Chinese Rock", sparking off a wild wave of pogoing down below. They were much tighter than when I'd last copped them at the Roxy but lacked the manic aggression they'd displayed that night — when they looked little short of desperate. With only a few seconds between numbers they lashed through "Born To Lose", "All By Myself", "Pirate Love", "I Wanna Be Loved By You" and, for an encore, a dynamite version of The Contours' "Do You Love Me".

Thunders displayed his guitar class, with Walter Lure providing solid upfront support. On this showing The Heartbreakers can confidently take on all-comers.

Dick Tracy

THUNDERS plus nose, mouth, hair, tie and axe *Pic: DENIS O'REGAN*



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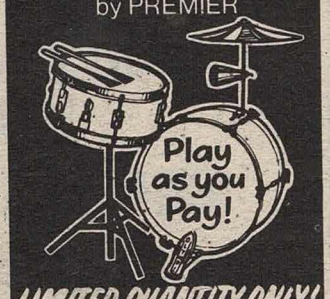

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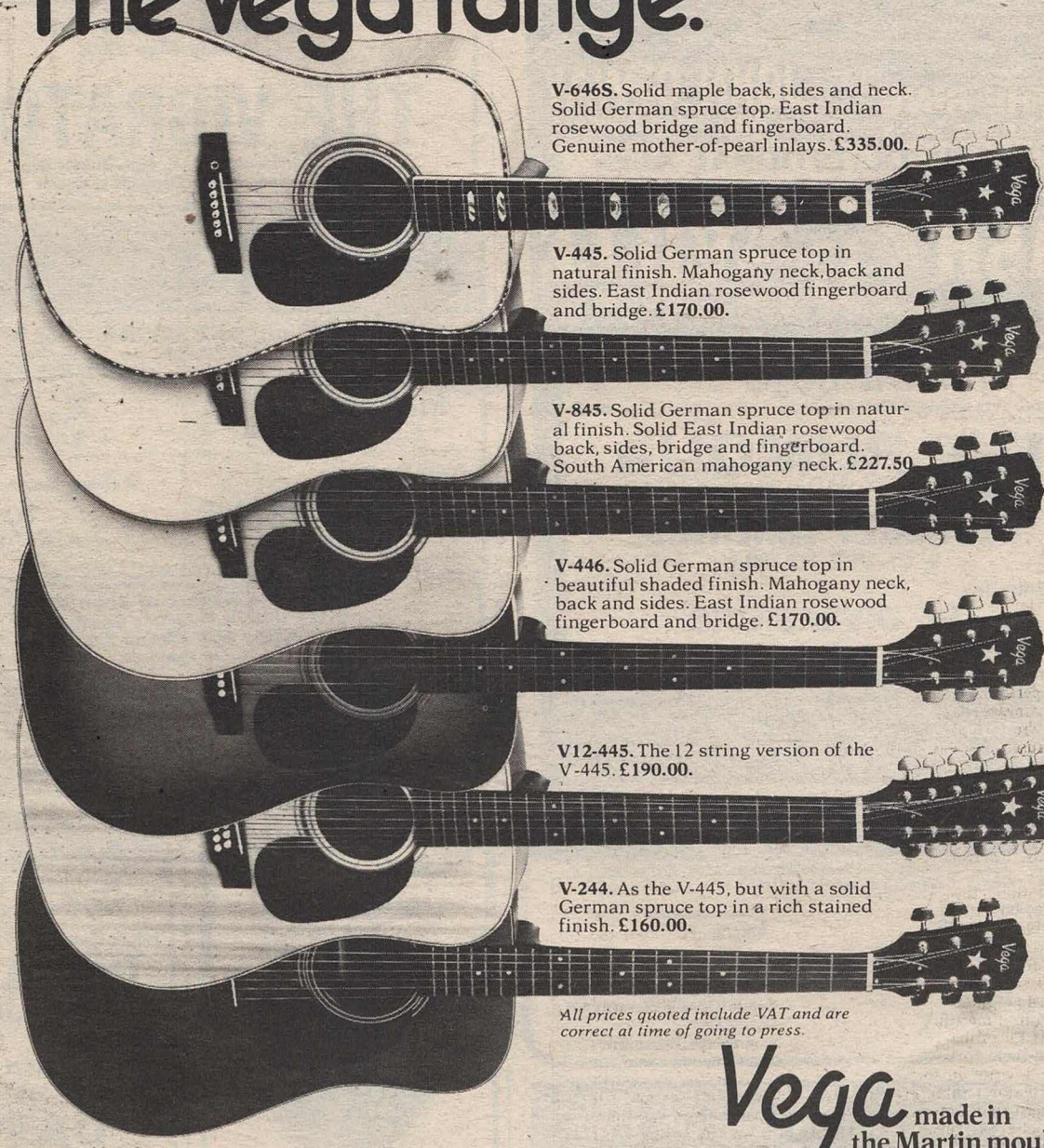

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The White Lion, Putney, Friday May 27th
The Red Cow, Hammersmith, Saturday May 28th

To advertise in the
LIVE PAGE
Actually
Ring
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EXCEL! EXCEL!

THE KENSINGTON
Russell Gardens, W14
Tel: 01-603 3245
Thursday 26th May **Bees Make Honey**
Friday 27th May **Telemacque**
Saturday 28th May **Basil's Balls Up Band**
Sunday 29th May **Paz**
Monday 30th May **Rainstorm**
Tuesday 31st May **Head Over Heels**
Wednesday 1st June **St. John Boogie Brigade**

LINDA THOMPSON

Richard & Linda Thompson

STEVENAGE

STEVENAGE LAY silent on Sunday — not much wonder they call it a dormitory town. Long avenues of factories led to the Stevenage Leisure Centre, where Richard and Linda Thompson were playing. That's why I was there. It's not all free albums and a chance to meet Tony Parsons working for the *NME* — sometimes you have to come down from the 21st floor and cover gigs. Sometimes you have to go to Stevenage; if you're lucky, sometimes you get back.

The Gordon Craig Theatre has a tradition stretching back as far as 1975. They've all been there: Acker Bilk, Brian Rix, and on a Sunday night in May, the man reckoned to be the second best guitarist in England — Richard Thompson.

The gig wasn't sold out; I've seen better crowds by the taxi rank at Waterloo Station, which made it difficult for Richard Digance, who opened the show. He was good, he was funny, and he played a good set, songs about Tupperware parties, Joe Louis, pubs and working class millionaires, with a nice line in self-deprecatory patter: "Whaddya expect for a support act — Ralph McTell?"

For a comedian he makes a good singer. This guy could open for J. K. Galbraith and have 'em rolling in the aisles. Not in Stevenage, they ain't got no aisles!

There was an interval, I drank Guinness, it was dark and bitter, I think I know how it felt. Bells rang, the crowd left the bar, soon I'd know.

I guessed most of the people there had come to hear Richard Thompson, ex-Fairport Convention and guitarist of some repute, run through a selection of the classic material he's written. They had, and he didn't.

It's 90% new material, from an album that isn't likely to be in the shops before September, with only a token nod at his past courtesy of a lengthy "Night Comes In" and a rousing "When I Get To The Border" — except it didn't rouse, not in Stevenage, not on Sunday.

It's always difficult for an audience to assimilate new material — they tend to rely on safety in old numbers, even if the sound is as crisp as you could want it to be and the band tight and imaginative.

The new stuff wasn't as radically different as I expected it to be, no Eastern drones or Sufi chants, but moving in the sort of direction Thompson and his missus were going on "Pour Down Like Silver", essential backing, a reliance on their voices and the spotlight off Thompson as a guitarist.

The audience seemed to resent his restraint. What he played was tantalisingly good, but "if you've got it, flaunt it", and maybe that's how Thompson should've played. As it was I felt like Alice peeking through the keyhole to get a glimpse of the garden — in this case Thompson's undeniable virtuosity.

He did two solo acoustic numbers which were great, like birds trying to get out of a silver cage as his finger ran up and down the frets. On electric he was as fluid and as fluent as he could be, but he was holding back.

Maybe that's why people were walking out, or maybe they had trains to catch. They missed some good songs; "A Strange Affair" was good, "New Light" was good, "Rescue Me" was the last song, that was good too. They didn't do any encores.

Afterwards someone outside said: "It was like going to church."

I know how he felt. You longed for the band to step outside the framework of the set and get down to "Sweet Little Rock'n'Roller" or something.

It had been light when I had hit Stevenage; it was dark when I left. Some things do happen there then, even on a Sunday.

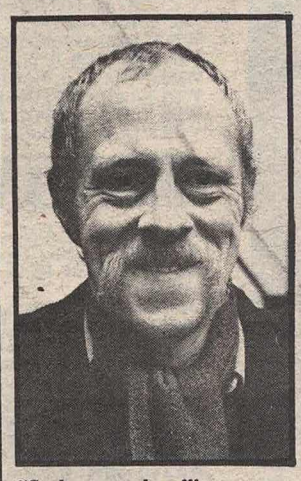
Patrick Humphries

If you're wondering why there's no

JAZZ DIARY

this week, it's because BRIAN CASE has buggered off to the States.

"This is shocking!"



"So long, suckers!"
(Mr Case will be back soon)

THE KING OF ELFLAND'S DAUGHTER
How's your elf today
THE KING OF ELFLAND'S DAUGHTER

NATIONWIDE GIG

THURSDAY

AYLESBURY Britannia: ARDAZELL
AYLESBURY Friars at Vale Hall: THE RAMONES/TALKING HEADS
BARNSLEY Civic Centre: RONNIE LANE'S SLIM CHANCE
BIRKENHEAD Mr. Digby's: JENNY HAAN'S LION
BIRMINGHAM Golden Eagle: SHOOP SHOOP
BIRMINGHAM Mackadown Hotel: DEAD END KIDS
BIRMINGHAM Moseley Fighting Cocks: THE FIRST BAND
BIRMINGHAM Odeon: DOLLY PARTON/FIVE HAND REEL
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: MAGNUM
BOURNEMOUTH Winter Gardens: GLENN MILLER ORCHESTRA
BRIGHTON Richmond Hotel: CLIFF WHELAN
BROMLEY The Squire: URCHIN
BRISTOL Colston Hall: THE CLASH/SUBWAY SECT/BUZZCOCKS/THE SLITS
BRISTOL Granary: MUNGO JERRY
BRISTOL Naval Volunteer: SPIDER
CHELTENHAM Queen's Hotel: BUSTER CRABBE
CROYDON Red Deer: STATELINE BAND
DARLINGTON Incognito (doubling MIDDLESBOROUGH Incognito: ROKOTTO
DEVIZES Corn Exchange: SHAKIN' STEVENS & THE SUNSETS
EASTBOURNE Congress Theatre: SPINNERS
EDINBURGH Nicky Tam's: JOE'S DINER
EDINBURGH Usher Hall: SACHA DISTEL
EXETER Zhivago's: ANGEL
FAREHAM H.M.S. Collingwood: JIMMY JAMES
GLASGOW Apollo Centre: NILS LOFGREN/TOM PETTY & THE HEARTBREAKERS
GOSPORT Atlantic Club: FRESH AIRE
GRAVESEND Northfleet Wings Club: SHANGHAI
GRIMSBY St. James House: TONY ROSE
HIGH WYCOMBE Nags Head: ARDAZELL
INVERNESS Eden Court Theatre: McCALMANS
LEEDS University: DORY PREVIN
LEICESTER Phoenix Theatre: ICARUS
LONDON BARNES Red Lion: FRED RICKSHAW'S HOT GOOLIES
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: DIVERSIONS
LONDON Central School of Art and Design: 999
LONDON CHALK FARM Roundhouse Bar: WEST END STOMPERS
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: LEE KOSMIN BAND/LOOSE CHANGE
LONDON FULHAM Greyhound: BRANDY
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: THE RING
LONDON HARROW RD. Windsor Castle: AMAZORBLADES
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: SQUEEZE
LONDON Marquee Club: ULTRAVOX
LONDON OLD BROMPTON RD. Troubador: DAVE EVANS & SAMMY MITCHELL
LONDON PUTNEY Half Moon: CHAOS BLUES BAND
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: ROGER WILLIAMSON BAND
LONDON TOOTING The Castle: PAINTED LADY
LONDON WALTHAMSTOW North-East Polytechnic: JERRY THE FERRET
LONDON W.1 Gulliver's Club: SPITERI
LONDON W.1 Speakeasy: ALFALPHA
MANCHESTER Ardwick Apollo: BARBARA DICKSON
MANCHESTER Band on the Wall: REDBRASS
MANCHESTER Free Trade Hall: TELEVISION/BLONDIE
MANCHESTER Palace Theatre: MIKE HARDING
MONMOUTH White Swan Hotel: NIGHT BIRD
NEWCASTLE-UNDER-LYME Tiffany's: THE DAMNED/THE ADVERTS
NORTHAMPTON Racecourse: WILD THING
NORTHOLT Sword & Wheel Club: CREPES 'N' DRAPES
NORWICH Cromwell's: MUSCLES
NORWICH St. Andrew's Hall: THE STRANGLERS
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: PELICAN
OLDHAM Lees Birch Hall Hotel: CHRIS BARBER BAND
PENZANCE Winter Gardens: BURLESQUE
PORTSMOUTH Polytechnic: CADO BELLE
PORTSMOUTH Tricorn Club: SOUL DIRECTION
POYNTON Folk Centre: ANDY CAVEN
READING Bulmershe College: BOB DAVENPORT
SOUTHAMPTON Gaumont Theatre: QUEEN
SWANSEA Circles Club: DOWNLINERS SECT
TONYPANDY Naval Club: KRAKATOA
WELLINGBOROUGH British Rail Club: CADILLAC
WORCESTER Zetter's Club: STAGE FRIGHT
WOLVERHAMPTON Civic Hall: VICTOR BORGE

FRIDAY

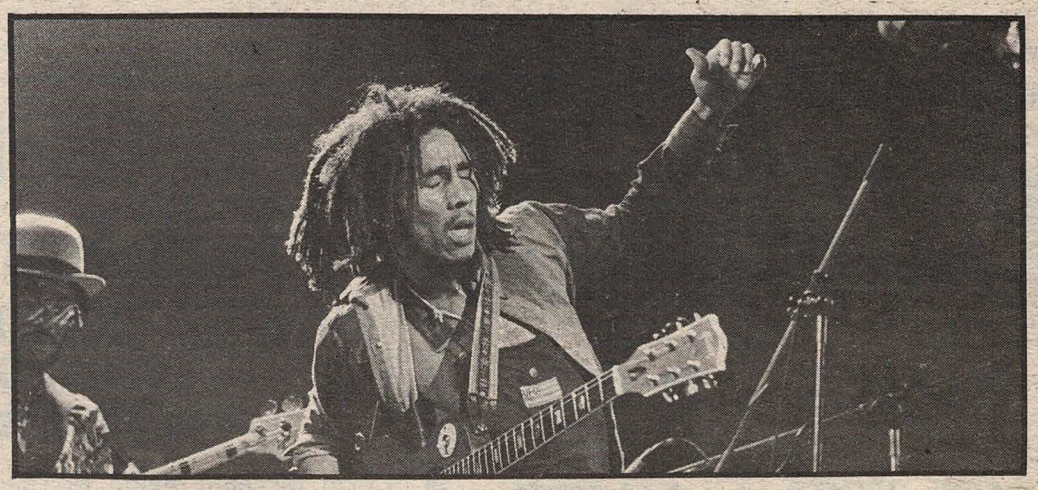
ABERDEEN University: TOM ROBINSON BAND
ANDOVER Sports Centre: SPINNERS
AVIEMORE The Centre: McCALMANS
AYLESBURY Civic Centre: FIVE HAND REEL
BASINGSTOKE Technical College: STRAY/URCHIN
BIRMINGHAM Aston University: CADO BELLE/MUSCLES
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: GEORGE HATCHER BAND
BIRMINGHAM Odeon: TELEVISION/BLONDIE
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: SPITFIRE
BIRMINGHAM St Phillip's School: BILL CADDICK
BIRMINGHAM University: ROUGH DIAMOND

DOLLY PARTON'S songs and superstructure are showcased in three major concerts this weekend — at Birmingham (Thursday), Liverpool (Friday) and London Rainbow (Saturday).

BRIDLINGTON Spa Pavilion: SACHA DISTEL
BRIGHTON Buccaneer: JOHNNY MOPED/WRIST ACTION
BRISTOL Hippodrome: VICTOR BORGE
BRISTOL Naval Volunteer: QUANTUM
BROMLEY White Hart: STAGEFRIGHT
BURTON 76 Club:
CAMBRIDGE Corn Exchange: THE DAMNED/THE ADVERTS
CANTERBURY Kent University: FAIRPORT CONVENTION
CARDIFF Top Rank: THE STRANGLERS
CHALFONT ST. GILES Merlins Cave: CROSSFIRE
CHELMSFORD Chancellor Hall: MR BIG
CIRENCESTER Agricultural College: CRAZY CAVAN 'N' THE RHYTHM ROCKERS / SHAKIN' STEVENS & THE SUNSETS
CREWE Alsager College: LIVERPOOL EXPRESS/500 VOLTS
CROMER West Runton Pavilion: THE CLASH/SUBWAY SECT/BUZZCOCKS/THE SLITS
DARTFORD College of Education: SLACK ALICE
DONCASTER College of Education: DESMOND DEKKER
DUDLEY J.B.'s Club: GUNNER CADE
EASTBOURNE Congress Theatre: GLENN MILLER ORCHESTRA
EAST WEMYSS Grosvenor Hotel: SKEELS
EDINBURGH College of Art: CHICO
EDINBURGH Playhouse Disco: CASPIAN
EDINBURGH University: STREET NOISE
FAREHAM Roundabout Club: BERNI FLINT
GLASGOW Apollo Centre: 10c.c./DAVID McWILLIAMS
GOSPORT John Peel Club: CREPES 'N' DRAPES
GUILDFORD Civic Hall: RAMONES / TALKING HEADS
HEREFORD College of Education: THE PIRATES
KIDDERMINSTER Stone Manor: DEAD END KIDS
KETTERING Windmill Club: DEAD END KIDS
KINGSWINFORD Woodman Inn: TONY ROSE
LEEDS Polytechnic: SHANGHAI
LIMERICK Savoy Theatre: ALAN STIVELL
LINCOLN College of Technology: STRIDER
LINCOLN Wildlife Hotel: CADILLAC
LIVERPOOL Empire Theatre: DOLLY PARTON / FIVE HAND REEL
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: THE MOVIES / SCREWDRIVER
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: CAROL GRIMES & THE LONDON BOOGIE BAND / BANDIT
LONDON CHALK FARM Roundhouse Bar: MUSEUM
LONDON CITY University: THE DARTS
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: G. T. MOORE / LOOSE CHANGE
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: SOUNDER
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: STRUTTERS
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: THE RUMOUR
LONDON KENSINGTON Royal College of Art: RICO
LONDON Marquee Club: HERON
LONDON Middlesex Hospital: THE FABULOUS POODLES
LONDON New Victoria Theatre: JEAN-LUC PONTY / LARRY CORYELL
LONDON N.17 White Hart: FLIGHT 56
LONDON North Polytechnic: PASADENA ROOF ORCHESTRA
LONDON PUTNEY White Lion: LURKERS/ZERO
LONDON School of Economics: PAUL BRETT
LONDON Southbank Polytechnic: THE VIBRATORS
LONDON SOUTHGATE Royalty Ballroom: MUNGO JERRY
LONDON STOCKWELL College: 999
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: JOHN OTWAY & WILD WILLY BARRETT
LONDON Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: KOSSAGA
LONDON W.1 Speakeasy: LIGHTNING RAIDERS
LONDON WILLESDON White Horse: RESTLESS ROCKERS
MAIDSTONE College of Technology: U-BOAT
MANCHESTER Electric Circus: NUTZ
MANCHESTER Palace Theatre: GEORGE BENSON / BOWLES BROS. BAND
MIDDLESBROUGH Rock Garden: RAY PHILLIPS' WOMAN
NEWCASTLE Guildhall: ADVERTS / PENETRATION
NEWCASTLE Mayfair Ballroom: JR. WALKER AND THE ALL STARS
NEWCASTLE Polytechnic: RONNIE LANE'S SLIM CHANCE
NEWTON AYECLIFFE Incognito (doubling STOCKTON Incognito): ROKOTTO
NORTHOP (Clwyd) Red Lion Hotel: MARTIN SIMPSON
NOTTINGHAM Playhouse Theatre: GRYPHON
OBAN Argyllshire Halls: CHICAGO DODGERS
PONTARDAWE Ivy Bush: BILL SHUTE & LISA NULL
READING Three Tuns: EL SEVEN
SALSBURY Technical College: THE DRAGONS
SCARBOROUGH Penthouse: NASTY POP
SINDLESHAM The Mill: FRESH AIRE
SOUTHAMPTON Gaumont Theatre: QUEEN
SOUTHAMPTON Post House Hotel: TONY STRUTWICK BAND
SOUTHPORT New Theatre: CLODAGH RODGERS
SOUTHSEA South Parade Pier: CHRIS BARBER BAND
STALYBRIDGE Commercial Hotel: WHITE FIRE
STOKE Ubberley & Bentley Club: HI-BALLERS
SUNDERLAND Annabelles: J.A.L.N. BAND
SUNDERLAND Mecca Centre: RADIATOR
TAMWORTH Chequers Club: STAGE FRIGHT
THATCHAM Hamilton's Club: OZO
TUNBRIDGE WELLS Assembly Hall: INFLATION
WENTWORTH Rockingham Arms: JOHN LEONARD & JOHN SQUIRE
WEST BRIDGFORD Dancing Slipper: BOOMBAYA
WINCHESTER King Alfred College: BURLESQUE
WISHAW Crown Hotel: THE JOLT
WOLVERHAMPTON Lafayette: A.F.T.
WOLVERHAMPTON 67 Club: DELROY WILSON
YORK De Grey Rooms: THE SCREW / THE FEELIES

SATURDAY

ACCRINGTON Albion Hotel: JOBE ST. DAY
BANBURY Winter Gardens: STAGE FRIGHT
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: GEORGE HATCHER BAND
BIRMINGHAM International Club: ROKOTTO
BIRMINGHAM King's Heath Hare & Hounds: MARTIN CARTHY
BIRMINGHAM Odeon: GEORGE BENSON/ BOWLES BROS. BAND
BOLTON Delph Sailing Club: BERNARD WRIGLEY
BOLTON Technical College: THE PIRATES
BRACKNELL Arts Centre: STRIDER
BRACKNELL South Hill Park: MARTIN SIMPSON
BRADFORD University: RONNIE LANE'S SLIM CHANCE/THE DRAGONS
BRIGHTON Polytechnic: QUINTESSENCE II
BRISTOL Granary: HIGH MILEAGE



BOB MARLEY (above) and the Wailers open their season at London Rainbow next Wednesday — playing there for four nights up to and including Saturday.

10 c.c. go back on the road with their new-look line-up fronted by Eric Stewart (below right) and Graham Gouldman (below left). Opening gigs are at Glasgow (Friday and Saturday), Aberdeen (Monday and Tuesday) and Newcastle (Wednesday).

BRISTOL Naval Volunteer: WILTS COWNTY COUNSIL
BRISTOL Polytechnic: GRYPHON
BRISTOL Top Cat: OZO
BROMLEY The Squire: URCHIN
BURTON Pirelli Social Club: HI-BALLERS
CAMBRIDGE Kerridge Hall: SACHA DISTEL
CANTERBURY Odeon: STRANGLERS
CANVEY ISLAND King's Club: CLODAGH RODGERS
CHELTENHAM Town Hall: JOHNNY THUNDER & THE HEARTBREAKERS
COLCHESTER Essex University: FIVE HAND REEL
COVENTRY College of Education: MOON
CROMER West Runton Pavilion: DAVID PARTON & LIPS
CROYDON Red Deer: STONE COLD SOBER
DERBY Bishop Lonsdale College: SLACK ALICE
DERBY Town Hall: FAIRPORT CONVENTION
DUBLIN National Stadium: ALAN STIVELL
DUDLEY J.B's Club: FABULOUS POODLES
DUDLEY Town Hall: FAIRPORT CONVENTION
DUNSTABLE California (doubling WIGAN Casino all-nighter): JR. WALKER & THE ALL STARS
EAST WEMYSS Grosvenor Hotel: SKEELS
EDINBURGH George Square Theatre: SILLY WIZARD
EDINBURGH Triangle Folk Club: MIRIAM BACKHOUSE
EXETER Zshivago's: WESTERN UNION
FAREHAM Roundabout Club: BERNI FLINT
FISHGUARD Frenchman's Motel: LIVERPOOL EXPRESS
GLASGOW Apollo Centre: 10 c.c. / DAVID McWILLIAMS
GLASGOW City Hall: RALPH McTELL / MAGNA CARTA
GLASGOW Strathclyde University: CHERRY VANILLA
GOOLE North-Eastern Hotel: RAM & R.N.I.
HARTLEPOOL Gemini Club: J.A.L.N. BAND
HASTINGS Pier Pavilion: MR. BIG
HIGH WYCOMBE Nags Head: THE MODELS
HITCHIN College: HERON
ILFORD King's Club: PATCHES
ILKLEY College: BOUNCER
LEEDS Morley Town Hall: ARC ROUGE/MANDERIN RAT
LEICESTER De Montfort Hall: THE CLASH
LIVERPOOL Eric's Club: THE DAMNED / THE ADVERTS
LIVINGSTON Riverside Community Centre: CASPIAN
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: CAROL GRIMES & THE LONDON BOOGIE BAND / SQUEEZE
LONDON CHALK FARM Rondhouse Bar: WEST END STOMPERS
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: SHAKIN' STEVENS & THE SUNSETS
LONDON FRIERN BARNET Orange Tree: CRAZY CAVAN 'N' THE RHYTHM ROCKERS
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odoen: TELEVISION / BLONDIE
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: 999
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: BEES MAKE HONEY
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: THE RUMOUR
LONDON KINGSWAY Sound Circus: HERB REED & THE PLATTERS
LONDON Marquee Club: KILLER / MONTANA RED
LONDON New Victoria Theatre: JEAN-LUC PONTY / LARRY CORYELL
LONDON Nightingale Ballroom: DELROY WILSON
LONDON N.1 Weavers Arms: ONE HAND CLAPPING
LONDON PADDINGTON College: MUSCLES
LONDON Rainbow Theatre: DOLLY PARTON / FIVE HAND REEL
LONDON Royal Albert Hall: DORY PREVIN
LONDON Royal Festival Hall: GLENN MILLER ORCHESTRA
LONDON SHEPHERDS BUSH White Horse: MISTER SISTER
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: KICKS
LONDON Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: KOSSAGA
LONDON W.1. Speakeasy: SPITERI
LOUGHBOROUGH Town Hall: CADO BELLE
MANCHESTER Electric Circus: ROUGH DIAMOND
MARCH Grenadier club: EATER
NEWBIGGIN Community Centre: HIGH LEVEL RANTERS
NEWTOWN Elephant & Castle: AMAZORBLADES
OXFORD Pembroke College; JOHN OTWAY & WILD WILLY BARRETT
PERTH Cith Hall: McCALMANS
REDCAR Coatham Bowl: SHANGHAI
REDDITCH Tracey's: SOUL DIRECTION
REDNAL Chalet Club: DEAD END KIDS
ROMFORD Albemarle Club: AFTER THE FIRE
SHEPLEY Sovereign Folk Club: PLEXUS
SLOUGH Fulcrum Centre: SPINNERS
SOUTHAMPTON Gaumont Theatre: VICTOR BORGE
ST. ALBANS Civic Hall: BURLESQUE
ST. IVES St. Ivo Centre: GENO WASHINGTON BAND
STOKE Rose & Crown: TONY ROSE
STOWMARKET The Maltings: FRESH AIRE
SWINDON Brunel Rooms: HOLLYWOOD
TELHAM Black Horse: ALAN WHITE
TODMORDEN Bay Horse Inn: VESUVIUS
TUNBRIDGE WELLS Assembly Hall: PASADENA ROOF ORCHESTRA
WEYBRIDGE National College of Food: BUSTER CRABBE
WIGAN Casino: U-BOAT
WISHAW Crown Hotel (lunchtime): THE JOLT
WOLVERHAMPTON Polytechnic: GONZALEZ
WOLVERHAMPTON Three Mile Oak: EAZIE
YORK Oval Ball: CRUISERS

SUNDAY

ACCRINGTON Lakeland Lounge: AZEL
AYLESBURY Kings Head: BLUE SMOKE
BARROW Civic Hall: "UP COUNTRY" with TEX WITHERS / JOHN ASTON & SOUTHBOUND / RON BLYTHE TRIO
BARROW Maxim's Disco: SHANGHAI
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ (lunchtime): MENSCH
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: BULLETS
BOLSOVER Bluebell Inn: WHITE FIRE
BOURNEMOUTH Winter Gardens: VICTOR BORGE
BRISTOL Naval Volunteer: DETONATORS
BURY ST. EDMUNDS Focus Cinema: CLODAGH RODGERS
CHELMSFORD Chancellor Hall: THE CLASH/SUBWAY SECT/THE SLITS
COLCHESTER Embassy Club: ROKOTTO
CORK City Hall: ALAN STIVELL
CROYDON Greyhound: THE RAMONES / TALKING HEADS
DONCASTER Ex-Servicemen's Social Club: BILLY THE LIAR
DURHAM The Beehive: JOBE ST. DAY
FOLKESTONE Leas Cliff Hall: SPINNERS
GREAT CHESTERFORD Station Restaurant: JO-ANN KELLY & PETE EMERY
GREAT YARMOUTH Wellington Pier: SACHA DISTEL
GUILDFORD Civic Hall: THE STRANGLERS
HALIFAX Bradshaw Tavern: BERNARD WRIGLEY
HARROW Kings Head Hotel: THE WASPS
HARTLEPOOL Nursery Inn: ALLAN TAYLOR
HAYWARDS HEATH Fox & Hounds: DAVE BRYANT
IPSWICH The Kingfisher: BOY BASTIN
LARGS Barrfield Pavilion: McCALMANS
LEEDS Fforde Green Hotel: FABULOUS POODLES
LEICESTER Phoenix Theatre: IMRAT KHAN (sitar)
LONDON BARNES Common (afternoon, open-air): LANDSCAPE
LONDON CHALK FARM Enterprise: MARTIN SIMPSON
LONDON CLAPHAM Two Brewers: PAINTED LADY
LONDON DRURY LANE Theatre Royal: FAIRPORT CONVENTION
LONDON FINCHLEY Torrington: BEES MAKE HONEY
LONDON FULHAM Golden Lion: CAROL GRIMES & THE LONDON BOOGIE BAND

GUIDE

LONDON FULHAM Greyhound: CLAYSON & THE ARGONAUTS
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: TELEVISION / BLONDIE
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Palais: DELROY WILDON
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: JOHN OTWAY & WILD WILLY BARRETT
LONDON Institute of Contemporary Arts: TOM ROBINSON BAND
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: SPITERI
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: PLUMMET AIRLINES
LONDON LEYTON Lion & Key: CRAZY CAVAN 'N' THE RHYTHM ROCKERS
LONDON LEYTON Three Blackbyrds: MISTER SISTER
LONDON Marquee Club: SCREEMER
LONDON New Victoria Theatre: GEORGE BENSON / BOWLES BROS. BAND
LONDON Palladium: FOUR TOPS / JR. WALKER & THE ALL STARS
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: CONSORTIUM
LONDON Victoria Palace: MIKE HARDING
LONDON WOOLWICH Tramshed: STAN TRACEY QUARTET
LUTON Cottars: WILD THING
MANCHESTER Electric Circus: BUZZCOCKS / PENETRATION
MIDDLESBOROUGH Town Hall: BURLESQUE
NEWBRIDGE Club & Institute: SHAKIN' STEVENS & THE SUNSETS
NEWCASTLE City Hall: RALPH McTELL / MAGNA CARTA
NEWMARKET Kingsway Cinema: PETE SAYERS
NORTHAMPTON Salon Club: BERNI FLINT
NOTTINGHAM Playhouse: JUBILEE COUNTRY FESTIVAL with STU STEVENS / PAT CAMPBELL / BRIAN GOLBEY / HILLSIDERS / SLIM PICKINS / ECHO MOUNTAIN BAND / FRANK YONCO etc.
OXFORD New Theatre: DORY PREVIN
POYNTON Folk Centre: YETTIES
REDHILL Lakers Hotel: HOT POINTS
SALFORD University: PAUL BRETT
SHEFFIELD Top Rank: MR. BIG
SLOUGH Thames Hall: GLENN MILLER ORCHESTRA
SOUTHPORT Civic Hall: GRYPHON
STAFFORD New Bingley Hall: QUEEN
STRATFORD-UPON-AVON Royal Shakespeare Theatre: BARBARA DICKSON
WARRINGTON Parr Hall: NEW SEEKERS
WINDSOR Theatre Royal: MARIAN MONTGOMERY
YORK Theatre Royal: PASADENA ROOF ORCHESTRA

MONDAY

ABERDEEN Capitol Theatre: 10 c.c./DAVID McWILLIAMS
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: SHADES
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: RAINMAKER
BIRMINGHAM Rebecca's: MISPENT YOUTH
BRENTWOOD Hermit Club: AFTER THE FIRE
BRIGHTON Buccaneer: AMAZORBLADES
BRIGHTON Dome: VICTOR BORGE
BRISTOL Colston Hall: THE RAMONES/TALKING HEADS
BOURNEMOUTH The Village: THE STRANGLERS
CARMARTHEN St. Peter's Civic Hall: SHAKIN' STEVENS & THE SUNSETS
CHIGWELL ROW Camelot Club: GEORGIA PEACH
COVENTTRY Mr. George's: FLIGHT 56
DONCASTER Outlook Club: TRAIN
DUNSTABLE California: THE CLASH/SUBWAY SECT
EDINBURGH Tiffany's: BURLESQUE/CHICO
ERDINGTON Queen's Head: QUILL
GLASGOW Apollo Centre: QUEEN
HEMEL HEMPSTEAD Pavilion: BRAND X
HIGH WYCOMBE Nag's Head: CROSSFIRE
ILFORD Cauliflower Hotel: ORIGINAL EAST SIDE STOMPERS
LEICESTER Phoenix Theatre: MICK SMITH & LACEWOOD
LIVERPOOL Spinners Folk Club: PETE QUIN
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: SQUEEZE
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: WARREN HARTY
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: MARKIT/HOWARD BRAGEN
LONDON FULHAM Greyhound: OZO
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope and Anchor: PIRATES
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: DIVERSIONS
LONDON Marquee Club: FURY
LONDON New Victoria Theatre: DORY PREVIN
LONDON PUTNEY Half Moon: BERT JANSCH
LONDON Royal Albert Hall: GEORGE BENSON/ BOWLES BROS. BAND
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: MENACE
LONDON Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: SMILER
PLYMOUTH Woods Centre: ROUGH DIAMOND
PLYMOUTH Top Rank: TELEVISION/BLONDIE
REDDITCH Stickey Wicket: DEAD END KIDS
STAFFORD Top of the World: CADO BELLE
STAINES The Phoenix: HOT VULTURES
TOLWORTH Toby Jug:BERNIE TORME
TUNBRIDGE WELLS Calverley Hotel: JIM COOPER
WALSALL Three Crowns: SOUL DIRECTION

TUESDAY

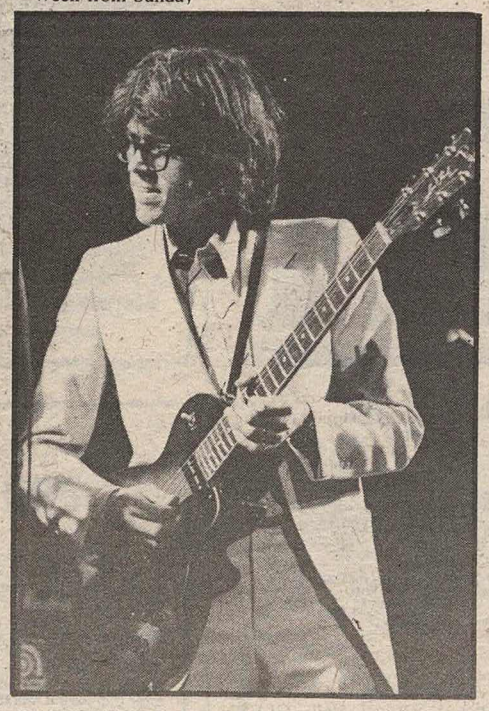
ABERDEEN Capitol Theatre: 10cc / DAVID McWILLIAMS
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: JENNY HAAN'S LION
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: JAMESON RAID
BRISTOL Colston Hall: TELEVISION / BLONDIE / CORTINAS
CAMBER SANDS Pontin's Camp: TONY STRUTWICK BAND
CARDIFF Top Rank: CADO BELLE / KRAKATOA
CHELTENHAM Tramps: ROKOTTO
EDINBURGH Music Hall: JAKE THACKRAY
EDINBURGH Nicky Tam's: CASPIAN
FOLKESTONE Leas Cliff Hall: THE PIRATES / AFTER THE FIRE
GLASGOW Apollo Centre: QUEEN
HAMILTON Fairhill Civic Centre: McCALMANS
HANLEY The Place: HUNTER
HEMEL HEMPSTEAD Great Harry: TANYA HIDE & THE TORMENTERS
LEICESTER Phoenix Theatre: FRACTURE
LIVERPOOL Philharmonic Hall: BARBARA DICKSON
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: FLYING ACES
LONDON CROUCH HILL The Stapleton: LANDSCAPE
LONDON FULHAM Greyhound: SABOTEUR
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: REMUS DOWN BOULEVARD
LONDON KINGSWAY Sound Circus: KOSSAGA
LONDON Marquee Club: BERT JANSCH
LONDON OLD BROMPTON ROAD Troubador: STEFAN CROSSMAN
LONDON OXFORD STREET 100 Club: THE DARTS / TOOTING FROOTIES
LONDON PUTNEY Railway Hotel: THE POLICE
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: ROY ST JOHN
LONDON WOOLWICH Tramshed: WILD THING
NEWCASTLE City Hall: ALAN HULL / HARCOURT'S HEROES
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: GAFFA
PENZANCE The Garden: ROUGH DIAMOND
PLYMOUTH Castaways: JAMES & BOBBY PURIFY
READING Top Rank: FRESH AIRE
SCARBOROUGH Penthouse: BURLESQUE
SWINDON Brunel Rooms: RAMONES / TALKING HEADS
WEYMOUTH Pavilion: SHAKIN' STEVENS & THE SUNSETS
WINDSOR Community Centre: HILLSIDERS / THAMESIDERS / DAVE MORGAN BAND
WOLVERHAMPTON Civic Hall: THE STRANGLERS

WEDNESDAY

ANDOVER Bumpers Club: SHANGHAI
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: THE STRANGLERS
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: FUNKTION
BRIGHTON Dome: DORY PREVIN
BRISTOL Arts Centre: GOOD QUESTION
BRISTOL Chutes: HARD UP
CHALFONT ST. GILES Merlins Cave: ARDAZELL
DARLINGTON Incognito: THE VIBRATORS
DUNFERMLINE Carnegie Hall: BARBARA DICKSON
GRANGEMOUTH Hotel International: SKEELS
GT. YARMOUTH The Broadway: BOY BASTIN
KEELE University: BURLESQUE
KETTERING Freewheeler Club: OZO
LEAMINGTON Mops Club: MUSCLES
LEICESTER Phoenix Theatre: BUS ROCK
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: BERYL MARSDEN BAND
LONDON CHINGFORD Queen Elizabeth: JERRY THE FERRET
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: THE MOTORS
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: 999
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: COLIN HINDMARSH
LONDON Marquee Club: CADO BELLE
LONDON Rainbow Theatre: BOB MARLEY & THE WAILERS
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: DEAD FINGERS TALK
LONDON W.1 Speakeasy: CLAYSON & THE ARGONAUTS
NEWCASTLE City Hall: 10c.c. / DAVID McWILLIAMS
NEWPORT Roundabout: PLUMMET AIRLINES
PLYMOUTH Castaways: JAMES & BOBBY PURIFY
PLYMOUTH Woods Leisure Centre: THE RAMONES / TALKING HEADS
SCARBOROUGH Penthouse: GRYPHON
SHEFFIELD City Hall: RUSH
SOUTH WOODFORD Railway Bell: ORIGINAL EAST SIDE STOMPERS
STOKE BURSLEM George Hotel: STRIFE
SUNDERLAND Boilermakers Club: TRAIN
SWINDON The Affair: CRAZY CAVAN 'N' THE RHYTHM ROCKERS
TUNBRIDGE WELLS Assembly Hall: SPINNERS

RESIDENCIES

ALDERSHOT Roundabout Club: GENO WASHINGTON
Week from Monday
BEDFORD Nite Spot: LYN PAUL
Tuesday (31) for five days
BIRMINGHAM La Dolce Vita: POLLY BROWN
Week from Monday
BLACKBURN Cavendish: TOMMY HUNT
Thursday for three days
DERBY Bailey's: POLLY BROWN
Thursday for three days
HALIFAX Palladium Theatre: BILLY OCEAN
Wednesday (1) for three days
HULL New Theatre: BERT WEEDON
Week from Monday
LEICESTER Bailey's: SUPREMES
Week from Monday
LONDON Palladium: CHITA RIVERA SHOW
Monday for two weeks
LONDON Ronnie Scott's Club: SARAH VAUGHAN
Monday for two weeks
LONDON Talk of the Town: PETER GORDENO
Monday for a season
LUTON Cesar's: DRIFTERS
Week from Sunday
OLDHAM Bailey's: PURE GOLD
Thursday for three days
SHEFFIELD Bailey's: JOHNNY KALENDAR & THE MAIN STREAM
Thursday for three days
SHEFFIELD Josephine's: JIMMY HELMS
Thursday for three day
SOUTH SHIELDS Tavern (doubling NEWCASTLE La Dolce Vita): RAYMOND FROGGATT BAND
Week from Monday
STOKE Bailey's: ALVIN STARDUST
Thursday for three days
WAKEFIELD Theatre Club: FLIRTATIONS
Week from Sunday



LARRY CORYELL (above) and Jean-Luc Ponty co-headline a pair of concerts at London New Victoria on Friday and Saturday, but are not playing any dates in the provinces.

TV RADIO

ELTON JOHN: BBC-1 Sunday

JUST FOR A change, we're not kicking off with the "Whistle Test" this week. Instead we'll give pride of place to a Jubilee special filmed last weekend in Windsor Great Park, and attended by The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh. Titled "The Royal Windsor Big Top", it includes music and songs from **Elton John, Leo Sayer** and **Olivia Newton-John.** The varied programme also incorporates comedy (Forsyth, Yarwood and the Two Ronnies) and circus acts. And it's on BBC-1 on Sunday.

You've probably been reading quite a lot about new American band **Television,** and perhaps have wondered what all the fuss is about. Well, BBC-2's "Old Grey Whistle Test" on Tuesday gives you the opportunity to find out. Also appearing in the strong double-header are the recently reformed **Small Faces.**

There's another of BBC-2's "Sing Country" shows on Thursday, filmed at the Wembley Festival during Easter — and this edition has **Loretta Lynn, Don Gibson, Jody Miller** and **Hank Thompson** in the line-up. Earlier the same evening on BBC-1, **Dave Lee Travis** hosts "Top Of The Pops".

Saturday sees the last of BBC-1's Val Doonican shows, with the **Chieftains** and **Dana** on the guest list. Same channel has **Mike Harding** in "Pebble Mill" on Monday.

Before switching to the commercial side, a word about a couple of the Beeb's films on Saturday. On 1, "Saturday Night At The Movies" has **Elvis Presley** starring in "The Trouble With Girls". According to taste, you may well prefer the **Ray Charles** classic "Ballad In Blue" over on BBC-2.

Viewers in the North have a treat on Thursday, when Granada's local "What's On" programme has **Blondie, Dolly Parton** and the **Albertos** in the studio. On the full ITV network, there's another award-winning Muppets repeat at the weekend, while the **Jacksons** guest in the "Little And Large Tellyshow" on Monday.

Episode 16 of "All You Need Is Love" (ITV network, Saturday) deals with Glitter Rock. Acts featured under this heading (some rather dubiously, I would have thought) include **Alice Cooper, David Bowie, Jethro Tull, Elton John, Roxy Music, Eric Clapton, ELP, Cream, Gary Glitter, Labelle, Kiss** and **Bob Marley and the Wailers.**

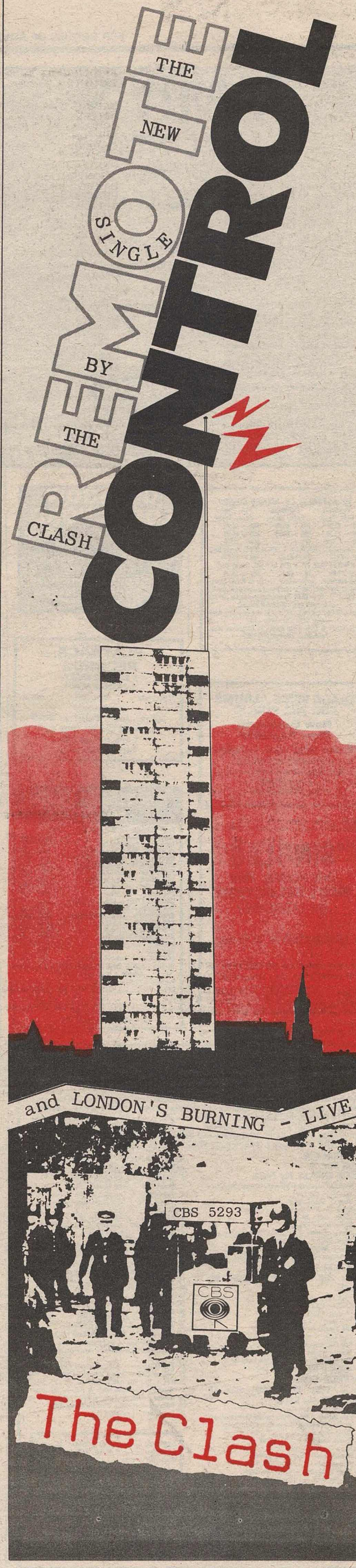
The "London Weekend Show" (London area only, lunchtime Sunday) examines safety at pop and rock concerts. Same afternoon, also in London, there's the **Cliff Richard** movie "Finders Keepers".

Radio 1's "In Concert" (6.30pm Saturday) is again aired in both stereo and quad. It showcases **Shakti** with **John McLaughlin.**

Radio 2 tonight (Thursday) has the **Hillsiders, David Plane** and **Andy Townend** in "Country Club"; followed by "Folkweave" with **Pat Ryan, Paul Downes** and **Tony Rose.** And on Wednesdays at 10.30pm there's a new **Charles Chilton** compilation series called "Songs Of Protest".

A reminder that Radio Luxembourg's schedules have changed dramatically. The Top Twenty is now broadcast nightly, usually around 8.30pm — though on Sunday, there's a Top Albums Chart at that time, with the Top Thirty following at 10.30. There's a new Country show on Saturday at 11pm, and this week's specials include **Stevie Wonder** (Friday 10pm) and **10c.c.** (Saturday 9.30).

DEREK JOHNSON



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6. **Thin Lizzy** — Rocky
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4. **Slave** — Slide
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6. **Harry Deal** — Uh Huh
7. **Bumble Bee** — Everybody Dance
8. **T Connection** — Do What You Wanna
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Better to bland-out . . .

The Shadows

ROYAL ALBERT HALL

DANSETTES STOOD silent last week as a capacity audience came to pay homage to one of Britain's few original rock'n'roll legends — The Shadows. I suppose they're now what you'd call 'All Round Entertainers', showbiz personalities who've cultivated an effortless patter and are able to intersperse the lethargy of their Eurovision cabaret numbers with classics like "Apache", regardless of the gig's location, be it Accrington or Batley.

But if it's value for money you're after, then just catch the Shads the next time they're in your town. In a two hour-plus show they ran through a comprehensive selection of hits that turned a generation on to the cult of guitar heroes: "Kon-Tiki", "Atlantis", "Foot-Tapper", "Wonderful Land", "Guitar Tango", "FBI", "Frightened City", just count 'em, and all sounding as good as the records.

I mean, when they broke into the immortal Shadows Walk it was almost too much, like seeing Chuck Berry duck-walk. The years peeled away like leaves from one of those Hollywood calendars.

Spex Marvin

Maybe he has changed his glasses and perhaps he's not actually *that* good a guitarist, but Jeez, Hank B. Marvin started it all, and when that tremelo arm gets going objectivity takes a back seat and nostalgia sublimates the critical faculties.

It was a drag that they felt they had to aim at the chicken-in-a-basket type of audience ("I can remember when heavy meant you were overweight", "Hard to believe we were the Sex Pistols of 1958") and insisted on cluttering up the evening with lame vocal versions of early hits — Cliff Richard they're not — all clocking in at 90 seconds dead, and harking back to pantomine ("This is one from *Aladdin*) — I mean, heroes don't need that.

Hank and Bruce sat down to demonstrate some spiffy lead guitar work on "Savage" — too old to rock'n'roll? — and the playing throughout was spot on, although quite what Francis Monkman was employed for escaped me. Apart from banging an ineffectual tambourine, his keyboard work was kept well down in the mix, although some deft synthesizer passages filled in the string parts more than adequately.

The odd Brian Bennett flourish reminded you how good he could be, but his lengthy solo on "Little Bee" was quite superfluous, as he came over as little more than some demented hologram of a drummer.

If the Shads had just kept to the hits it would have been vintage, but it was the MOR material, which palls into insignificance beside vintage Shadows numbers, that made you keep an eye open for a 'Coach Parties Welcome' sign to flash up.

But what the hell, without the Shadows we'd probably have ended up playing tennis with those racquets instead of practising The Walk in front of the mirror.

Occasionally risible, but still seminal after all these years.

Patrick Humphries

. . . than to blitz-out?

UFO

HANOVER

THE ART OF Heavy Metal is undoubtedly to perform mass lobotomy on an audience and then have them mindlessly applaud every number while staggering blindly about in time to the music.

UFO are masters of this operation. Once the listeners' senses are suitably dulled they respond to the ritual like performing, and potentially dangerous, apes. Hence the well known saying *going apeshit.*

Heads bounce down on chests, hair is vigorously shaken from side to side, and the more energetic proudly shoot the HM salute (two fingers pointed high in the air) towards their demonic masters at appropriate, and even inappropriate, points of the programme.

In return the band sweat and toil, grunt and groan into the nearest microphone, leap jubilantly into the air, and scream dementedly at the roadies to supply more power. Under normal circumstances they would probably be certified nutters, and are only refused this prestigious rock'n'roll accolade because they're safely caged by their tour manager between shows and fed bananas and bromide.

Germany is the renowned happy hunting ground for HM warriors. They can come here to break their careers before venturing gingerly into the homeland. Alternatively the country is also an elephant's graveyard where an act can return when they're unable to fill any other hall.

Since their inception six years ago UFO have played here a lot; and you can draw your own conclusions as to exactly which stage they're now at.

Of course, they have never had much critical or public acclaim in the UK, and probably figure no higher than Sassafras (whatever happened etc etc) or Judas Priest (ditto) in your list of bands most (un)likely to make it.

Compared to their previous five efforts though, UFO's "Lights Out" album isn't the worst record in the world. Nor is it the sixth worst, because apart from their bland rip-off of Love's "Alone Again Or" it's a package of reasonably fair rock numbers with some partly interesting action in the tool room. Not the fodder that completely convinces people to reassess UFO's music, but *it is making inroads Stateside,* **claims the PR.**

At least hearing it makes the band seem a considerably more entertaining prospect than the rest of their dreadful albums would have you imagine.

The control they practiced in the studio for "Lights Out" certainly isn't evident in their stage act. With the exception of three songs their set consists of material from three of their previous albums ("Phenomenon", "No Heavy Petting" and "Force It") and consequently is particularly dull, and , dare I say, immature.

Predictably they attempt to compensate for this in the manner described at the beginning of the review. Local boy Michel Schenker (recruited 1974), plays fast and furious guitar, backed to the riff by the newest captive, Paul Raymond, who wields a left hand model guitar when not whizzing behind the keyboards.

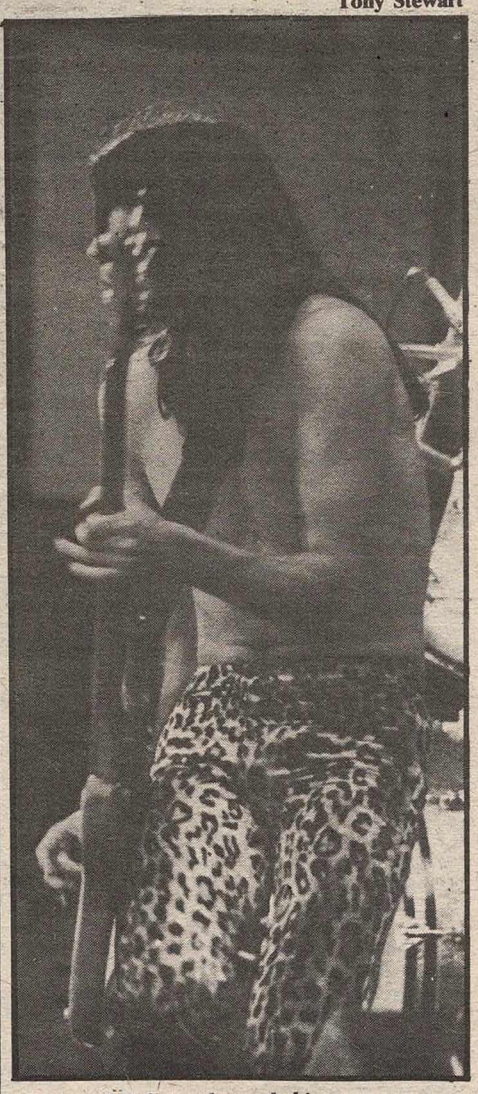
The real heavy metal is ripped out by the piston-hammering rhythm section of bassist Pete Way and Andy Parker on drums, and carelessly lobbed out into the audience.

Mogg hauls himself up to the front. A parody of anguish, beads of perspiration streaking his tortured face, he sings not altogether badly but with the forced passion of so many unremarkable rock vocalists.

The rest of the act is part of the relentless ritual to drive a collective hindhoof into the observer's brain: excessive volume, painful riffs in iron casing, and energetic acrobatics over guitar and mike leads as the dull eyed audience gaze on in the prescribed tradition of HM rock.

Guaranteed brain damage.

Tony Stewart



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Melody Maker
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Horslips
DUNDEE

I FIRST SAW Horslips live a couple of months ago when they delivered the proverbial KO to an unsuspecting me. In short, they were a revelation.

Afterwards, despite the near constant presence of "Book Of Invasions" on my turntable, I began to suffer from the Creeping Doubts. Could they really have been as good as I remembered? So when the chance came to see them again, I leapt at it and hied me hence up the road and the miles to Dundee.

It turned out to be the University's Union Ball — students wandering about in varying states of dress and inebriation.

The sound in the hall is diabolical.

From their photos, you'd think Horslips were mean and moody — the kind that confirmed cowards like myself would cross a motorway to avoid. That's quite wrong too — you couldn't wish to meet a nicer bunch of guys.

A few minutes ago, Eamonn Carr was standing nattering happily to the crowd, an extrovert chatterbox clad in a red leather suit. Now the chin disappears into the throat, the eyes roll up and he drums like a man possessed, his sticks melting into a blur of action.

Nearest to me is guitarist Johnny Fean. I hadn't realised how little he actually leads. Which is not to say that he might have brought a deck chair along, but rather how beautifully trimmed his contribution is. It's delivered with all the intensity and feeling of a man who's played the blues, and his outpouring lead entry to "Dearg Doom" is a sheer delight.

Across the stage, Jim Lockhart prowls behind his keyboards, emerging occasionally to play flute or pipes. In the middle, Charles O'Connor and Barry Devlin strut their stuff with glorious good humour, as if high on their own energy.

And the music — every bit as good as I remembered it. The set suffers from not one but two power failures early on, but despite thus being twice knocked off their stride, Horslips settle down into their own brand of imaginative and melodic rock. "The Book Of Invasions" and selected older material: "Mad Pat", "Blindman", "Bim Istigh Ag Ol" (I think!), "Dearg Doom" are all played with infectious vigour.

HORSLIPS: Barry Devlin of the eloquent visage *Pic: ALAN JOHNSON*

The beauty of Horslips is that they appeal to the head, heart and feet all at the same time. The head because theirs is a work of intelligence and perception, fashioning something thoroughly modern from their heritage; the feet because they have the carefree spirit of the ceilidh and the power to excite of rock; and the heart because there is something immensely likeable about this happy crew playing thrusting, melodic, high calibre music.

They come off at 2 am. Carr slumps washed out onto a chair, oblivious to the world. Lockhart assails a roadie about the power cuts and the others wander around unwinding. Barry Devlin emerges from a towel, announces, "That was a mixed one!" and is ready to go again. When I leave half an hour later the band, irrepressibly energetic, go off to watch *Tom & Jerry* cartoons. Meanwhile I head out into the night, elated, converted all over again and amply rewarded for a 110 mile round trip.

The tapes, by the way, which they use at the start and finish of the gigs are from an EP of film music called "Mise Eire" by Sean O'Riada on the Gael Linn label.

Ian Cranna

Quantum Jump
SHEFFIELD

I'LL COME clean to begin with: Quantum Jump have produced what I believe to be the most accomplished album so far of 1977 in "Barracuda", bearing out the promise of last year's debut album, and rendering any comments I may make about them hopelessly subjective.

Heretofore, however, they've concentrated on working in the studio, and, to be quite honest, I didn't give much for their chances of successfully transferring the subtleties of the albums to a live setting. I was wrong, I'm glad to report, but I had my doubts to begin with.

The majority of their problems could be traced, quite simply, to the size of their PA. Presumably meant for smaller club work, it was hopelessly inadequate in the (not too sizeable) Sheffield University refectory, and any quiet passages were totally obliterated by the vocal deadweight emanating from the more inebriate patrons.

Not that anything seemed to be bothering them — good humour abounded on stage, difficulties and mistakes passed over with a grin and a shrug. Well, it *is* only their second gig, and new guitarist Roy Albrighton's only been with them for a month, so naturally there'll be slips. His vocal harmonies were way off key at times, particularly on "Starbright Park" and "Copacabana Havana", but then, Quantum Jump's harmonies are rarely straightforward.

The "rhythm section" of Trevor Morais (drums) and John G. Perry (bass) was a revelation — if you can imagine the skill and expertise of the Lenny White/Stanley Clarke axis, without the overweening seriousness and pretension that accompanies it, set within a melodic pop structure, you're part of the way there.

As is rarely to be expected of a new stage unit, the earlier inconsistencies of the set were overcome fluidly and confidently, with a coolness that bears witness to the collective wealth of experience in the band. An exceptionally warmhearted gig, and a welcome reminder that there's more happening in current British rock than you might at first realise.

Andy Gill

Visitor 2035
HIGH WYCOMBE

SECOND THOUGHTS on the projected Psychedelic Revival: (1) With gradually growing interest, is said phenomenon any closer to actually coming about? (2) Does rock and roll really need to return to a hippie lifestyle, if so at what cost? (3) Who cares anyway?

The above questions occurred to your "pundit" while watching ace space band Visitor 2035 in the damp confines of the Nags Head, High Wycombe's ex-Blues Loft. For the moment it escaped him why musicians of this calibre, inspiration, and experience should be playing to less than a hundred Home County, under-age drunks pleading for the band to "insult us", when cynical crypto-Fascist creeps who don't know their A from their E chord regularly command headlines and lucrative recording contracts.

In Relative Terminology the Visitor 2035 sound is "jazz-rock". That's jazz-*rock*, not the confused commercial apology for jazz the label often implies. Visitor keep a similarly nice balance between composition and improvisation, as McLaughlinesque guitar and interstellar synthesizer soar over the juggernaut of a rhythm section.

Mainly thanks to an epic five-hour set at last year's infamous Seasalter Free Festival, their reputation is presently strongest among the country's more lysergic subversives. Indeed the band are managed by the man who stage-managed the annual Free Festivals, Jex Cole, and live they frequently feature the sublime, ex-Zorch, Acidica Lights.

This is where the doubts started to settle in, because the band themselves deny the Trip Band tag, don't use drugs, and are heavily into being rich and famous — to which end they recorded the "Cain" concept album with Christs Hospital School, plus, more recently, a synthesized Classical ripoff one-off of "Tocata V" by Wymar, for Transatlantic. Pressed white slacks and satin wide-armed shirts for stage gear don't help much either.

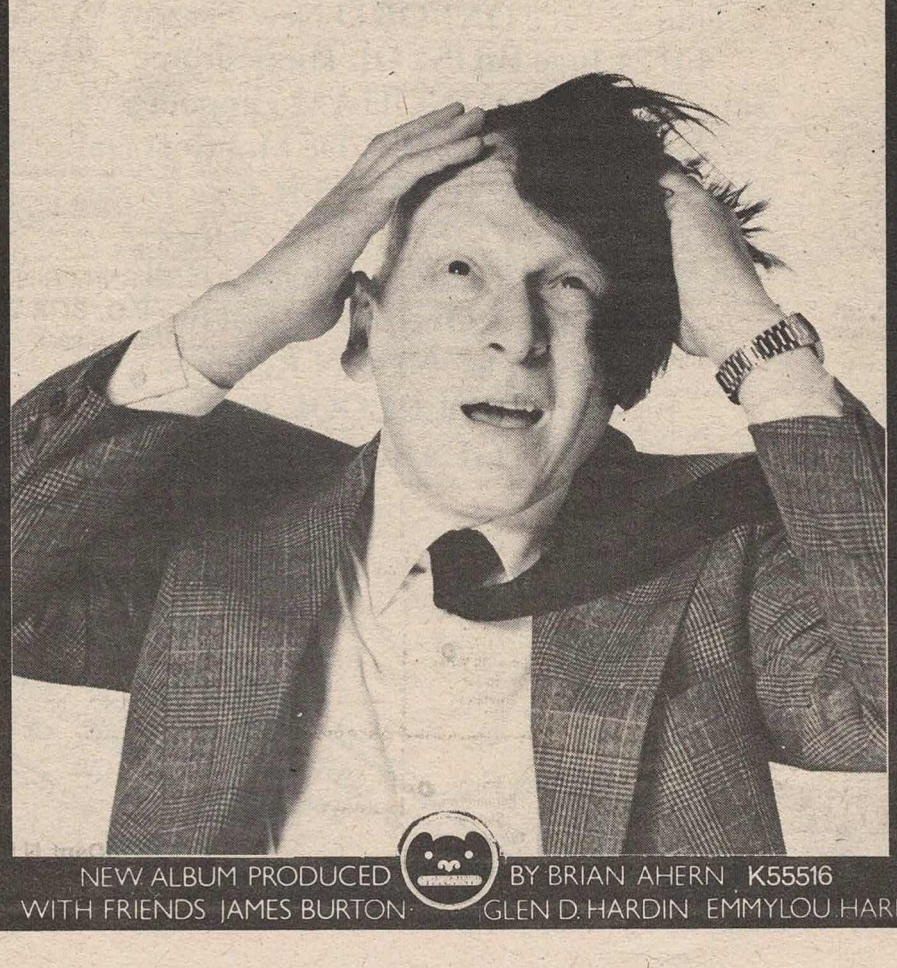
The latest is that CBS are interested in a contract.

However, perhaps the notion of rock and roll as a way of life is an impractical one. If it's just the sound that counts, these guys need goons like me telling them to loosen up like they need continued obscurity. Visitor 2035's very togetherness and professionalism mark them as spearhead to this next new wave reaction to the last new wave reaction.

Besides, didn't someone say "psychedelia transcends the drug experience"?

Jonathan Barnett

JESSE WINCHESTER
NOTHING BUT A BREEZE



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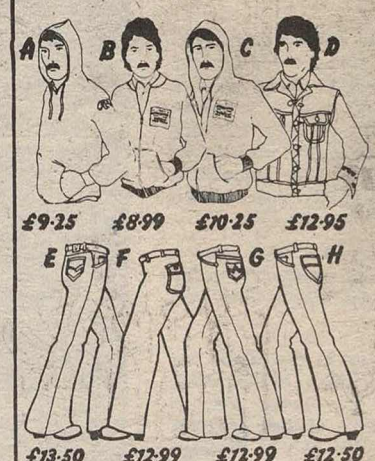

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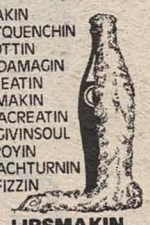

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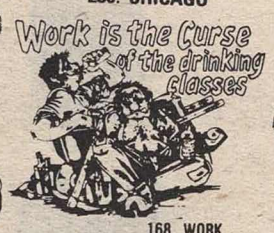

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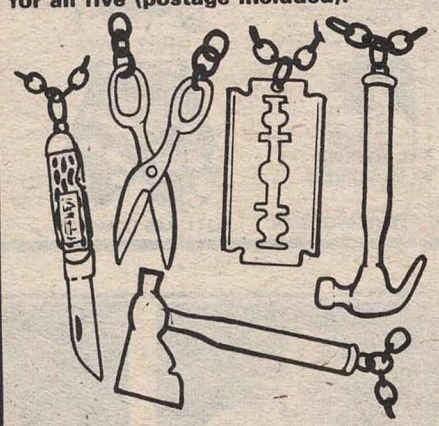

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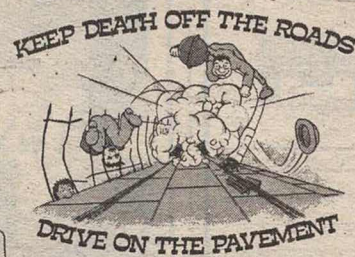

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677. SUPERSIGN

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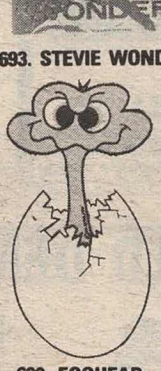
Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I shall fear no evil. 'Cause I am the meanest Son of a Bitch that ever walked in the valley.....

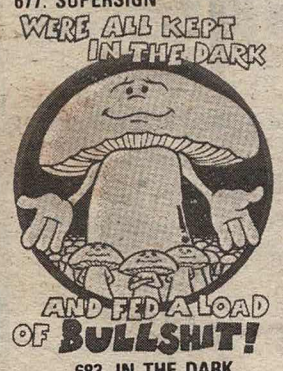
143. SON OF A BITCH

681. CLINT EASTWOOD

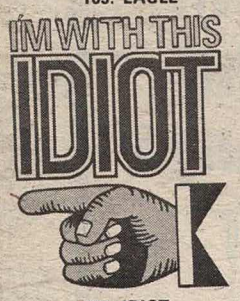
234. THIN LIZZY



690. EGGHEAD



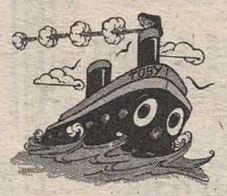
683. IN THE DARK



679. IDIOT

507. FLOYD

508. ZEPPELIN



242. TOBY TUG

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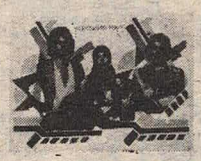
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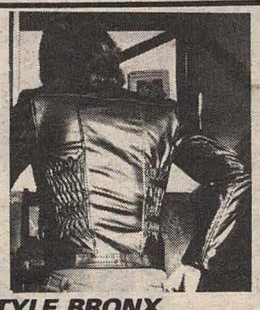

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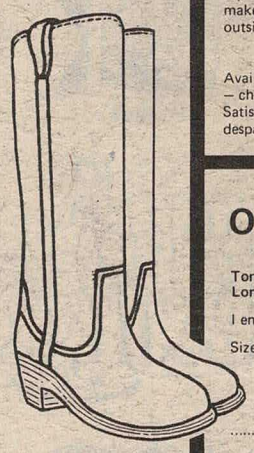

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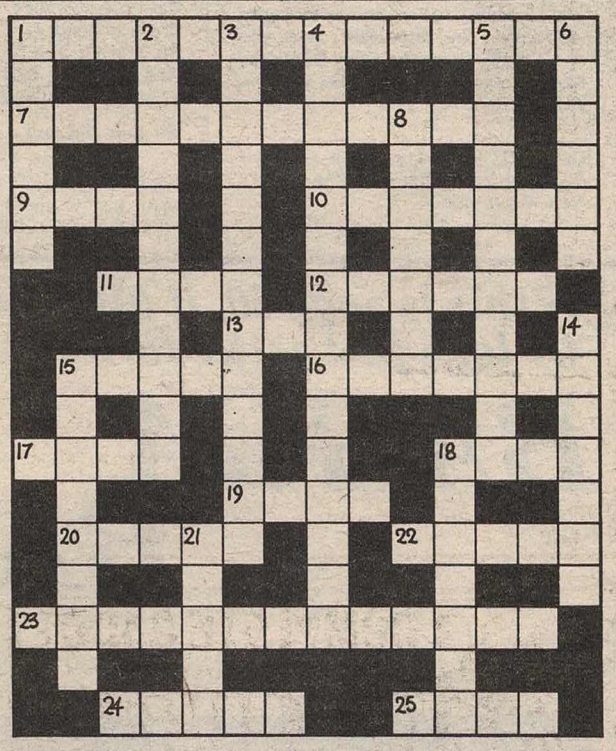

ACROSS

1 Special Friends of Max out of San Francisco, America's most Anglophile cult rock band (6,8)
7 D.G., talking shy (anag. 6,6)
9 From R. Music to *R. Follies*
10 & 25 Was it about Mick Jagger or Warren Beatty and does anyone still care? (Courtesy Cynical Crosswords Corp.) (5,2,4)
11 Co-host at the abandoned luncheonette
12 Beware that lady soul singer!
13 & 15 across Absentee ceecee
15 See above
16 Ike and Tina supporters!
17 American comic strip horrorshow rock gwoop
18 Alone again or unaccompanied
19 Monkeeperson formerly
20 British rock vets, contemporaries of the Stones, Small Faces and The Who
22 A very important piano?
23 What became of two-fifths of Family
24 x 3 for Abba 45
25 See 10

DOWN

1 An out-take of UK blues boom, they've made a modest fortune in the States while remaining virtually unknown here
2 A.k.a. McKinley Morganfield (5,6)
3 Lovin Spoonful hit in celebration of the home of C&W (9,4)
4 Spirit axeman sounds a suitable subject for study by Masters & Johnson! (5,10)
5 '69 Presley hit, went to No.2 in the UK (2,3,6)
6 Nautical champagne scoffers
8 S. Span's seasonal hymn
14 Moronic pop gwoop — *we'll read that again* — Mormonic pop group
15 When Charles Harden Holley broke ranks, they continued as a group in their own right
18 Ms Wright — but wrong for Stevie
21 Carole King's maiden name = former Beatles and Stones boss

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

ACROSS: 1 "Sweet Talkin' Guy"; 6 "Let's Twist Again"; 9 Brenda Lee; 10 Denver; 12 Peter Grant; 14 "Hair"; 15 Dave Gilmour; 17 Lulu; 19 Island; 20 Wilko (Johnson); 21 Jose Feliciano; 22 Henry (Cow); 24 Frampton; 25 "Moment"; 26 Peter. **DOWN:** 1 "Solsbury Hill"; 2 Esther Phillips; 3 Lesley Gore; 4 Grace (Slick); 5 "He's A Rebel"; 7 "Weaver's Answer"; 8 "Never A Dull (Moment)"; 11 Frankie (Valli); 13 Tammy Wynette; 16 Gene Clark; 18 Johnson; 21 John (Denver); 23 "Ram".

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Letters Edited by NEIL SPENCER

SHORT HAIRS gob on long hairs.

Long hairs gob on short hairs.

Dylan is a dollar millionaire with Frank Sinatra's manager.

Zappa calls his own albums product.

Neil Young, Captain Beefhart, John Lennon and Joni Mitchell are nice and comfortably off in the States.

The Stranglers, The Clash, The Damned, The Jam have contracts with respectable and institutionalised record companies.

The National Front gets stronger. The Left grows weaker. The idea of Socialism becomes more distant. Sectarian and elitist rock critics write divisive articles which help to turn young kids into factions and cliques.

Chauvinism becomes acceptable again. Eric Clapton turns into Bing Crosby. The Grateful Dead become the Syd Lawrence Orchestra.

Mr. Bill Walker, prospective Tory candidate for East Perthshire, calls for a return to conscription to "help the fight against crime". *(Guardian 13/5/77.)*

New-Wavers slag off Hippies.

Hippies slag off New-Wavers.

The real question is; how much importance will the divisions within rock have, when "The Power" finally gets around to mailing us their conscription draft cards? And further than that, who among us "all" will have the nerve and the guts to tell the military authorities to fuck off when they come knocking?

Workers and rock fans of all the world unite.

GLYNN FOX, A Scared Building-Trade Worker, Nottingham.

An LP token for the overview captain. Couple of points though; material success alone doesn't spell an artiste's downfall (it never did Shakespeare any harm right?) — it's the compromises he makes (or doesn't) and his ability to sustain a meaningful vision that are important. And you don't really think the army wants the likes of you in its ranks do you? — N.S.

IN NEIL Spencer's Clash review / piece, he says what have the Clash / New Wave done?

(a) Got the kids playing again.

(b) Put the shits up the superstars.

(c) Helped break down the social barriers between black and white.

(d) They are anti-National Front / Fascist.

(e) The Clash reflect better than any other band what it's like to be an average youngster living in the 70's.

Basically I agree a lot with what was said — Old Wave/New Wave, only the names change, the song remains the same. He says the Clash depressed him and were violent and nihilist, but Neil mate, *that's* what they are singing about.

We've got no future — you're one of the lucky ones, you got a good job. How can music *not* be depressive when you're singing about depression?

It's a social crime that there should have to be a group like the Clash — they're great and that's bad news.

TONY LEVENE (A Guttersnipe), Southend On Sea.

Point (b) I find doubtful; the superstars are crying all the way to the bank and the *next* lot of superstars are already on the way. Point (c) is even more debatable. And the most depressive circumstances *have* something produced the most joyful music (assorted blues, gospel, reggae, rock). But yes, I'm lucky, and yes, "Tomorrow for the young, the poets exploding like bombs" — W. H. Auden. Or straight from the horse's mouth . . .

I AM young and want to rock to young music. Seeing the Damned or the Jam on stage is great because they are my age group.

I don't put down the Stones or the Beatles. I'd love to go back in time and see a young Keef Richards, but I can't — so the New Wave of young music is the best thing to happen for *my* generation.

ALAN YOUNG.

THURSDAY THE 19th of May was a day to remember, a day that will go down in history — The Jam appeared on Top Of The Pops.

MALCOLM MAX SHEPHERD, Penarth, S. Glamorgan.

So they did and . . .

NEIL SPENCER didn't realise how soon his prophecy would come true when he said: "I don't see what's to stop the new generation of rock rebels going the same way as their successors."

Tom Petty and the black man's burden

Yesterday I decided to watch *T.O.T.P.* and lo and behold the New Wave — supposedly against the establishment and institutions — were represented on the programme by the Jam, and nothing can be more established and institutionalised than *T.O.T.P.*

Sadly, on Thursday May 19th, 1977 The Jam became part of the establishment — Paul Weller's guitar wasn't even plugged in, somebody was holding the guitar flex taut to give the impression that it was plugged in. Unfortunately somebody neglected to tell the cameraman that we weren't supposed to see the mysterious guitarflex holder.

Then the three twelve year old punks attempting to pogo at the front of the stage! This illustrated how superficial the emotional response of the new wave followers is. It often seems that the group playing on stage are merely playing support to the poseurs in the audience, and yes I have been to the Roxy.

Essentially today's youth still holds the values of yesterday's youth as relevant, i.e. firstly money and, as the Dictators sing: "nothing matters in this crazy world except for cars and girls".

BERNIE, Mid Glam, Wales.

Look, there's no set of New Wave 'rules'. The Jam have never pretended to be 'anti-establishment' — quite the opposite — so it seems folly to knock 'em for appearing on *TOTP*, especially when they provided a real and vital alternative to the customary dross. — N.S.

I AM normally articulate but have just seen the Clash. I thought they played bloody awful but I liked them.

AN OLD (YOUNG 21) HIPPIE, Swansea, S. Wales.

Oh.— N.S.

CAN I just say I'm going in search of Alex Harvey?

THE LOCH NESS MONSTER (Mrs.).

I can't wait for the ensuing album.— N.S.

THE REASON *Rock Follies* failed in its previous incarnation, is failing in its present incarnation, and will almost certainly fail in any (Bismillah!) future incarnations, is this:

Whatever superficial charms it may possess, no matter how 'daring' the dialogue or 'provocative' the situations, *Rock Follies* is false. It is incorrect. It does not happen that way.

No dramatic production can carry that weight of inaccuracy and succeed on any terms other than the most uncaring and uncritical.

CHARLIE CHIME, Rye, Sussex.

P.S. I'd like to take this opportunity to get everybody interested in the Later Roman Empire. In a year or two — *(this letter has been cut for reasons which should be painfully obvious — Ed. Gibbon).*

Is this the *real* Charlie Chime do you think Charlie? — N.S.

Yeah, it's Tony Tyler alright, who else would include their own fake Ed's notenote? — CS *Watch it Murray — T.T.)* **M.**

WHY IS Ian Hunter an egotistical pompous wanker not worth a sentence, let alone the middle pages, of the *NME*?

Why doesn't he and his equally big-headed lead guitarist Earl Slick realise that they owe *everything* to Bowie?

What is the difference between Hunter's "tough" pretensions and ELP's pseudo-classical pretensions?

How come a "street musician" who understands "how much bullshit the star trip is" loves the glamour?

Why is he a hypocrite?

Why should he make excuses for being pissed on by ELO before the event? Is that his excuse for never really making it anyway?

RON WADWACER, Birmingham.

HAVING JUST attended the Lofgren/Petty concert at the Hammersmith Odeon, I must inform you of a disturbing factor that I noticed during the Petty show.

I purchased Petty's album a few months ago and was surprised at the dubious nature of the lyrics of "Strangers In The Night" and at the general direction of the sentiments expressed. Being Black and having greatly enjoyed most of the album, you can imagine my chagrin, especially at the line in the song where Petty sings "God damn you . . . . . you've blown away my dreams!"

The blanks are due to the record company or someone involved exercising some measure of censorship over Petty's lyrics (one of 2 occasions — this also happens on the track "Luna"). On the night of the concert Petty filled in the blanks with "Black Bastard" loud and clear over the mike.

Considering that Petty is being acclaimed as the rising star on the rock 'n' roll horizon, one finds this aspect of his ascendancy particularly distasteful and unwelcome, which is sad when one has witnessed his obvious talent.

When one also considers that he is touring with the excellent Nils Lofgren, whose band contains two Blacks (would Petty say "Bastards"?) — the Rev. Patrick Henderson and Wornell Jones — one can only wonder at the underlying sentiments that compel Petty to sing loud and clearly "Black Bastards" prior to the appearance of these two musicians.

Of course, I could be wrong and with the general social situation in Britain, the rise of the National Front and other racist organisations, I hope that I am wrong and that I have misinterpreted his feelings. Some comment from Petty would be welcome in clarification.

However, if Petty's sentiments are so racially distasteful that they have to be censored from records, one can only hope that Petty's ascendancy will be as short lived as a fivepenny rocket. We don't need him that much.

A. K. ODAMTTEN, Kingston-On-Thames, Surrey.

Right, score ten for vigilance A.K. and go to the back of the class Petty. Or at least make a public denunciation of the allegation above.— N.S.

RE: The 'Sweethearts of the Odeon' Feature in *NME 21/5/77.*

Could the Roger McGuinn who sat down with Chris Hillman and wrote "So You Wanna Be A Rock And Roll Star" because he felt the Monkees were "an insult to our trade", possibly be the same Roger McGuinn who is reputed to appear (along with one David Crosby and one Stephen Stills) on a track called "What Am I Doing Hangin' Round" on The Monkees' "Pisces, Aquarius, Capricorn and Jones Ltd . . ."?

PAUL HIGHAM, Oxford.

Yes yes, 'e was there your honour — DAVEY JONES.

Fined two credibility points. Next. — N.S.

I DON'T know about you Tony, but I think it's bloody stupid shovin' on a 'Fab Four' special at 10.30 on a Saturday night when we're all down the pub.

DUNKY (Near The Barrows), Glasgow.

If it had as much to do with the Fab Four as the 'soul' programme had to do with soul (15 minutes of Pat Boone, ten seconds of James Brown), you were better off down the pub. — N.S.

I AM not writing to your comic to air my grievances, nor am I going to give a long boring list of the bands who will save the world.

BRIAN THE RAT, Clare College, Cambridge.

Alright, if you won't do it, we'll just have to do it for you. For a start we can't stand all these incessant Sex Pistols references, we hate Nils Lofgren's pretty boy scarves, think folkies are a disgrace, and think everything would be hunky dory if only John Lennon would return, Bob Dylan would finally spill the secrets of the universe, and CSM were to be made Minister of Kulchur. Furthermore, The Eagles and Genesis are sissies, and you should all listen to . . .

If this is page 60, it MUST be GASBAG. Or let's just settle for:

BAGGA BAGGA HEY

Which of these men is an old-wave superstar? Why isn't he smiling? See second letter, then scribe your jibe to GASBAG, NME, 21st Floor, King's Reach Tower, Stamford St. London SE1 9LS.

GABBA gabba we accept 'em, both of 'em, both of 'em . . . Dolly Parton tries on a new Ramoneform bra in living NMEtex. Documentary evidence: CHALKIE DAVIES. You can see a whole lot more of Miss Dolly in next week's uplifting issue.

TEAZERS

A WEEKLY SUPPORT

THE WILD SIDE of **Unca Lou?** *T-Zers* wonders how **Lou Reed's** tranvestite "chum" **Rachel** acquired the cut which needed medical treatment during the couple's stay in the UK, and is further informed that the luvly Rachel apparently caused mild apoplexy among fellow travellers when performing a costume change from male to female attire during her and Lou's flight into London . . .

Could the plot of *Rock Follies* run something like this?: The Little Ladies become a fourpiece adding the Welsh singer from last week's episode, then quickly revert to a trio by axing the tiresome chick from Cambridge. Finally, in the last few episodes, the whole schmear — writes **Charlie Chime**— becomes a vehicle for the **Julie Covington** character who goes solo and conquers the world. We're not saying that this is the plot, just that this may be the plot . . .

In Chicago **Gene Chandler,** recorder of the R&R classic "Duke Of Earl", sentenced to a year in the slammer for peddling heroin. Chandler made the mistake of dealing to a Fed working undercover . . .

According to the *Sunday Times* **Keith Emerson** plays electric guitar and can be seen throwing it at the audience on next week's *All You Need Is Love* which, incidentally, is based on a script by the demon **Lester Bangs** person one of whose irregular contributions to *NME* can be found on page 7 this week . . .

The following *T-Zer* has been stored in a time capsule from 1968. US auditions currently taking place for the movie version of *Hair,* the avant-garde (sic), hippy (sic) musical (sic) which shocked your grandparents a decade or so back. sic . . .

In Beverly Hills, Los Angeles, this summer's tours of the movie stars' homes take in the **Cher** residence, where the mini-bus guide invites tourists to guess whether it'll be **Gregg** or **Sonny's** turn to visit. Our man in LA reports sighting Gregg's black jeep in Cher's driveway on the day he was there last week . . .

Cameo appearance of **The Birds** (the Brytish **Birds**) and **Honest Ron Wood** in the horror *The Killer Bees* shown on BBC Friday last . . .

The Sayings of **John Henry Deutschendorf** No. 37: "I personally am taking responsibility for ending hunger in the world," John Henry a.k.a. **Denver** told a gathering in Dallas. The occasion was a lavish banquet costing some £100 a head . . .

"To me it was a very mystical place," says **Van Morrison** of Cypress Avenue, Belfast, the street immortalised in the song on "Astral Weeks" — but he hadn't reckoned on the new resident of No. 17 ("The Parsonage"), none other than **Ian Paisley . . .**

And while we're in that vicinity, **Art Garfunkel** busy laying down tracks for a new album *(gosh, we can hardly wait)* with civil service punks **The Chieftains . . .**

Kirk Alyn, who played *Superman* in the '40s, has filed a ten-million dollar lawsuit in LA claiming that he suffered "severe emotional shock and mental anguish" on discovering that a picture of him in his *Superman* drag had been used on a plaque with the title "Super Schmuck" . . .

Judas Priest in "We will never play New Vic again" shock. So outraged were J. Priest, on their first-ever N. Vic headliner over the weekend, at the way they claim the security men (man) handled the crowd, that they've decided never to play there again. The same goes for all acts handled by their management Arnakata, including **Be Bop Deluxe, Strawbs** and **Pat Travers.** Priest have been so upset by scenes around the country that next tour they intend to take their own security to protect fans from bouncers . . .

Nick Mason, whose 1967 EMI biography sheet listed his hobbies as "rebuilding Aston Martins and driving Lotus Elans", gifted his wife **Lindy** a racing car for her birthday . . .

Useful and useless information: Estimated value of **Elton John's** collection of custom-made spectacles put at 500,000 dollars . . . **Bryan Ferry** packing 'em in Down Under . . .**The Jam** apparently signed with Polydor because they wanted to be on the same label as **The Who . . . Hideous Bill Gangrene** signing with Decca because he wants to be on the same label as **The Bachelors . . .** The Mekon returns in this week's issue of *2000AD,* the well-known nasty comic . . .

Alex Haley being sued by **Dr. Margaret Walker** for alleged plagiarism; the doctor claims that Haley copied parts of her novel *Jubilee,* a story of black slaves in the US . . .

Gram Parsons' widow, **Gretchen** sueing the funeral home that allegedly handed over G.P.'s corpse to two men wearing jackets emblazoned "Sin City", and who signed the Nobody". The same two hombres later set fire to the body by the roadside in the California desert. Seems Gretchen has also instructed an investigator to call rock mags for all clippings on GP so that his "monetary value" can be established . . .

Anyone planning to write away for the **Bob Dylan** fanzine *TBZB* described in **Patrick Humphries** *Thrills* piece last week should be advised: The magazine has changed its name from *TBZB (Talking Bob Zimmerman Blues)* to the shorter *Zimmerman Blues.* More importantly it has changed its address; **Brian Stibal** is still the editor but now he's at 410A, 30 Bay State Road, Boston, Massachusetts 02215. A year's sub to Britain will cost you six dollars . . .

Apart from being asked to pay for some of their "free" drinks at the apres **Kevin Ayers** gig knees-up at the Zanzibar cocktail bar, the guests refused to be detracted from their chit-chat when Ayers gave an impromptu performance at the pianoforte of "Bananas", a song he had performed an hour earlier on stage. Miniscule manager **John Reid,** annoyed at the lack of interest afforded his artist, took over the microphone and ordered everyone to belt up. It was like water on a duck's back. At which point Mr. Reid bulldozed through the chattering throng, poking people, and bellowed "shut up!" This provoked spectators to respond with the age old clarion call of "Wanker!!" Such old worlde charm . . .

In new **F F Coppola** pic *Apocalypse,* **Bill Graham** plays a sleazy press agent. "Is there any other kind?" we ask. . . .

Hot on the heels of *Texas Chainsaw Massacre* prepare yourself for *Hollywood Meatcleaver Massacre* . . .More variations of a threadbare theme: *Tokyo Emmanuelle* for summer screening. Wonder when they'll get around to *Benfleet Emmanuelle?* asks **Hideous Bill Gangrene!! . . .**

T'Eddie & T'Hot Rods mixing "Live At The Rainbow" EP which includes "On The Run" and "Hard Driving Man" . . .

Rod Stewart's London office deny reports elsewhere that the reason for his brief visit to the old country, during which time he checked out **Nils Lofgren,** was specifically to have his barnet cut. "Even Rod's not that silly," said a Stewart spokesperson . . .

After eighteen months of total obscurity **Blast Furnace** and all new **Heatwaves** poised to . . . to . . . well, threatening to play anyway . . .

Handsome Dick Manitoba and **The Dictators** hot for the blood of **Rat Scabies.** Seems the drummer made a dive (literally) for a chick in the audience during **The Damned's** recent stint at New Yawk's CBGBs, and said chick turned out to be Handsome Dick's very special girlfriend . . .

Tom Petty And The Heartbreakers almost didn't get to complete their recent UK trek supporting **Nils Lofgren** after disagreements between the Petty and Lofgren roadcrews at Hammersmith Odeon . . .

Hadtohappendept: New movie *The Car* from Universal Studios combines the themes of *Death Race 2000* and *The Omen,* viz one black driverless automobile under demonic possession which tears around the USA giving road-users pretty nasty surprises. Next up (and this is for real too), a flick from *Death Race* director **Paul Bartel** entitled **Frankencar** — we figure you can guess what that one's about. Bye kids and careful how you cross the road . .

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Sex Pistols

God Save The Queen

Sex Pistols' God Save The Queen.
It won't be on the new album and it may not be out at all for very long.
So get it while you can.
Sex Pistols' God Save The Queen.
Available only as a single from Saturday May 28th at shops with the sign.

Virgin Records VS181